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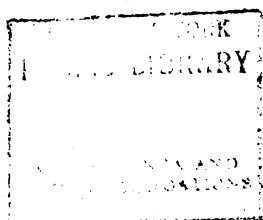
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Thomas Haynes Bayly

LONDON, CHALMERS & HALL, 186, ST. MARK.

THE
ACTING NATIONAL DRAMA;

COMPRISING

EVERY POPULAR NEW PLAY, FARCE, MELO-DRAMA, OPERA,
BURLETTA, ETC., CAREFULLY PRINTED FROM THE
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EDITED BY

BENJAMIN WEBSTER, COMEDIAN;
MEMBER OF THE DRAMATIC AUTHORS' SOCIETY.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS, BY PIERCE EGAN THE YOUNGER.

VOL. IV.

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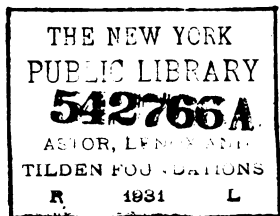
YOU CAN'T MARRY YOUR GRAND-
MOTHER.
SPRING LOCK.
THE VALET DE SHAM.
THE GROVES OF BLARNEY.
A HASTY CONCLUSION.
THE MELTONIANS.

WEAK POINTS.
NAVAL ENGAGEMENTS.
BRITISH LEGION.
THE IRISH LION.
LYING IN ORDINARY.
ONE HOUR; OR, THE CARNIVAL
BALL.

WITH A PORTRAIT OF
THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY, ESQ.

FROM A PAINTING, BY JONES.

LONDON:
CHAPMAN & HALL, 186, STRAND.
1838.



WHITING, BEAUFORT HOUSE, STRAND.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH
OF
THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY, ESQ.

THE famed city of Bath is the birthplace of Mr. Bayly, which event occurred on the 13th of October, 1799. He is very highly connected. His father was the nephew of Lord Delamere, and Sir George Thomas, Bart., was his maternal grandfather. He is also related to the present Earl of Stamford and Warrington, and the Earl of Errol. It may be said he "lisp'd in numbers," for at ten years of age, the writing of verses and dramas was his chief pastime, and displaying a more than ordinary talent, he was allowed to follow the bent of his inclination, having the inheritance of riches in prospect, and being an only child. In 1826 he was united to Miss Helena Becher Hayes, a near relation of Sir William Becher, Bart. In 1831 his resources, through the improvidence of others, became so crippled, as to compel him to turn his love of poesy and general literature to account, and make his pen add to his comforts as it had formerly done to his amusement. His ballads soon became so justly popular, that in private and public they

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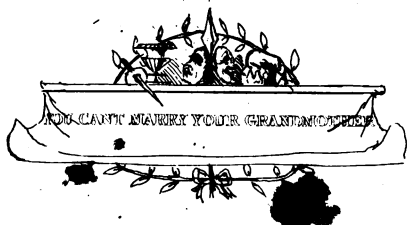
were the principal attraction, and though the number he has written is almost beyond computation, every announced new one is sought after with avidity. But it is his dramatic capabilities that gives him a niche in this work, and certainly those, in their extent, are of a first-rate order, for no pieces in our edition are pleasanter to see or to read. His farce of *Perfection*, which was his maiden effort, is indeed the perfection of fun, and his *Gentleman in Difficulties*, *Eleventh Day*, *Tom Noddy's Secret*, &c., are strong proofs in favour of an extraordinary versatility of talent, and of his being one of the most popular authors of the day. He has also been a most voluminous contributor to the magazines; and his novel of "Kate Leslie," has deservedly added considerably to his fame.

Mr. Bayly is a well-formed man, five feet seven inches in height, of a florid complexion, with auburn hair, and light blue eyes.

October 6th, 1838.

B. W.

UR



no. 1

YOU CAN'T MARRY YOUR GRANDMOTHER.

AN ORIGINAL PETITE COMEDY.

In Two Acts.

BY

OC

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "THE CULPRIT," "SPITALFIELDS WEAVER," &c. &c.

MEMBER OF THE DRAMATIC AUTHORS' SOCIETY.

As performed at

+

MADAME VESTRIS'S

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.

CORRECTLY PRINTED FROM THE PROMPTER'S COPY, WITH REMARKS,
THE CAST OF CHARACTERS, COSTUME, SCENIC ARRANGEMENT,
SIDES OF ENTRANCE AND EXIT, AND RELATIVE POSITIONS
OF THE DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ILLUSTRATED WITH AN ENGRAVING, BY
PIERCE EGAN THE YOUNGER, FROM A DRAWING TAKEN DURING THE
REPRESENTATION.

LONDON:
CHAPMAN AND HALL, 186, STRAND.

1838
L.R

WHITING, BEAUFORT HOUSE, STRAND.

ROY W. ALLEN
DURING
1897

Dramatis Personae and Costume.

First performed March 1, 1838.

SIR ROSE BLOOMLY. Blue double-breasted coat, metal buttons, nankeen breeches, and waistcoat, white handkerchief, stripe silk stockings, shoes, without buckles. 2d dress. Light blue dress, square cut dress-coat, lined with white satin, white trousers and waistcoat, white satin favour, silk stockings, and pumps, white kid gloves. } Mr. W. FARREN.

ALGERNON BLOOMLY (*his grandson*). Green dress-coat, drab tight pantaloons, hol- lowed at the foot, silk stockings, pumps, white waistcoat, flowered, black satin handkerchief. 2d dress. Dressing-gown, dark drab trousers, and boots. 3d dress. Dark shawl waistcoat, black frock coat, white kid gloves, dark drab trousers and boots, black satin neck-hand- kerchief. } Mr. C. MATHEWS.

READY (*Algernon's servant*). Buckskin breeches, top-boots, dark blue frock-coat, lined with white, striped waistcoat. } Mr. J. VINING.

TOM SMALL (*a page*). Green page's jacket and trousers, trimmed with red. 2d dress. Large white livery-coat, waistcoat, trimmed with broad binding, cocked hat, and long cane, silk stockings, and pumps, white handkerchief, white kid gloves, white favour in coat, red plush breeches. } Mr. KEELEY.

EMMA MELVILLE. White muslin dress, trimmed with lace, and blue ribbon, a bow of blue satin ribbon in her hair. 2d dress. Spotted muslin dress, over a satin slip, trimmed with white satin ribbon, white lace veil, white satin shoes. } Madame VESTRIS.

SUSAN TRIM. Chintz dress, lace collar, and cap, checked silk apron. 2d dress. Blue silk pelisse, lace handkerchief, straw bonnet, trimmed with white satin ribbon, silk stock- ings, black shoes. } Mrs. ORGER.

MRS. PICKLE. Drab silk dress, old- fashioned high cap, and white muslin apron. } Miss GOWARD.

Time of representation, one hour and six minutes.

EXPLANATION OF THE STAGE DIRECTIONS.

L. means first entrance, left. R. first entrance, right. S. E. L. second entrance, left. S. E. R. second entrance, right. U. E. L. upper entrance, left. U. E. R. upper entrance, right. C. centre. L. C. left centre. R. C. right centre. T. E. L. third entrance, left. T. E. R. third entrance, right. Observing you are supposed to face the audience.



YOU CAN'T MARRY YOUR GRANDMOTHER.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The housekeeper's room, at SIR ROSE BLOOMLY'S—
MRS. PICKLE presiding at breakfast-table, C., SUSAN TRIM, R. H.,
and TOM SMALL, L. H., on a high stool, his legs dangling.*

Sus. Law, Tommy, don't be so low-spirited, cheer up, and eat your muffins like a man.

Tom. Don't say like a man, Mistress Trim, it's my growing up so big prays upon my spirits; you know when I'm a man in earnest, I shan't be let come in the housekeeper's room, I must live in the servant's hall, with the footmen in livery.

Mrs. P. To be sure, and high time too, you're getting too big for a page.

Tom. Don't say so—too big! I big! I never heard the like.

Sus. Why, what ails you, Tommy? I should have thought you'd have liked to be thought a man!

Tom. Oh! but I don't though; if I'm to be a man, I mustn't sit up here with you and Mrs. Pickle, and I must leave off these pretty clothes, and wear red plushes,—I hate red plushes—I knows how 'twill be, you won't walk with me then, ladies' maids never like walking with livery servants.

Mrs. P. Never fear, Tommy; Mrs. Trim won't forget old friends.

Sus. No, to be sure; and every thing comes in its season, like the gooseberries and currants: now you're a page, next you'll be a footman, and then, Tommy, if you behave discreet, you'll be a valley.

Tom. No!

Sus. Yes; or a butler, or groom of the chambers.

Tom. In black kerseymeres, silk stockings, and pumps!

Sus. Yes; and hair-powder, think of that!

Tom. Only fancy me! and a long-tailed coat, I wonder how I should look in a long-tailed coat!

Mrs. P. Mrs. Trim will walk with you *then*, Tommy, you may be sure.

Tom. I don't know that, she's got a great big bow already.

Mrs. P. Has she indeed, Tommy—who is it?

Sus. Law, never mind his talk, he doesn't mean nobody.

Tom. No; that I doesn't—I means somebody, and I'll tell

you who it is, it is that rolloking young man, Mr. Algernon's servant.

Sus. And if he is, what is that to you, little boy?

Tom. There now, *she* calls me little boy!—that's it—I'm neither one thing nor t'other; I'm very unhappy. I wish I was bigger—or not so big.

Mrs. P. Well, if you've done breakfast, I must go and look after the preserves: bustle, master Tom, and put away the things.

[*Erit Mrs. PICKLE, R. H.; TOM puts away breakfast, and moves table, &c., to the wing.*]

Sus. There, now make haste, Tommy, don't be slow: law, only to think, I remember you such a little chap, I used to kiss you mornings and evenings, and teach you your rithmetic.

Tom. I knows you did, and it's the kisses that I miss, nobody kisses me now.

Sus. Well, but missis is not a going to part with ye—is she, and get a new page?

Tom. Oh, no! that would be turning over a new leaf in the black book for me; no! she won't have no page at all, I'm to be her own footman; I've been measured for my livery, red plushes and all; by the by I shall hate showing my calves. (*gate bell.*)

Sus. Hark! there's the gate bell, let me see. (*looks out of window, L.*) How slow Simon is answering it; there he goes—law, if it isn't Mr. Ready! I say, Tom, is my cap all right?

Tom. Oh! don't ask me—I hate him to come here with his fine talk, I feels nobody like, all the time he's in the room.

Sus. Ah! Mr. Ready!

Enter MR. READY, L. 1 E.

Rea. How d'ye do, Missis Trim? you're looking precious well, quite a *rechurgy*, as master says; I goes to many fine houses, but hang me if I knows any one with such a jinny paw-paw about her as you have, Mrs. Trim.

Tom. (aside.) There's rubbish! I swell with dignation!

Sus. Oh! Mr. Ready, you have the gift of speech to such a degree, I never knows how to correspond in talking: have you breakfasted?

Rea. Yes; I deguneigh'd in Lunnon this morning. If master hadn't sent me off with a letter to his grand par, I should have been on my pillow, in my bonny dinee at this minute. How d'ye like Richmond?

Sus. Oh, so, so—we're at sixes and sevens—only part of the establishment; the butler's left Oakley Park, and we've only brought little Tommy there, and one footman.

Rea. (crosses to c.) Tommy! ah, how d'ye do—overlooked you in toto. Well, little man, you're growing up to be a regular sharpshooter in your green regimentals—quite a young rifleman, hey? What will you take for your silver sugarloaf buttons?

Tom. I don't know what you mean, Mr. Ready, I'm no sharpshooter, and I don't sell buttons.

Rea. Not a bit sharp, are you? No, no—but look sharp now for once in your lifetime, and take this letter to Sir Rose.

Tom. (aside.) I know what he's at, he wants to be left alone with she.

Sus. Why don't you do as you're bid, Tom?

Tom. (aside.) I know what *she's* at, she wants to be left alone with he! (*aloud.*) I'll take it, and I'll be back in a minute. (*aside.*) What a gallwanty chap he looks to be sure.

[*Erit*, R. 1 E.]

Sus. Well, Mr. Ready, when is your master coming to see us?

Rea. That note denounces his intended arrival, he means to ride down after his breakfast.

Sus. I wonders he don't come oftener for my part?

Rea. So do I. If it depended on me, I'd pop in with the tea and toast every morning; for to be with you, Mrs. Trim, is perfect paradis—allow me. (*puts his arm round her waist, kisses her.*)

Enter Tom, R.

Sus. Oh, fy, Mr. Ready.

Tom. Oh, fy! Well, I never did! I sits here sometimes with she in the dust of the evening, hour after hour, and I never thought of doing such a thing! (*aside.*) I will next time, though.

Rea. You—you little non—you!

Tom. You're not going to begin again!

Rea. But, as I was saying, I do wish master would vegetate here oftener, and keep company like more constant with Miss Emma.

Sus. Yes, so do I, and you know your master ought to marry; for my part, I think all men ought to marry, but he in particular.

Rea. And why, my master, in particular?

Sus. Why, because he'll be a barrownight.

Tom. Yes; he's our old master's hair aperient!

Rea. True—the title has been handed down from a long line of progeny; they do tell me it's one of the oldest titles as is. I shouldn't wonder if they helevated him to the Peers.

Tom. They're very impetint then; as if master's title, was old, worn out, and good for nothing; depend on't master's title is bran new, not a bit of the polish rubbed off.

Sus. You don't know what you're talking of Tom—titles are valued like my deary wine, the older the better.

Tom. Law! Well! talking of Piers—Ramsgate for me! I never seed the like of *that*.

Sus. You simpleton! Why, Ready means he shouldn't wonder if they made a lord of him.

Rea. But my master's so wolatile—has so much vacity like, that he's never two days of the same mind, and falls in love with every pretty woman he sees.

Sus. Well, but Mr. Ready, this won't do for ever. Poor Sir

Rose would go wild, if he thought Mr. Algernon after all wouldn't marry Miss Emma; it's his constant topic of talk, he wouldn't die happy if he didn't see the wedding.

Rea. Die! Why, he's hale and hearty, isn't he?

Sus. Oh, wonderful for his time of life, but he has his infirmities of course.

Tom. Oh, yes—and now and then the bum-lago.

Sus. And the doctor says, he is subject to comic attacks of rheumatiz, but there's no eminent danger, that is if he attends to his regiment.

Tom. Yes, and drinks asses' milk, and takes dumb-bells to open his chest.

Rea. Very right—open his chest—few old gentlemen think of that; he's as great a beau as ever?

Sus. Ay, that he is, and as proud of his person too; he'll be beau Bloomly as long as he lives.

Rea. He dotes upon my master and his pretty ward, and I do believe he's determined to make a match.

Tom. Make a match! law!

Sus. You shouldn't talk Tom—don't put your oar in.

Tom. Well, I'll pull my oar out.

Rea. Mrs. Trim you will not be wanted now, won't you come and show me the beauties of Richmond?

Tom. (*sighing.*) How can he ask, *she* be the biggest beauty here!

Sus. Well said, Tom; I shan't forget that, you may speak now.

Tom. I may put my oar in again now.

Sus. Come, Mr. Ready, I'll walk to the top of the hill, and show you the valley that every body admires.

Rea. I attend you—take my arm—this way. [*Exeunt, L.*]

Tom. The valley that every body admires! He's the valley she thinks most about; oh, I do begin to wish I was growed up, I shouldn't mind the red plushes if I was but a man to walk about with she. If she marries Ready I know what I'll do, I'll take pison; short as I am, I'll shorten my days. Oh, Susan, Susan, my heart's bigger than my body, and it's brim full of you. [*Exit, L.*]

SCENE II.—Another chamber—a handsome saloon—an open window.

Enter SIR ROSE PINK, leaning on EMMA's arm.

Emma. You don't lean on me, sir; I shall think you are tired of your support if you do not make a better use of it.

Sir R. Tired! don't use such an expression; I admire you and love you: but I don't seem to require much support to-day, I feel quite another man; how do I look?

Emma. Blooming, my dear guardian; you are an evergreen, healthy and fresh as a holy branch.

Sir R. Call me a misletoe, and give me a kiss. Oh! what a happy fellow my puppy of a grandson is, privileged to bask in the sunshine of your smiles!

Emma. He doesn't come and bask though, does he? I say, guardy, I wonder what keeps him away so long.

Sir R. Business, my dear, business of course; what but business could keep him away from you?

Emma. From me! oh dear, I never thought of that, I only meant that I like to see him here, for he makes the house so merry; but I can fancy that London to him must be more agreeable.

Sir R. More agreeable! When I was a young man nothing could have been more agreeable than a *tête-à-tête* with you.

Emma. Now, for my part, I'm never so happy as when Algernon is here.

Sir R. (aside.) She loves him; and he—oh, the unfeeling mummy!

Emma. But he is coming to see us to-day—is he not?

Sir R. Yes; we may expect him every minute.

Emma. Oh, I'm so glad! I've a thousand things to tell him,—and I've finished his purse,—and I've copied the music he wanted. I wonder if he has thought of us, guardy, all the time he has been away.

Sir R. To be sure—morning, noon, and night. *(aside.)* I very much fear he has never once troubled his head about us.

Emma. Do you think he will stay with us long?

Sir R. I can only judge from my own feelings, my dear; when I was a young man, I should never have been happy out of your sight;—I'm not old now.

Emma. Not very! He resembles you, Sir Rose. Don't you think so?

Sir R. Umph—why—a-yes—there is, I believe, a family likeness; but you are aware he is not so tall—I have the advantage there.

Emma. Oh! not so tall, certainly.

Sir R. And his face—

Emma. Yes, sir?

Sir R. I say his face, though it resembles mine in the general contour, has not, you are aware, the—the expression—the smile—the—

Emma. Well, sir?

Sir R. Why I ought to be the last person to speak on the subject. The bland insinuation yet placid dignity of my smile, has been ever I may say proverbial.

Emma. There is one point in which I find the resemblance striking; you are both dear, good, kind, loveable creatures, and I'm very fond of you both.

Sir R. To be loved by you, Emma, is all I care for; and your love ought to be his treasure. But tell me, has he ever talked of love to you?

Emma. Love to me? Oh, yes, often—over and over again.

Sir R. (aside.) Then his flirtations are more blameable than I supposed! *(aloud.)* And pray what did he say?

Emma. Oh ! just what he used to say when he was a little boy ; that he liked walking with me, and talking to me, because I was just like a sister to him.

Sir R. A sister ! What an insensible block ! Did he never talk to you of marriage ?

Emma. About his marrying any body, or about my marrying any body ? You know he always says he's not a marrying man.

Sir R. Not a marrying man ! how I hate that phrase, it implies a quantity of mischief ; I know when I was a young man—hem—no matter—but now let me ask you, how should you feel if Algernon were to say, " My dear grandfather, I am desperately in love, the lady I wish to marry is rich, beautiful, and accomplished ; give your consent, and let Emma Melville be one of her bridesmaids."

Emma. Oh, dear ! I shouldn't like that at all, for he would go away, and have another home, and—and—oh, I shouldn't like that at all.

Sir R. Gad, but it's sure to happen one of these days.

Emma. Do you really think so ? Oh, but I should tell him at once that I didn't like it, and that in fact he would make me miserable.

Sir R. You dear little frank-hearted darling, how I do wish I was ten, or fifteen, or perhaps, twenty years younger !

Emma. Why so, pray ?

Sir R. Oh, no matter, it's no use wishing. But this I do say, that if Algernon marries any body but—but—

Emma. But who, sir ?

Sir R. The one woman in the world I wish him to marry, I'll cut him off with a shilling. A baronet he must be, but it shall be an empty title, for he shall have no title to my estate.

Emma. Oh don't let him marry at all, sir, we are all very well as we are ; that is if he would but give us a little more of his company. By the by, it's very odd he don't come : I know what I'll do, I'll put on my bonnet, and go into the garden and gather him a beautiful bouquet. Let me know though the very moment he comes, for I've got a hundred things to say to him. Good-bye for the present, I shan't be long. [*Exit, c.*]

Sir R. Poor dear ! she's in love and don't know it. That fellow certainly has the same insinuating winning way with him that I had. *Had !* Why should I use the past tense ? have. When Anna Maria died, I determined never to marry again, and I've kept to my resolution. I wish he would come, I'll speak to his man. (*rings the bell.*) If my little ward were to marry out of the family I do believe I should grow old, yes, prematurely old !

Enter Tom, L.

Oh, you are there, are you ? Why, Master Tom, you are out growing that page's dress of yours, too much margin for a duodecimo page.

Tom. (aside.) I don't understand what he says, but every body laughs at me.

Sir R. Send my grandson's man to me directly, do you hear?

Tom. Yes, Sir Rose, I hear, but I can't send him.

Sir R. Why not, pray?

Tom. 'Cause he's gone out maundering with missesses's maid, they've been out together, twenty minutes by the kitchen-clock.

Sir R. Send him to me the moment he returns.

Tom. (READY entering L., runs up against him.) Yes, Sir Rose. *(aside.)* I've a mind to murder him. *[Exit, L.]*

Rea. I beg pardon, Sir Rose, but I had just stept out to admire the beauties of nature on Richmond-hill.

Sir R. The beauties of nature, eh? in the shape of comely Mistress Trim.

Rea. I beg pardon, Sir Rose, I hope no offence.

Sir R. None in the world, that is if it's all in an honourable way; and I only wish your young master would also devote himself to the beauties of nature.

Rea. And so he does, Sir Rose, every day and 'all day long.

Sir R. But now, Ready, answer me one question, do you think your master seriously loves any lady?

Rea. Oh! yes, sir, no doubt of it.

Sir R. Indeed!

Rea. Lots of 'em, Sir Rose.

Sir R. But I don't want lots of them. Pshaw—any in particular?

Rea. He's never the least particular—light, dark, tall, short, fat, thin, maids or widows, it's all the same to him. I think I hear his cab, sir?

Sir R. Go and see.

[Exit READY.]

Cab? That's another modern incongruity! a great big gig with a head to it, nobody but a country apothecary would have been seen in such a thing in my time, and as to putting a lady into such a conveyance!—the getting in, and the getting out,—and the bobbing up and the bobbing down! The very name, too, is abominably vulgar. Cab! it's an atrocious monosyllable. Oh, Algernon!

Enter ALGERNON, L., followed by READY.

Sir R. You have condescended to visit us at last?

Alg. My dear, governor, I'm really charmed to see you again, I have been thinking of coming here day after day, but something has always intervened. I really am in such request!

Sir R. More agreeable engagements, I suppose?

Alg. Engagements, my dear sir, but of course not more agreeable. Ready, did you take those papers out of the cab?

Rea. (gives a handful of coloured notes.) Yes, sir, here they are.

Alg. You may go.

[*Exit* READY.]

I had not leisure to read them this morning.

Sir R. And pray what are they?

Alg. Notes, Sir Rose.—notes from the fairest of the fair—notes of all descriptions—notes of admiration—notes of interrogation—a few of astonishment.

Sir R. Don't talk nonsense, sir, what do you mean?

Alg. (*breaking seals and glancing over different notes.*) Oh, with your leave, sir—dejeunes, dinners, routs, balls, operaboxes, and parties of pleasure.

Sir R. And is this to go on for ever, sir?

Alg. For ever! nothing can go on for ever, but as long as pleasure's vehicle will keep going, I'll not be the man to put on the drag.

Sir R. It's no safety coach, Algernon, depend on it. But I want you to start the light travelling-carriage of matrimony; four spirited grays, postboys, with favours, man and maid in the rumble behind,—and you, you rogue within, with your bride at your elbow, all Brussels lace and blushes.

Alg. Imperials, capcases, handboxes, and heavy baggage! What man in my situation, with my expectations, would marry at my age?

Sir R. Your situation! *your* expectations! *your* age! look at me, sir; were not my situation and expectations precisely similar to yours, and backed moreover by superior—indeed I may say, pre-eminent personal advantages; and yet I, sir, married at your age: I went a willing sacrifice to the altar of Hymen.

Alg. There is no denying it, sir. I admit your personal superiority, and am aware you married young. (*aside.*) I'm not so young as to follow the example.

Sir R. Young, sir, of course I married young, very young, or I could not in the very prime of life have been grandfather to a conceited puppy, like you.

Alg. Hem! but you, sir, were particularly fortunate, you met with a woman—

Sir R. One in a thousand, Algernon, one in a thousand; Anna Maria was a superlative woman, the very counterpart of her great niece, Emma Melville, my incomparable ward.

Alg. Indeed! ah, yes! I remember, you have named the likeness before; how is the dear little thing?

Sir R. You speak of her as if you were still boy and girl, playing battledoor and shuttlecock in the great hall at Oakley Park; she is now a fine young woman, sir, and I hope to see her shortly well married.

Alg. Married! Emma, married! no, no; we could not do without her.

Sir R. But you are so little here that you could not pretend to miss her.

Alg. Oh! but I should, terribly; by the by, where is she?

Sir R. In the garden.

Alg. (*goes to window.*) Yes; there she is. (*calls.*) Emma,

Emma, come here ; how pretty she looks ! My dear sir, you must not think of letting her marry, the house would be as dull as a desert without her.

Sir R. Tell her so yourself, I'll give you the opportunity. Algernon : when I was a young man I would have chosen such a girl as that to brighten my home. I *did* choose such a one, it is not every one certainly that *can* pick and choose ; try and play the agreeable, particularly as you are thought to resemble me : you are not exactly an Adonis, though there may have been one in the family ; hang me if I don't think I could cut you out now. [Exit, R. H.

Alg. With all my heart, I'm not a marrying man. I'm for liberty ; and of all bondages, that of wedlock is the worst, for old Father Time keeps the key, and only opens it on the day of a funeral. But here comes the pretty Emma.

Enter EMMA, L. H., with a bouquet in one hand, and a purse, and some music in her basket.

Emma. Oh, Algernon ! I'm so glad you are come, I thought you never meant to visit us again.

Alg. My dear Emma, London is full, and consequently I have daily and nightly engagements : I admit, however, it is very bad taste to absent myself.

Emma. I can't wonder, for were I a man, and could put my hat on my head, and order my cab, and go just where I pleased, I should never be at home—never, how I would trot about ! see every thing, do every thing, enjoy every thing.

Alg. Ay, you poor little women have a hard fate, sadly dependant upon us lords of the creation.

Emma. But we have our reward ; home is our proper sphere, and sooner or later you roving lords are only too happy when you can sit with us in the chimney corner.

Alg. Yes—when we marry and settle, as Sir Rose intimates I must shortly do.

Emma. Indeed ! (*aside*.) Sir Rose was in earnest then !

Alg. But what have you got there ?

Emma. Here's a beautiful bouquet for you, and the music you wished to be copied, and the purse I promised you.

Alg. Thank you a thousand times. Your quadrilles are just copied in time, for I am on my way to Worthington Park, where we are to have races, balls, fancy fairs, toxophilote meetings, flirting, fireworks, and fun.

Emma. Worthington Park !

Alg. Yes, inhabited by the prettiest woman in the world, and the most delightful,—present company always excepted.

Emma. Oh, nonsense ; and who is she ?

Alg. Lady Emily Worthington,—an heiress, and a beauty, and a wit, and a blue, and a—in short every thing that is fascinating.

Emma. (*aside*.) That must be the lady he's to marry.

Alg. But you know none of my darlings ; it was as much

as I could do to tear myself away from London, pressing invitations from every quarter,—look at these *billets*, the accumulation of one single morning; (*shows the notes of various colours*;) blue notes and white, red notes and gray—scribble, scribble, scribble, you that scribble may!

Emma. And are they all from Lady Emily?

Alg. Not one of them, she was beckoning me one way, and all these were enticing me another; here is one from the exquisite countess; this is from dear Clara Sydney—this from Mary Fitzgibbon—and—and—(*aside*)—the less I say about this little pink one the better.

Emma. (*aside.*) He can't marry them all! (*aloud.*) But Lady Emily proves the greatest attraction, I suppose?

Alg. Yes, certainly, there is nothing in the world like Lady Emily; and now, dear Emma, I must wish you good-bye; I shall just run to the governor to say farewell, and then away to Worthington Park; good-bye.

Emma. You are forgetting your purse,—if you value it so little I had better keep it myself.

Alg. No, no,—I value it highly, I shall be purse-proud for ever,—farewell, keep up your spirits all of you till I come back *au revoir.* [*Exit, L.*]

Emma. He has forgotten his bouquet! what a fool I was to gather these flowers.

Enter TRIM, L.

Trim. Beg your pardon ma'am,—Mr. Algernon is making a frustration about a nosegay that you gave him, he says he left it here.

Emma. There it is, take it to him directly, and give it to him with my—my—with—

Trim. Yes, Miss?

Emma. With my kind regards, Trim, make haste, and bring me my bonnet which I left in the hall.

Trim. Very well, Miss, I'll give him the posy with your love.

[*Exit.*]

Emma. Yes—I'll go into the garden for I can see the road and every body that passes;—I wish Algernon would have staid here one day. But what a fool I am to think of him. I had so much to say to him, and I do so like to hear him talk.

Enter TRIM, L. with bonnet.

Trim. I gave the nosegay, Miss, and Mr. Algernon sent you his love in return; (*aside.*) I mustn't tell of the kiss, for that wasn't transferable.

Emma. (*aside.*) His love! absurd.

Trim. Here's your bonnet, Miss. (*EMMA puts on her bonnet.*) (*aside.*) The kiss was of no use to any body but the owner.

Emma. (*aside.*) (*puts on bonnet.*) I wonder what sort of person Lady Emily is; I should like to know how she contrives to make herself so agreeable. (*aloud.*) Why don't you give me my bonnet?

Trim. Why law, Miss, what be you thinking off?

Emma. My bonnet, I left it—Oh! I've got it on! yes. Dear me, Trim, I don't think I can be quite well.

Trim. No, ma'am, I dare say not, I'm custom'd to it myself, off and on attacks; giddiness here, and pallitation here; there's nothing for that, ma'am, like globular salts, and your vinegar het.

Emma. (*aside.*) If I don't make haste, I shall not see him drive off; he's not even noticed the little dog I gave him; but I dare say Lady Emily has some little wretch of a pug, that he likes a great deal better. [Exit, c.]

Trim. Well, I never saw Miss Emma in such a taking before. It must be the humility of the hatmosphere.

Enter READY.

Rea. I thought I should find you here, and I come to wish you good-bye, Mrs. Trim.

Trim. Going so soon! I was in hopes your master would have stopp'd among us.

Rea. And so was I, and for a reason I have in my eye. But do you know I think master will come to a stop soon, I heard him and Sir Rose colloging like so loud, that I couldn't help picking up a word here and there.

Trim. It's often the way with me, Mr. Ready; people that have quick sensibilities can't stop up 'their ears at will, and I often picks up little promiscuous matters that are no concern of mine. What was they talking about?

Rea. Marriage. Mr. Algernon's to be married.

Trim. No! (*aside.*) Then that accounts for Miss Emma's quandary. (*aloud.*) Well, and it's high time; he ought to have sown his wild oats before now.

Rea. And so he has, bless you, but a fresh crop always grows; there's no end to wild oats with some men; now I'm for a crop of comfortable clover; make hay while the sun shines, reap the fruits, and then a harvest home with you: I've saved a little, Mistress Trim.

Enter TOM, c.

Trim. Have you Mr. Ready?—so have I.

Rea. 'Tisn't much we should want for a commence—

Tom. (*aside.*) (*gets R. R.*) I thought how 'twould be! she don't value me a button!

Rea. (*seeing TOM.*) What are you doing here little tight fit?

Tom. It's not gemmanlike to call names.

Rea. Master Green with the bachelor's buttons.

Trim. Ha! ha! ha! bachelor's buttons! they'll always be bachelor's buttons with him.

Tom. You too, Mrs. Trim! that's a blow I *didn't* ticipate! I came here to say your master's cab is ready, and your horse saddled, (*aside.*) and the sooner you mounts and trots down the hill the better I shall be pleased.

Rea. Mrs. Trim, step this way, I want one word *conternoo* before I go.

Trim. You're very pressing, Mr. Ready. (*aside.*) Oh, dear! my missis and I is in a pair of perplexities.

[*Exeunt* READY and TRIM, L. H.]

Tom. It's no use, I see it's no use; she considers me a hinfantine babby, because I ha'n't got a long tail coat: dash my sugarloaf buttons I wish I was bigger. [*Exit, R.*]

Enter SIR ROSE, L.

Sir R. The insensible-conceited monkey! I, with all my personal advantages, never gave myself such airs as that rascal does, I, who was the pet of all the pretty women in London! I, that was always called Love among the Roses by a late illustrious lady. Here comes the little neglected darling, and I'll tell her my plan at once.

Enter EMMA, languidly, c.

Come in, Emma, I am quite alone, my grandson is gone.

Emma. Oh, yes; I watched his cab from the garden till it was quite out of sight.

Sir R. You have been crying, my dear.

Emma. I, Sir Rose! what can make you think that?

Sir R. Yes, my dear, you; but I want to speak to you; I am your guardian, and I am sure you will not oppose my will: I must see you married, my dear.

Emma. Married, sir—I—I—don't love any body, sir—

Sir R. Not love any body.

Emma. Nobody but you, and Algernon,—and my little dog.

Sir R. A charming trio, truly!

Emma. Besides, nobody loves me.

Sir R. What not the trio you have named?

Emma. You talked of marriage, sir; now you are my guardian, and Algernon is my—my—

Sir R. Your what, pray?

Emma. He was my playfellow.

Sir R. And why may he not now be your lover?

Emma. I don't know *why not*, but he is not, I'm sure.

Sir R. I know you are very fond of him.

Emma. Oh, sir, how can you say so?

Sir R. Yes, and under all his neglect and seeming indifference, I am sure he hides a sincere affection for you.

[*EMMA shakes her head.*]

Sir R. Now, if you thought he loved you, would you reject him?

Emma. I don't think I should. (*rests her face on* SIR ROSE's *shoulder.*)

Sir R. I wish I was only twenty years younger! Very well, I understand; then am I determined to put him to the proof.

Enter TRIM, with a drawer in her hand, L.

Trim. Beg pardon; has Mr. Algernon left these here things

upon purpose? I went to see that his room was tidied, and I found all this, I s'pose it's rubbish, and may be thrown away. Looks as if a mouse had got in and gnawn 'em.

Sir R. Put down the draw, Mrs. Trim, and I'll look at the contents. What have we here? Dust and dirt, indeed! Hay, I should think, or flowers that were gathered the summer before last, tastefully tied up with blue ribbon.

Emma. (*takes them.*) Ha! the bouquet I gave Algernon when he was last here a month ago! I remember the ribbon.

Sir R. So, so! He kept it until you supplied its place with another?

Emma. (*aside.*) He did, indeed; and now I will treasure up this one as a precious relic.

Trim. Shall I throw it in the chimbley, Miss?

Emma. No—I—I—have a use for it.

Trim. (*aside.*) Ah! I see how it is! Little blue forget-me-nots, and Roses for the sake of the family name.

Sir R. And here is a print, and one that I missed from my portfolio, the one, I declare, that Algernon said was so like you!

Emma. Indeed! Yes, it is the same.

Sir R. (*aside, to EMMA.*) It is clear that he thinks of you more than he is willing to confess; he deems himself secure, and therefore is remiss. But if he thought you were going to marry any body else, we should have him on his marrow-bones. I'll frighten him into an immediate avowal of his affection.

Emma. Oh, no! no! I'll have no plots.

Sir R. I'm your guardian, and you must obey me. You cannot deny that you love him? No;—well, then, we have already a proof that he loves you. I've an excellent scheme, and I'll about it at once. (*rings the bell.*)

Trim. (*aside.*) What can put Sir Rose in such a frustration?

Enter Tom.

Sir R. Mrs. Trim, pack up your mistress's things; we shall go to town to-morrow.

Emma. To town!

Sir R. And you, little sir, order post horses, and take care the travelling-chariot is at the door immediately after breakfast. I shall only take two confidential servants; you and Mrs. Trim must be ready to go together in the rumble.

Tom. (*aside.*) Oh, transportation! In the rumble alone with she!

Trim. (*aside.*) What can be a going to happen? How the old gentleman's eyes do twinkle!

Sir R. Come, Emma, to my room, and I'll tell you all my plans; but you'll promise to obey me?

Emma. (*gives him her hand.*) You are my only friend; I place myself in your hands.

Sir R. You are a darling! That smile calls back my youth. I can't be five-and-twenty. I'll bring my grandson to your

feet. (*aside.*) Or, if I fail in that, hang me if I don't marry her myself.

[*Leads her out in a gallant style, L. H.*

Tom. (*takes MRS. TRIM'S hand.*) Permit me, Mrs. Trim. I'd rejoice in doing ditto.

[*Leads her out, imitating SIR ROSE'S manner, L. H.*

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—ALGERNON'S chambers at the Albany.—Enter READY.

Rea. So here we are back again from Worthington Park after a visit of one week. But law, what could Sir Rose have said in his letter to put master in such a taking! He bundled off the instant he had read it, came here as fast as wheels could carry him, and now though we haven't been ten minutes in chambers, I hear him walking up and down the room grumbling and growling like a tiger in his cage.—Oh, here he comes,—he mustn't see me doing nothing, I'll brush his hat—like to keep things smooth if I can. (*brushes his hat.*)

Enter ALGERNON rapidly, R. H.—takes a chair—sits—gets up again strikes his forehead, and takes two rapid turns on the stage.

Rea. (*aside.*) I do think a mad dog must have bit him. (*drops brush.*)

Alg. What are you doing, sir? Why do you startle me with that confounded noise. (*sits down again.*)

Rea. Sir!

Alg. (*peevishly.*) What is it you say? If you have any thing to communicate speak out at once, let me hear the worst.

Rea. (*aside.*) I wish I knew how to bleed him!

Alg. I forgot—I forgot—you know nothing about it—oh, fool! fool! fool!

Rea. Me, sir!

Alg. (*starts up.*) No, myself—Idiot that I am.

Rea. (*aside.*) It will never do to contradict him.

Alg. Have you been to the Clarendon?

Rea. The Clarendon, sir! No, sir—you never mentioned—

Alg. No, no—true—time enough,—I shall hear it from her own lips too soon.

Rea. Won't you finish dressing, sir?

Alg. Oh, Ready, I—I—am ill—I cannot dress.

Rea. Sir!

Alg. You have lived with me ever since I was at college. But in all the years you have known me, Ready, in all my mad schemes, follies, scrapes; you never saw me thus.

Rea. No, indeed—and—

Alg. You have seen me after some extravagant foolery—without a shilling in my pocket—I laughed at that.

Rea. You did, sir.

Alg. And in every difficulty, however pressing, still I had spirit to support me through the present, and hope to brighten the future. But now, Ready, now—I am spiritless—hopeless—broken-hearted.

Rea. Good gracious, Mr. Algernon! Sir Rose's bank has never been and broke!

Alg. No, no—I may draw for money to any amount, 'tis my happiness that I have lavished, squandered, wantonly wasted, if I draw on that once ample store, who shall honor my draft! There I am indeed a bankrupt—and my own fault too—my own fault.

Rea. Don't be cast down, sir—I know what it is to feel like that, and I've looked all round the corners of my heart sometimes for one crumb of comfort, and devil a one could I find. But law somehow—if one only waits a bit, that is provided one hasn't done any very wicked thing, all will come right again sooner or later.

Alg. It may in most disasters, but not in such a case as mine. Miss Emma is married! my grandfather's letter here informs me.

Rea. Well that is serious! and who is the happy man, sir?

Alg. I have not the remotest idea; let me see—I cannot recollect ever seeing her accept particular attentions from any one; oh, that I had, it would have roused me to a sense of my danger!

Rea. But, sir, if you loved her—I beg pardon—I wonder you didn't pop the question.

Alg. Oh, I shall go distracted,—I thought myself secure, and like a heartless unfeeling puppy I trifled with her affections; for that she *did* prefer me—(a knock)—hark—some one at the door,—I am in such a state of agitation I—who is it?

Rea. Mrs. Trim, sir. May she come in?

Alg. Yes, yes, this instant admit her.

Enter Mrs. TRIM, with a pair of white gloves in her hand.

Alg. Speak—at once—your errand?

Trim. My missis sends her love, sir. (speaks very slow.)

Alg. Her love! yes.

Trim. Yes, she said love.

Alg. Go on.

Trim. And I'm sure she does love you like a brother, sir—quite maternal like.

Alg. Go on.

Trim. I must begin again—you put me out—she sends her love and bequests your exceptance of these white gloves on the joyous occasion.

Alg. (takes the gloves.) So—well—you have delivered your—your message—and now—may I ask the—the name of—of—the bridegroom?

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Trim. You may ask, sir;—yes, but I must not tell, as Sir Rose wishes to tell you himself, because it will be an agreeable surprise.

Alg. Oh, very—very agreeable—thank you, Mrs. Trim.

[*TRIM and READY go up the stage, ALGERNON sits down, and as he speaks, he unconsciously tears one of the gloves to strips.*

Who can it be? that long, pale-faced, sleepy-looking dragoon, Captain, Captain—what was his odious name? Captain Waddilove, I shouldn't wonder; he wears a uniform, and a sabre tache, and a feather in his cap, and a tuft on his chin; all that goes a great way with some women, yet not with Emma! But I don't remember any other visiter at all intimate—surely it can't be Doctor Jones! Doctor Jones takes snuff, and wears a pigtail. (*knock.*) Ha! there's somebody else at the door. Who is it, Ready? go and see.

Rea. It's Tom Small, sir, with another message from the Clarendon.

Alg. Show them all in, admit him. I've torn her glove to shreds—no matter—I never meant to wear it. I've sacrificed a kid, however, in honour of the day.

Enter TOM SMALL in a full dress footman's livery, red plush breeches, bright orange coat, shoulderknot, bouquet, large footman's dress cocked hat, very long and large gold-headed cane; he has a piece of bridecake in his hand, folded in white paper, a large wedding favour in his coat.

Tom. Here I be; beg pardon, Mr. Algernon, but I be come to show myself.

Alg. (to READY.) What is his business here? I am in no humour to talk to him.

Rea. What's your business, pray?

Tom. I'm come from Sir Rose with a present for Mr. Algernon—a big junk of wedding-cake.

Alg. Now I shall know who it is. (*looking at the cake.*) Where are the cards?

Tom. Eh! oh! I must have dropt 'em.

[*Gives it to ALGERNON, who seems to take it unconsciously.*

Tom. (aside to TRIM, showing her the tail of his coat.) Wedding-cake and kisses, mighty pretty eating, Mrs. Trim.

Trim. Well, I declare, you've put on a long-tailed coat to some purpose.

Alg. This is cruelty, Sir Rose must have known my sentiments, and my punishment is too severe. Ready, I am going to my dressing-room; in half an hour I shall go to the Clarendon, to take leave of—of the family, and this evening I shall start for the continent; pack up every thing, and pay all my bills, I shall probably not return for years—perhaps never—do not let me have to wait for you. (*looking at the cake.*) What's this!

[*Throws it at TOM, and exit, R.*

Rea. Start for foreign parts!

Trim. Not come back for years!

Tom. (*aside.*) Prap's never! I'm so glad—it's an ill wind blows nobody good; this is a great day for Tom Small.

Rea. Mrs. Trim!

Trim. Mr. Ready!

Rea. I don't half like this!

Trim. 'Tis a little bit awkward certainly, Mr. Ready.

Tom. (*picks up cake.*) Pity the cake should be wasted—have a bit, Mrs. Trim, come, take my arm, and I'll gallant you back to Bond-street. I wish you a pleasant pack up, Mr. Ready, you'll have a busy morning, I reckon.

Trim. (*aside.*) If *one's* going away, I'd better be civil to to'ther. (*aloud.*) You take my arm, Mr. Tom.

Tom. (*aside.*) *Mister*—that pints gained—she calls me *Mister* at last.

Trim. Good morning, Mr. Ready, you'll look in on us before you start, just to bid us good-bye.

Tom. Yes; just to say good-bye, nothing more; hopes you likes the thoughts of the voyage; may be you won't be *very* sea-sick—have a bit of wedding-cake? put a bit in your pocket?

Rea. Oh, woman! woman! I and my master are a pair of victims! oh, you are all alike! [*Exit, R.*]

Tom. Come, Mrs. T., take care of the step—good-bye young man—here we go.

[*Exeunt TRIM and TOM, L., he takes her arm.*]

SCENE II.—*A handsome chamber in the Clarendon Hotel.*

Enter SIR ROSE BLOOMLY and EMMA in bridal dresses, R.

Emma. My dear sir, I don't quite like this scheme of yours after all.

Sir R. Not like it! Admirable scheme; and sure to lead to the most happy results. I, indeed, am rather awkwardly situated.

Emma. You, my dear sir?

Sir R. Yes, it's very tantalizing; I'm only a make-believe bridegroom; and now that I'm dressed for the part, I really wish with all my heart that I was going to lead you to the altar. How do I look?

Emma. Charming! I never saw you look better.

Sir R. (*aside.*) She calls me charming! What a fool I have been to consider the interests of that puppy at all!

Emma. But now, sir, let us understand each other. Your object has been to frighten Algernon out of his feeling of security, and to bring him a penitent to my feet. But suppose it should prove that he hears of my marriage with indifference!

Sir R. Impossible!

Emma. I only wish to be prepared for such an event. Only suppose he should arrive with a smiling countenance, and wish me joy with perfect unconcern!

Sir R. Then, Emma, I am still prepared.

Emma. You are?

Sir R. Yes, in that case, profiting by his absurdity, I shall marry you myself in earnest.

Emma. Oh, dear me! that was a contingency I never calculated on!

Sir R. (aside.) She hesitates! What a fool I was to plan projects of happiness for another, when I myself might—

Emma. (aside.) I dread to hurt his feelings, but I can't marry the old gentleman out of complaisance; that would never do!

Sir R. If Algernon does not make you his wife, by marrying me, you become—

Emma. His grandmother! *(aside.)* Pleasant alternative!

Sir R. His grandmother! That was not the point of view in which I was about to place it.

Emma. But it's the fact, you know, dear sir.

Sir R. Umph! Why—a—yes—

Emma. And perhaps, after all, our original arrangement was most natural. *(aside.)* Certainly infinitely more to my taste.

Sir R. The word grandmother certainly may startle a young lady, but the position is highly respectable.

Emma. All in good time, Sir Rose; I'm for no premature respectability of that sort. But who have we here?

Sir R. Ah! news from the Albany.

Enter TOM SMALL, L.

Tom. May I come in, if you please?

Emma. (rapidly.) Yes, yes! You have seen Mr. Algernon—speak! How did he look? What was he doing? What did he say? Is he coming here? Did he speak of me? Did he seem happy? Does he know we are here?

Tom. Law, ma'am, I can't be answerable for *all* them questions at once!

Sir R. Take off your hat, sir! What makes you wear your hat in a lady's presence?

Tom. (drops his cane, in awkwardly taking off his very large hat.) I begs pardon; but I never wore a cocked hat before. And what with the big stick and all, I don't know where to put 'em.

Emma. Oh, let him speak, sir—go on; Mr. Algernon?

Sir R. Speak, sir, and to the point.

Tom. I will, sir; law, bless ye, Mr. Algernon's in such a way! he claps his hands, and he raps on his forehead, and takes long strides about the room; and when he saw the cake, and the kiddy gloves, and our *boucuses*, I thought he would have gone rampaging distracted mad!

Emma. (aside.) I am safe, then! Oh, joy, joy! Yet, I must restrain a transport, which is so little flattering to the old gentleman. *(aloud.)* Let me retire to my boudoir for a few moments: sir, I am overcome—I—

Sir R. Certainly, dearest girl. *(hands her to the door.)*

Emma. Excuse me, dear Sir Rose, I shall be better presently.

[Exit EMMA, R.]

Sir R. This agitation!—it was the intelligence that Algernon

seemed really to regard her with affection that overcame her !
Poor thing ! (*a bell rings.*)

Sir R. You may go. (*Sir Rose walks to front in deep thought.*)

Tom. Thank ye, sir. (*aside.*) I'll go and stand at the street-door to be looked at, not a person passes that doesn't admire me.

[*As he is going out, he meets TRIM, L., he looks round, and seeing that SIR ROSE's back is turned, he kneels, kisses her hand, puts his hand on his heart, and exit, L.*

Trim. (*aside.*) Upon my word, he's amazingly improved !
That was Miss Emma's bell.

Sir R. (*looks round.*) Oh, Mrs. Trim, you are there, I wanted to speak to you.

Trim. To me, Sir Rose ?

Sir R. Yes ; you lady's maids generally get a pretty clear insight of all that is going on in a family.

Trim. If we does we never communicates it to no one.

Sir R. I don't doubt your discretion ; alas ! I have much more reason to doubt my own.

Trim. Your own ! Sir Rose ! law ! only to think ! (*aside.*) He's come to years of discretion I'm sure.

Sir R. I have confided to you my plan respecting Mr. Algernon and your mistress ; you know what I mean, her pretended marriage.

Trim. Yes ; to yourself.

Sir R. To make him feel what it would be to lose her. But, oh ! Trim—I wasn't the man to play such a prank as that, and yet I declare I did it from the most disinterested motive.

Trim. Yes, sir ! (*aside.*) What can the old gentleman mean !

Sir R. It never occurred to me, that domesticated with my ward as I have been, and daily closeted with her of late, to talk over our plan ; it never once occurred to me, I say, that I was myself endangering her peace of mind.

Trim. My missis's peace of mind ! how, sir ?

Sir R. The fact is this, Trim, now that matters are coming to a crisis, and that my grandson may be expected every moment to throw himself at your lady's feet.

Trim. Yes, sir.

Sir R. Why, now, Trim, she dreads his approach, I involuntarily have gained her young heart's affections myself.

Trim. Sir ! *you* !

Sir R. Yes, Trim ; I, when she was told that Algernon evinced sorrow at the prospect of losing her, she looked at me with an eye of affection, and left the room in agitation. I might have anticipated all this ; but repeated victories have failed to render me vain : before I left college I was called the lady-killer. The morning of my marriage, five ladies of quality fainted dead away ; after my continental excursion, several lovely foreigners took the veil ; and the last time my miniature was exhibited at Somerset House, representing me playing the flute, it was stolen from the gallery by a young heiress of high rank, who gradually pined away, died in the island of Madeira, breathed my name in the ear of her confidential attendant, and had my picture buried with her.

Trim. Oh, dear me, what a concatenation !

Sir R. Lord Chesterfield has said that a prepossessing appearance is the best letter of recommendation. It may be so—I can't help it. (*bell rings again.*)

Trim. But law, sir, I've been listening to you and quite forgot Miss Emma had rung her bell.

Sir R. Go to her, *Trim* : and should she express any dread of being torn from my arms ; whisper comfort to her, say it shan't happen.

Trim. Very well, *Sir Rose.* (*aside.*) It can't surely be possible that she prefers him to the young gentleman ! If so, I'm sure her taste is a perfect progeny ! [*Exit, R.*]

Sir R. Her mind shall be set at rest at all events,—ah ! here comes Algernon—my rival ! my unsuccessful rival ! poor individual, I pity him !

Enter ALGERNON, L. H.

Alg. I have obeyed your summons, sir. But let me speak at once to the point, sir ; I come hither to claim my bride.

Sir R. Oh certainly, Lady Emily Worthington perhaps—or Miss Kitty something, whom you used to bore us about at Richmond.

Alg. No, sir, dear Emma Melville—no other.

Sir R. Impossible ? have you not heard ?

Alg. It is true, then ; sir, you have used me cruelly.

Sir R. Well, I really never met with such a person—only one week has elapsed since I entreated you to pay attention to that lady, and you then slighted my wishes, and seemed to be bored and annoyed by my importunities. Can you deny it ?

Alg. No, no—I deny nothing : I confess my folly, my vanity, my insensibility. But look at me now, is not my present anguish an expiation for all ?

Sir R. But it comes too late. (*aside.*) I do pity him.

Alg. Tell me, sir, the name of—of—the—the happy man—confound him !

Sir R. You have at least the consolation of having been vanquished by one, with whom no one *could* hope successfully to compete, in fact one who has been denominated the blooming rose of perfection.

Alg. Indeed ! his name ?

Sir R. No other than myself.

Alg. You ! am I in a dream ?

Sir R. You shall have an interview with the lady, sir, and I doubt not that you will leave her convinced that her affections are unalterably bestowed upon one who loves her to distraction. (*aside.*) Upon my life I don't feel five and twenty ! [*Exit, L.*]

Alg. I shall be a laughing stock ! immortalized in lampoon and caricature ! The lover of the most charming of women, who neglecting his opportunities, was at length cut out by his own Grandfather ! But she comes.

Enter EMMA, who curtseys profoundly, R.

Emma. Sir Rose says you wish to speak to me ; is it so ? you have so rarely favoured me with your company of late that—

Alg. Madam—I— that is—I—distraction !

Emma. (aside.) His evident chagrin gives me courage. (*aloud.*) You come to wish me joy, and I thank you ; I hope one of these days to wish you joy in return.

Alg. The word joy is little suited to my lips at present : I am miserable.

Emma. You ! indeed ! oh, I'm so sorry, tell me if there is any thing I can do for you, can I promote your happiness ?

Alg. You could have done so, none but you. But it is too late ; I shall leave England this day, and for ever.

Emma. (aside.) No, you won't (*aloud*) leave England, indeed !

Alg. I will bury the memory of my love and my despair in a foreign land.

Emma. (aside.) No, you shall not ? (*aloud.*) But let us see if nothing can be done. Who is the object of your adoration ? Is it Lady Emily Worthington ? You know, as you told me a week ago, I was not acquainted with any of your darlings ; but of course it is one of the ladies who sent you those pretty notes, "The exquisite countess," or, "Dear Clara Sydney," or "Mary Fitzgibbon !"

Alg. Oh, do not remind me of my folly ! You are the only being on earth I ever truly loved.

Emma. I ! oh, impossible ! Impossible !

Alg. You, your image alone is associated with all my fondest recollections ! You were my playfellow, my friend ! Don't you remember when I used to call you my little wife ?

Emma. Oh dear no !—it must have been a long time ago. Little wife ? No—you must be mistaken ! 'Twas somebody else.

Alg. No, no, I have never forgotten it ! And though folly and frivolity led me the whole giddy round of a dissipated existence ; still, dearest Emma, my heart was in secret devoted to you.

Emma. But how strange you never even hinted this before, and how very odd to tell me of it to-day !

Alg. It cannot—it must not be too late ! My happiness—my very existence depend upon your answer. (*kneels.*) Hear me—on my knees I implore—

Emma. (with mock gravity.) Oh, by all means on your knees, receive a grandmother's blessing !

Alg. You sport with my anguish !

Emma. I sport ! I am certainly unaccustomed to my present position, but I trust that I am properly sensible that sporting does not become a grandmother.

Alg. A grandmother ! Cruel !

Emma. Young gentleman, take care I don't complain to my good man.

Alg. Good man, indeed ! I cannot—will not believe, that a young joyous girl can prefer him—

Emma. To such an irresistible young gentleman as yourself! Sir Rose has always treated me with affectionate attention, while you appeared very nearly to forget that Emma Melville was in existence.

Alg. Talk not of the past, turn to the future!

Emma. Oh, we shall be very glad to receive you at Oakley Park, whenever it suits you to visit us. But here comes my dear Sir Rose, who will, no doubt, second my invitation.

Enter SIR ROSE, L.

Sir R. Come, my dear Emma, I can spare you no longer.

Alg. Sir Rose—I must speak plainly to you. You have used me unfairly—cruelly.

Sir R. How so, sir—what means this language?

Alg. If you have married that lady—and upon my soul I can't believe it. But if you have, I say you have unfairly taken advantage of my absence—and hang me if I don't get you divorced.

Sir R. Nonsense—idle talk—divorce your grandfather and grandmother—impossible.

Alg. I am determined—a divorce, sir! a divorce!

Emma. A divorce! how very cruel!

Sir R. There! you hear her—the darling! and if I were divorced, sir—what good would it do you?

Alg. I'd marry her.

Sir R. Impossible!

Alg. I would.

Emma. You can't marry your grandmother!

Alg. Yes; I repeat it—I would—I will—I must—I'll marry my grandmother or perish.

[Throws himself on a sofa, R., and covers his face with his handkerchief.]

Emma. (*aside to SIR ROSE.*) He has suffered enough—let us undeceive him.

Sir R. What, give him your hand? that would be punishing yourself and me too.

Emma. (*aside.*) I fear I must be cruel to somebody.

Sir R. (*rings the bell.*) Give him the preference. To end all doubt on that poor young man's mind the servants shall witness our determination.

Enter TOM and TRIM, R.

Come you two—there has been a little mystery in the family, and now it shall be cleared up: Tom, you've been a good lad; you and Mrs. Trim shall serve the bride and bridegroom.

Tom. (*aside.*) Oh, Mrs. Trim—how nice—praps you'll be Mrs. Tom Small.

Trim. (*aside.*) I'll consider of it, Mr. Small. Oh! but here comes my first love!

Enter READY, L.

Rea. I've packed up every thing, sir, the horses will be to the carriage in an hour, and I've paid all the little bills.

Alg. (starts up.) Tis well,—farewell to England for ever.

Sir R. Heydey! adieu for ever—why I cannot part with you—impossible Algernon, impossible. Do you hear what he says?

Emma. Yes, dear sir, and I think we must not let him go.

Sir R. (aside.) No, no—that is—but how will you get him to stay?

Emma. (aside.) His devoted attachment to me is sufficiently proved by his distress. I must take compassion on him.

Sir R. But you can't take compassion on both.

Emma. No, so I think—that Algernon—being—

Sir R. You need not explain—I had rather not hear what you think—I can see what you mean. *(aside.)* She prefers him it is evident—well at her age perhaps it is natural. There's one consolation at all events—I run him very hard, and if it hadn't been for his youth, I should have beat him hollow.

Emma. We shall all be so happy, of course we shall not separate, and I know you could not be happy without Algernon.

Sir R. That's true. Algernon she is yours.

Alg. How is this—what am I to think?

Sir R. Think that you came just in time, gad you've had a very narrow escape.

Alg. I shall never forget it, dearest Emma, my devotion shall make amends for errors past.

Rea. Are the horses wanted, sir? Praps I had better unpack.

Alg. Certainly; if we require post-horses at the end of the week, it will be to carry us to spend the honeymoon at Oakley Park.

Emma. So ends our little plot.

Sir R. Dear lady stop,
I beg you will not let the curtain drop;
Indulge me, I am one of the old school,
Let's have an Epilogue, 'twas once the rule.

Emma. We've none prepared; and yet I must confess
If for our play we would ensure success,
Sir Rose, the keenest critic could beguile,
Were he to step forth with his winning smile,
His sweet persuasive voice.

Sir R. Oh! madam—hush—
You really flatter me, you make me blush.
You, Algernon, begin.

Alg. What I, sir? Nay—
The greatest novice should not lead the way.
Let Tom speak first; he's but a little thing,
But great effects from trifling causes spring.

Tom. I've no objection, but I first would know—

Trim. Now, Tom, don't ask me, for I must say "No!"

Tom. What! won't you have me then? You'll break my heart.

Trim. No, Tom, our figures are too far apart.

Tom. But wait, I may grow bigger, if you'll stay;
Rome, Mrs. Trim, was not built in a day.

Trim. It's of no use, I can't bear little pages,
I like a lover who has better wages.

Tom. Well, Mrs. Trim, mine are as good as his—
I'm not a page-boy now—you know I'm riz.

Rea. Poor little wretch, well may he dread her rigour,
She can't refuse a fellow of my figure;

Come, Mrs. Trim, I'm sure you'll find me steady.

Trim. Well, I'm susceptible, if you're (*Ready*) I'm ready.

[*Tom goes away crying to L. H.*]

Sir R. Ha! ha! ha! poor Tom! Come, smile at your
disaster,

Such things have happen'd even to your master.

Heigho! 'Tis a capricious sex, my friend;

Come, Emma, speak, and let this trifling end.

Emma. What shall I say? I gladly would express

Thanks for my present and my past success.

Still do we strive to please, and, kind as ever,

Your cheering smiles repay the fond endeavour.

My Bill of Fare still boasts attractive stuff,

Trifles, perhaps, but not a single puff.

My words are weak, my heart is running o'er,

Full as the Olympic!—I can say no more.

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS.

READY. TRIM. SIR R. EMMA. ALGERNON. TOM.

R.

L.

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THE
SPRING LOCK;

AN OPERATIC ROMANCE,

In Two Acts,

BY
R. B. PEAKE, Esq.,

MEMBER OF THE DRAMATIC AUTHORS' SOCIETY

THE MUSIC BY

G. H. B. RODWELL, Esq.

As Performed at

THE THEATRE ROYAL, ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

RECTLY PRINTED FROM THE PROMPTER'S COPY, WITH THE
AST OF CHARACTERS, COSTUME, SCENIC ARRANGEMENT,
IDES OF ENTRANCE AND EXIT, AND RELATIVE POSITIONS
OF THE DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ILLUSTATED WITH AN ETCHING,

Pierce Egan, the Younger, from a drawing taken during the representation
of the Piece.

LONDON:

CHAPMAN AND HALL, 186, STRAND.

1833
L L R

1. Drama, English

"STAR PRESS"

20, Cross-Street, Hatton-Garden,

JAMES TURNER.

Dramatis Personæ, and Costumæ.

FIRST PREFORMED, AUGUST, 1829.

RENZO DI MEDICI. (*1st. dress.*) Habit of
 1) cadour, or street singer—ragged patched
 2) a gaberline—Broad flapped hat. (*2nd.*) } Mr. Wood.
 3) Purple velvet shape and trunks—cloak,
 4) nented.

INDIGO DI MEDICI. Splendid crimson
t shape and trunks—White silk stockings
ack velvet Spanish cut cloak, highly trim- { Mr. J. Bland.

ULIO. Buff suit and pantaloons—red vest } Mr. J. Vining.
brocco boots.

RICILLO. Black velvet shape. **Mr. East.**

1. MANANTE. (1st. dress.) Black physi-
s shape. (2nd. dress.) Red velvet suit—
d—hat and feathers. (3rd. dress.) Figured } Mr. Keeley.
Antique dressing gown and cap.

3. FLAMINGO. Black shape, with red puffs
Physician's very long black cloak—Long
ing stick—Broad hat—Flowing black pe- } Mr. O. Smith.
—Very long sword.

AMADOLI. (1st. dress.) A Cantadour. (2nd. } Mr. B. Hill.
(.) Courtier's shape.

AZZONESCHI. Shape splendid livery—Tur- } Mr. Heath.
-Black face.

)UNT MONTEFIERI. Superb black velvet
 e, with yellow satin puffs and trimmings—
 k silk stockings—Grey head—sword. } Mr. Matthews.

ONACO. Neat russet shape, trimmed with blue—Cloak and trunks. } Mr. J. Russell.

MARANTHA. White satin wedding dress }
med with pearls, antique form. } Miss Cawse.

ERGELLINA. Black velvet boddice—light
silk petticoat—the head dressed with large
pins. } Mrs. Keeley.

ANNA BRIGIDA. Blue suit, trimmed with }
-point lace apron—black velvet cap, trim- } Mr. C. Jones.
with lace, and lappets.

Time of representation 2 hours

EXPLANATION OF THE STAGE DIRECTIONS.

L. means first entrance, left. R, first entrance, right. S. E. L second entrance, left. S. E. R. second entrance, right. U. E. L. upper entrance, left. U. E. R. upper entrance, right. C. centre. L. C. left centre. R. C. right centre. T. E. L. third entrance left, T. E. R. third entrance right. Observing you are supposed to face the audience.

THE SPRING-LOCK.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Outside of a Tavern in a picturesque part of the City of Florence. A table with wine, around which are seated BURCHIELLO, ZENOBIO, and AMADORE.*

GLEE. (*Words selected.*)

Trowl, trowl, the bonny wine bowl,
Let the dotard and fool from it flee;
Ye sages wear ivy, and fond fellows wive ye,
But the bonny wine bowl for me.
Let old Time beware,
For if he should dare
To intrude 'midst companions so blythe.
We'll lather his chin,
With the juice of the bin,
And shave off his beard with his scythe.
Trowl, trowl, &c.

Zenobio. Where is Doctor Manente? He is usually first to join our bottle.

Burchiello. And the last to leave it.

Dr. Manente. (*Without.*)—Say, I will call again to-morrow, nurse.

Enter DOCTOR MANENTE, (R.) with Nurse.

And, d'ye hear, in the mean time, let the patient swallow the pills, take the mixtures, and order the leech to bleed him in both arms, and both legs. Apply cataplasms to the soles of his feet, and blisters indiscriminately all over his person. (*Wipes his face.*)

Bur. Alas! poor patient!

Omnes. Welcome, Doctor!

[*Exit Nurse R.*]

Dr. M. Ah! my boys—my wags—my merry companions—my born friends! Give me some wine; it is time that I should take my stuff. Give me some of my phials, for I have a vacuum here.

(*Takes up flask and drinks.*) Bless me! another vacuum here! this sort of thing cannot last. What, ho! host! bring forth half-a-dozen of my phials: and d'ye hear, make no scruple of giving me a dram. Let us be happy, glorious, magnificent! The work of the day is over, I have visited all my patients, all the convalescents are recovering, all the incurables given over, and all the defunct, (*Takes his hat off respectfully.*) All the defunct are done over.

Omnes. Ha! ha! ha!

Dr. M. There is one other prodigious source of consolation: my wife, Monna Brigida, is quiet at home.

Bur. Ha! ha! Thy wife! the good Monna Brigida?

Dr. M. You may well say the good Monna Brigida, 'faith she is too good for me. (*LORENZO sings without, &c.*) What have we there! A pretty voice!

Bur. (*Looking off.*)—One of the cantadours, a street singer.

Dr. M. A good song gives a relish to good wine. Call the cantadour hither. (*BURCHIELLO beckons on LORENZO and CAMALDOLI, who are disguised as ballad singers. CAMALDOLI has a lute.*)

Dr. Man. Now, vocal ragamuffin, sing us a song, and trust to our generosity.

Lor. Signors! I sing not for hire, but for amusement. So, please you, I will sing.

Dr. Man. I won't be outdone in liberality. If you give us a song for nothing, when you have a relaxed throat, Master Musico, come to me, and I will gargle you gratis. (*Sets himself.*)

AIR.—LORENZO. *

From distant climes a Troubadour
I make in every court my stay;
'Neath rustic porch, and silken dome,
I tune my merry minstrel lay.
But most, where love delights to dwell,
'Mid knights, who sigh for lady's hand,
They welcome with soft music's spell,
The Troubadour from distant land.

Where nectar brims the rosy bowl,
My song in festive glee can join;
And mellow every sparkling draught,
Like sunshine on the purpling vine.
But most, where love entwines my brow
With garlands, wrought by lady's hand:
'Neath moonlit bow'rs you're sure to find
The Troubadour from distant land.

Dr. Man. By Esculapius! sweetest of cantadours, you have a marvelous windpipe. You have a high voice. (*Looks up at him.*) To enjoy it, when you sing again, I shall stand upon the table.

Lor. (*Contemptuously.*) Any thing that would elevate you.

* The author is indebted to Mr. Fitzball for this, and other lyrical pieces in the drama.

. *Man.* (*Shews bottle.*) Ha! ha! Here's that will elevate Harkye, young fellow, I will take your voice by the hand, I introduce you to my most intimate friend and patron, Lorenzo, Magnifico of Florence.

r. Aye. Do you know the Magnifico so well?

. *Man.* The Magnifico and I are inseparable. I love his he doats upon my wit. I dine at the palace constantly, I d to sup there to night. I will take you with me, young fellow.

m. Nothing, I presume, sir, but your society, goes down the Magnifico? (R.)

. *Man.* Goes down with him? Yes, the wine goes down; I consider myself as his highness's digestion.

r. (*Apart to CAM.*) A bitter pill! Do you hear this conceit-master?

. *Man.* There, don't keep muttering your gratitude to your ickler, what is your name, young fellow?

r. Dolcemente.

. *Man.* Dolcemente. Well, master Dolcemente, do you like me, and I will sing you a song.

r. and *Comrades.* Aye, aye, a song from the doctor.

. *Man.* Well, let me clear my larynx, my arytenoid cartilage, shape my rima glottidis, and put in motion my chordæ es—ahem! (*Clears his voice, and prepares to sing.*) Sir, will have the goodness to touch your A. (*To CAM., who strikes a blow on his lute.*) That will do. (*Begins to sing—*

Enter Two Little Boys, (L.)

Boys.) Now, what in the names of Clotho, Lachesis, and us, do you want? Curse ye!

r. Who are these brats, doctor?

. *Man.* Two of my medical pupils.

r. These urchins!

. *Man.* Hush! I had a good premium with them. Apprehend how dare you come here, interrupting, eh?

y. Your wife, Monna Brigida, wishes to know when you to come home.

. *Man.* An attack on the dignity of a husband! You little brats, how did you ascertain that I was here! (*The boys point to Tavern.*) Ah! this it is to get the credit of drinking. Boy.) Galen, my pupil, go back. You go with him Esculapio and tell my wife you can't find me high nor low.

ys. No! no!

. *Man.* What! You are my apprentices, and you are bound by law to do what I bid you. Tramp, and obey me; or, you are impertinent villains, when you are asleep to night, I'll use a dozen live leeches out of the water bottle on your little

rs. Tramp I say! (*Boys run off alarmed, R.*)

r. and *Comrades.* But, your song, doctor?

. *Man.* I'll sing my song another time, the very idea of Monna Brigida, has driven all harmony out of my pericranium

Signora, let us take the wine into the back garden, the place is not so public. (*They rise.*) Dolcemente, don't forget that I introduce you to the Magnifico to night; call upon me, Doctor Manente, at seven o'clock, I live in Magnesia-street, number one!—the only house in the street.—Addio!

[*Exeunt* DR. MAN. BUR. AMA. ZEN. *at door.*]

Lor. Camaldoli.

Cam. Your highness's slave!—(*Bows.*)

Lor. Hush! (*Looks off.*) In the enjoyment of my favourite passion, of studying character, I have had numerous masquerading frolics; but in my rambles through Florence, I never beheld a greater compound of conceit, whim, and impudence, than my friend the doctor.

Cam. Your highness has suffered under the presumption of this vile drug once, and once only; I conjecture he was an invited guest, for a frolic, at your table.

Lor. And now, presuming on that solitary invitation, which, but for the humour and pleasantry of the fellow, I should much regret, he has intruded himself at the palace, with such impertinence, that I can no longer endure the sight of him.

Cam. I wish your highness would deign to play the doctor some trick that might effectually prevent him from repeating his annoyances. Your highness has been ever fond of a jest, though your dignified rank enables you to enjoy it only in disguise. This presumptuous physician would form an excellent subject for a practical joke.

Lor. I feel tempted. Ha! ha! ha! This very night. Imprimis, the doctor shall introduce me to myself; for he has promised to escort Dolcemente, the singer, to Lorenzo, the Magnifico.—Ha! ha!

Cam. This will furnish some sport.

Lor. But, ah! Camaldoli, the occasional concealment of my rank, has enabled me to make another discovery. My proud cousin, Ludovico of Medici, has wooed the lovely Amarantha, Montefieri's beautiful daughter; but Amarantha loves not my relative; she, with a broken heart, consents to obey her imperious father's dictate, whilst she is deeply enamoured of another.

Cam. Indeed! and are not the nuptials of the grand Duke, Ludovico, to be celebrated this evening?

Lor. Yes, this night she will be, for ever, torn from the object of her early maiden love; and placed in the arms of a cold-hearted being, who knows not how to appreciate the gentle sensitive girl. But follow me, Camaldoli, I will not depress my spirits, by lamenting poor Amarantha's destiny, which I have not the power to avert.

[*Exeunt* LORENZO and CAMALDOLI, R.]

SCENE. II,—Garden of the Montefieri palace—adjoining the Ducal Palace. A turret of which is seen, door, the lower story has an illuminated window, being a small chapel, or oratory.

Enter AMARANTHA, (R.)

SONG.

Pensive warbler! why so sad,
 Ah! were I as free as thou;
 Gloom should ne'er assail my heart,
 Grief my bosom never know.

Grief my bosom never, never, never, never, know.

I'd be wand'ring, pretty bird,
 Joyous as the happy scene;
 Where the shepherd's flute is heard,
 'Mid the May-dance on the green.
 Grief, &c.

Foolish songstress! thou art free!
 Seek the heart you love the best;
 Had I but thy fairy wings,
 Far from hence I'd be at rest.
 I'd be wand'ring, &c.

Enter VERGELLINA, (R.)

Ama. Ha! Vergellina! Alas! (*Sighs.*)

Ver. Dear mistress, endeavour to regain your spirits; that which cannot be prevented, we must exert ourselves to endure. This night, this night you will become a duchess—A duchess of the gay city of Florence.

Ama. Ah! Vergellina! my heart is dead to all its gaieties. You, who from infancy have been my friend—

Ver. Your faithful servant.

Ama. Yet, my attached friend! You can alone know the sacrifice which duty compels me to make, with a lacerated heart, to my father's will.

Ver. Ah! madam! I wish I were your father. They call me vixen—shrew! but had I your permission, I would make my way to the grand Duke Ludovico, and address him thus:—"Please your highness, you have been good enough to fall in love with the lady Amarantha, my mistress! Please your highness, I am her own maid, and can vouch for the fact, all your attentions are of no avail; for, please your highness, my mistress utterly abominates you!"

Ama. Not so loud, Vergellina; my father may overhear you.

Ver. I only wish he could. I should like to tell him my mind. I know what I would tell him; but I would speak with civility, and humility. I would say to the Count Montefieri. (*Fiercely.*) "Sir, your Countship—if you think you are adding to the happiness of your daughter, you are mightily mistaken; your daughter has a warm heart, but you are uniting her to a splendid block of marble, your Countship; and, that is my opinion of things in general, your Countship."

Ama. Hush! hush!

Ver. Ah! now, my dear young lady, follow my example; and to the sound of the merry castanet, drive away care.

SONG.—VERGELLINA.

The lute is sweet, but often sad,
And sorrow's note I'd fain forget;
With pipe and tabor melody,
Give me the lively castanet.
Last night, with Florio in the waltz,
His lips, and mine, somehow they met;
He whisper'd too, what I'll not tell,
While tick tack went the castanet.

The maids look cross, the lads all sigh,
But jealous whims they'll fast forget;
To deck with roses white my door,
And dancing ply the castanet.
For soon my joyful heart will beat,
'Mid friends in bridal favours met;
While wedding bells soft jingling chime,
And tick tack goes the castanet.

(*Chords of a lute, R.*)

Ama. Ah! those sounds!

GIULIO climbs over the wall.

It is Giulio! (*Trembles.*)

Giulio. (*Coming forward, kneels.*) Amarantha! dear Amarantha!

Ama. Why can you seek me at the eve of misery? At our last sad meeting, you know I was doomed never to see you more.

Gui. Amarantha! hear me, I am not here to upbraid you, rather should I claim your forgiveness. One effort yet remains—Dare you fly with me?

Ver. Alas! alas! Signor, whither would you fly?

COUNT MONTEFIERI appears at back of garden listening, R. S. E.

Gui. There is madness in the thought; but love, an ardent love like mine, shall overthrow every obstacle. Ludovico, your husband! the grand Duke Ludovico, my patron, my benefactor, no, no, Amarantha. You are mine, still mine! (*VERGELLINA anxiously looking about spies COUNT MONTEFIERI, she starts.*) Your faithful Vergellina, shall accompany us beyond the reach of danger; will you not, Vergellina?

Ver. (*Transfixed on seeing the COUNT.*) Eh! we are undone!

Gui. Say, Vergellina, you, who have been the constant companion of my beloved Amarantha, will you not dare fate to consummate the happiness of your darling mistress? Speak! (*VERGELLINA endeavours by signs to dissuade GIULIO from speaking.*) Say! Consent to accompany me, and desperation shall give me

force to defy all opposition. (*AMA. sinks into GUILIO's arms. The COUNT goes off hastily, R.*)

Ver. (*Having watched the COUNT off.*) For mercy's sake, Signor, break off this toying—escape—escape, you are discovered! My lady's honour compromised. Alas! It is impracticable to re-ascend the wall. By this rash conduct you are lost! we are lost! My lady's father, the Count Montefieri, has overheard us, and approaches. Here! here! (*Points to group of statues.*)

MUSIC.—*GUILIO passionately embraces AMA. hastily climbs up the basement; AMA. in a state of insensibility sinks on a garden bench. VER. hastens to assist her. Enter COUNT, LUCILLO, and several followers, with lights, and armed.*

Count. Search strictly round, a lurking dastard is concealed in the garden.

MUSIC.—*They look about. The stage progressively dark, as they inspect one side of the group of sculpture, GUILIO creeps between the figures evading the search. The COUNT is busy in the investigation. VER. in alarm. When GUILIO is in front of the group, VER., by action, intimates that he should throw his hat over the wall, which he does. MUSIC.—AMA. rises wildly from the bench.*

Ama. Mercy! mercy! (*Kneels to her father.*) Spare him! spare him! let me die!

Count. Away, degenerate! (*To AMA. in an under tone.*) I spurn you! Quick, open the portal. (*To Domestics.*) Search beyond the walls. (*LUCILLO and the other Domestics go off.*) Base girl! and have you thus deceived a doating father? A parent, whose aim has been through life your happiness, your aggrandizement! A parent who's watchful thoughts, whose sleepless nights, have been passed in the fond delusive hopes of seeing you nobly wedded? and now, on the very eve of which, you are to become the Grand Duke Ludovico's bride, I discover you engaged in a disgraceful intrigue; dishonour to your house. (*Looks round.*) They return! Rise instantly! (*Lifts her from the ground forcibly.*) Reply not, be silent as death!

Re-enter Domestics.

(*Assuming a tone of kindness.*) "Amarantha, child! your health requires less exposure to the night air. In daughter! Vergellina, your attention to the interests of your mistress, shall be marked by my especial notice, remember! In—

MUSIC.—*AMA. and VER. enter the house mournfully, (R.)*

Enter LUCILLO with GUILIO's hat.

Count. Now, Lucillo!

Luc. My lord, we discovered this hat beyond the wall.

Count. Nay, then, the intruder has escaped. (*Looks at hat.*) The plume is lost, and the jewelled ornaments which fastened it; but this will lead to detection. Follow, this way! A thousand florins shall be his who apprehends the deliquent—Follow!

HURRIED MUSIC.—*Exeunt COUNT and Attendants. GUILIO watches their departure with anxiety. Scene closes.*

SCENE III.—*Chamber in the House of DOCTOR MANENTE.**Enter MONNA BRIGIDA, L. S. E.*

Mon. Is there a wife in all Forence that has more just cause to grieve and grumble, than I have? A husband ever absent, or intoxicated! I marvel how Dr. Manente gets through his medical duties, when he utterly neglects his business at home. Oh! if he had half the sober, and respectfully endearing qualities of my friend Doctor Flamingo. (*A distinct triple knock at the door within, L.*) Ah! Doctor Flamingo's knock! I know it well. Come to solace me with an hour's conversation, in the absence of my reprobate husband. (*Opens door.*) Walk in, good Doctor Flamingo.

Enter DOCTOR FLAMINGO. he bows respectfully to MONNA.

There's a dear Doctor Flamingo! how happy am I to see you looking so healthy. (*FLAM. ogles her horribly.*) The evening will be delightful if you condescend to sit with me.

Dr. Flam. Ah! Is your husband going out?

Mon. Troth! he is; and at what hour he will return, I know not.

Dr. Man. (*Within.*) My velvet cap, my embossed snuff-box, and my gold-headed cane, that will do.

Enter DOCTOR MANENTE, dressed, R.

Ah! Monna! dear Monna! Now, hey for the Magnifico's supper. (*Sees FLAM.*) Ah! long Doctor Flamingo, your servant, where do you come from, the dissecting room? (*Takes snuff.*)

Dr. Flam. True!

Dr. Man. I thought so, you look as if you did. They have been carving at you famously. How did your body escape off the table?

Dr. Flam. Friend Manente, I never condescend to jest.

Dr. Man. Don't you? Most men never condescend to do that of which they are incapable. Ha! ha! ha! Monna, dear Monna, I'm going to sup with the Grand Duke Lorenzo. I leave your Cavalier Servente, your Cicisbeo, with you, and a pretty scarecrow he is.

Mon. Out upon your riot tongue, doctor.

Dr. Man. (*Crosses to FLAM.*) See the difference between us, brother physician: you are long and lean;—I am round and fat.

Dr. Flam. (*R.*) You will die of apoplexy.

Dr. Man. And you of starvation.

(Crosses to L.)

Mon. I will not hear the dear doctor abused.

Dr. Man. Which dear doctor? The long dear doctor, or the fat dear doctor? This dear doctor, or that dear doctor?

Mon. Had you half the breeding of your learned friend there—

Dr. Man. If I have not half the breeding, I have not one quarter of the bone. He is a lengthened skeleton, on the *qui vive*. (*Crosses to centre.*) Hark ye, thou gaunt professor of pharmacy—dost come here to make love to my wife, or to pry into the secrets

ave so much elevated me above you in medical practice?

Flam. Vain little man!

Man. (*Aside.*) I will insult him! Hark ye, Flamingo, I
ce over to thee, some of my pauper patients who cannot
fee, and don't mind dying: for at best, thou art but an
empyric!

Flam. No reflections on my professional talent. (*Touches
d.*)

Man. Dull surfaces present no reflections, and since you
our lancet there—why I can do the same. There, (*Crosses
ss, or two, will give me an appetite for the grand Duke's*

Come on, thou tall medical poltroon!

Flam. Poltroon! Death! Hell, and vengeance! (*Draws—
ompously.*)

Man. (*Fencing.*) Ah! ha!—ah! ah! Well meant for my
but slipped over my shoulder—ah! ha! (*Fences.*) Now I'll
spit an ostrich!

Help!—help!—help! Or my husband will surely
Cicisbeo.

LORENZO, (*Without.*)

Eh! what's the matter?

Enter LORENZO. (L.)

lown with your swords, I say! (*Interposes.*) What means
I?

Man. In truth, this broil has made me rather hot, good
Dolcemente, you have arrived just in time. Dr. Flamingo
at to open my arteries.

(*To LORENZO.*) Oh! Signor, I am an ill-used woman!
and is ever in his cups, and when in his cups—

Man. I break her china! But can you wonder that I wax
when I can ne'er turn my back, but yonder tall black cat
ewing in my premises.

Flam. Black cat! I can bear no more. (*Again throws
into a fencing attitude.*)

Man. That's not the first sly attack you have made upon
There now! don't wag your tail again.

For my sake, kindest Doctor Flamingo, put up your

Flam. For your sake, Signora, it is done. (*Sheathes his*

Man. He pockets the affront, and sheathes his surgical
ant at the same time, for her sake.

(*Aside.*) A pretty fellow, this Doctor Manente. Come,
must be peace-maker here. Dr. Manente, the hour ap-
, when you are pledged to introduce me to the grand

Man. The sooner the better: duke's suppers are more
than the revilings of an elderly gentlewoman, though she
acked with, and countenanced by, a physician, six feet
ne, come along master Dolcemente. Flamingo, Flam

ingo, I'll tickle you by jingo. I have a great mind to stick you against the wall, like an old daddy-long-legs.

[*Exeunt* DOCTOR, and LORENZO, (L.)

Dr. Flam. (*Sighs deeply.*) Heigho.

Mon. Ill-used physician.

Dr. Flam. Discreet Monna Brigida! Observe what I endure for you—insult—contempt—almost death.

Mon. Doctor, you should be above all that. Come, my abusive husband is gone, let us be cheerful. I have appointed to go to our little farm in the country. How delightful would be that rural retreat, had I a discreet and considerate friend like you to share it with me alone.

Dr. Flam. Ah! (*Sighs.*)

Burlesque Duet.—MONNA and FLAMINGO.

Dr. Flam. Sweeter than syrup—sweet as clove
Is a pure platonic love.

Dearest Monna—'pon my honor,

Listen, while I pardon crave.

(*Kneels.*) Behold your own devoted slave!

Mon. My flatt'ring heart, its, joy betrays,
Excited by the doctor's lays.

Dr. Flam. Your beauty is above all praise.

Mon. You're quite gallant;

Dr. Flam. Oh! palpitating!

Mon. These jetty locks!

Dr. Flam. Oh! captivating!

Mon. Ah! what joy can rank above
A charming pure platonic love!

Both. Ah! what joy, &c. (*He salutes her.*)

[*Exeunt* MONNA and FLAMINGO, (L.)

SCENE IV.—*Saloon in the palace, with door opening into the garden.*

Enter CAMALDOLI, richly dressed. (R.)

Cam. So, I marvel the grand duke has not arrived; we shall barely have time before the marriage ceremony takes place, to drug, and intoxicate dear doctor Manente. He will not recognize me the guitar player. Ah! they approach!—within there!

Music.—*Enter* several domestics in rich liveries, through centre door
Enter DOCTOR MANENTE, followed by LORENZO, still disguised,
CAMALDOLI and the servants bow profoundly (L.)

[*Exeunt* Servants, through centre door.

Dr. Man. Ah! ha! you see, Dolcemente! how I am respected
in palace; it is all on account of the Grand Duke's love for
CAMALDOLI.) You are, I apprehend, sweet signor—
(*Bowing.*) Groom of the chambers.

Groom of the chambers! What, does the Grand Duke
urges above stairs?—Excuse me—you will be pleased to
highness, that the learned and witty Dr. Manente has
up with his highness, and that he has brought hither a

young, well-favoured fellow. (*Aside to LORENZO.*) Hold up your head—who possesses a tolerable voice, to entertain his highness.

Cam. (*Bowing.*) You are exceedingly kind, Doctor Manente.

Dr. Man. (*Apart to LORENZO.*) Bow, my boy—bow to the groom of the chambers; if ever you want the patronage of a great man, first secure that of his valet:—but mind, sing your best when I ask you for a song.

Cam. The evening is sultry, Doctor Manente; a flask of wine, a fore-runner of the banquet; will it be agreeable?

Dr. Man. Most particularly; don't make any apology. (*LORENZO speaks apart to CAMALDOLI.*) Oh! you are telling him what you would like to taste: (*To CAMALDOLI.*) You need not ask him what wine he will have—poor devil! he knows nothing about it, it makes no difference to him.

Cam. You are mistaken, doctor: I wished that the personage you have taken under your patronage, should appear in a better plight when in his highness's presence.

Dr. Man. Why, he is a little shabby; but we can't all wear court dresses. (*Glances at his own dress.*)

Enter Servants, with wine. (R.)

Cam. Now, my good doctor, this you will find most excellent.

Dr. Man. I'm ready.

(Other Servants carry splendid clothes across.)

Cam. In yonder closet.

[Exeunt Servants, (R.) and LORENZO into closet, (L.)

(Black Servant fills goblet.)

Dr. Man. Here's generous wine! the best friend of man! a friend that you may always take by the hand and press to your lips. (*Drinks.*) At all times—at all seasons—in all weathers. If in summer, I take it to cool me: if in winter, I swallow it to warm me. If I am depressed, I drink it to elevate me; and if I am too lively, I take it,—but that is very rare,—mixed with water, to bring my noble courage down. (*Holds it to black Servant.*) A little drop more, if you please? (*To CAMALDOLI.*) What is this young person's name, with his countenance in mourning?

Cam. Mazzoneschi.

Dr. Man. Fill up, Mazzoneschi: don't be afraid, I am not. A little drop more, Mazzoneschi; bless your Spanish-liquorice face.

(Black pours out wine.)

Cam. Our revelry must be brief. The grand duke's brother, Ludovico, espouses to-night, the lovely Amarantha!

Dr. Man. True, we'll drink health and happiness to the fair Mazzoneschi, I mean Amarantha,—Mazzoneschi! (*Holds goblet.*) You do your task as if you were accustomed to it: so do I. (*Drinks.*) I am a noble thirsty lion, and you are a most convenient black jackall. Pray, were you born in Italy? The sun has had an immense effect on your complexion. Come, come, no nonsense, carnival time is over, take your mask off.

Maz. Mask! cussee! Me as nature made him.

Dr. Man. Nature of the beast! Ha! ha! ha! It is not my habit to look at the dark side of the picture; but nature, when she

drew your portrait, took it in Indian ink ; but where's the little boy, Dolcemente, that I'm to introduce to the Grand Duke ?

Cam. Hark !

MUSIC—*Enter LORENZO from door, splendidly attired, followed by Servants.*

The banquet is prepared.

Dr. Man. Eh ! what ! Why Dolcemente ! Well, they have made my young thrush look like a peacock ! Lauk ! how well the boy looks. (*To LORENZO.*) Have you your madrigals in your pocket ?

Lor. (*Apart to CAMALDOLI.*) Is the wine drugged ?

Cam. (*Apart.*) It is, your highness. (*LORENZO gives a signal.*) Lead to the banquet. (*Music.*)

Dr. Man. Why the duke has a large party to-night. I see some jolly companions amongst them ; now they go, two and two, and each pair dressed alike. I see double ; come along, my protégé Dolcemente, come along, don't you let your modesty spoil your voice. (*Hiccups.*) Hallo ! I've had a little too much already. Bless me, I'm not aware that I have offended you—I never saw any man look so black as you do. (*To MAZ.*)

MUSIC.—DOCTOR staggers, takes hold of LORENZO's arm, and leads him, followed by CAMALDOLI, laughing. (R.)

SCENE V. *The garden of COUNT MONTEFIERI, with the palace of the GRAND DUKE in the distance, as before.*

Grand March.—*Enter the bridal procession, COUNT MONTEFIERI, LUDOVICO leading on AMARANTHA. Bridesmaids, dancers, VERGELLINA, attendants bearing lights, marriage presents, &c.*

GRAND CHORUS.

Each lattice with garlands twine,
The silken banner raise,
And bid, round sainted shrine,
The scented taper blaze.
Bid laughing Hebe bring
New rapture to impart,
Rich wine, whose bubbles spring
Like kisses, from the heart.
The lute, the harp, be heard,
In dulcet measure gay,
While festive song, and dance unite,
To crown this happy day,
This happy bridal day.

Lud Cheer thee, sweetest Amarantha, cheer thee ! That clouded brow ill suits this joyous event ; in a few minutes we shall reach the chapel of our palace.

Count. On ! on !

Ama. One moment, hold !

Count. (*With meaning, Apart to AMARANTHA.*) Why would'st thou delay ? (*To guests.*) Let the procession advance.

Ama. I pray you, a short minute.

Count. What would you, daughter?

Ama. I would, my father, in the few brief moments, I continue my own mistress, crave permission, unattended, to utter a farewell prayer in my oratory. Refuse me not this last request.

Music.—COUNT assents—LUDOVICO leads AMARANTHA to the door of the Oratory. The COUNT fixes his eyes sternly on VERGELLINA.

Count. (*Aside.*) A lurking suspicion rankles near my heart—I shall not feel secure until the nuptial knot is tied. (*To crowd.*) Ho! there! Let the bridal procession proceed to the chapel.

CHORUS.

The lute, the harp be heard,
In dulcet measure gay,
Whilst festive song, and dance unite,
To crown this happy day.

The procession winds round the stage. LORENZO and MONTEPIERI are at the door of the oratory. When part of the procession is off the stage,—Scene changes.

SCENE VI.—*An apartment, having the appearance of the upper story of a turret. In the flats, an antique cabinet, with double doors. A small open window is perceptible, through which the moon shines. Descriptive MUSIC.*

Enter AMARANTHA, l. with fear and caution.

Ama. A few moments are my own, and in a sanctuary unknown to any but myself. This apartment was the place of refuge of a recluse: my mother communicated the secret to me—yonder ebony cabinet contains the precious, and cautiously concealed correspondence with my still beloved Guilio. Ah! Guilio! your beloved, and heart-stirring letters, are safely secured under a spring-lock, so curiously contrived, that unless the secret is fully understood, fate might be defied for a discovery. A few instants are still my own—one last, fond gaze at the letters of poor Guilio, and then to destroy them for ever. I weep for him—I weep for myself. (*Touches a spring—the doors fly open, with a noise of machinery.*) The duties of a wife force me to forget these endearing tokens of affection, and I must appear happy, whilst the blight of sorrow is withering my form. One last—last—lingering view. (*Takes a packet of papers from shelf in cabinet.*) This—and this!—let me gaze on them.

(MUSIC.—*She takes a letter from packet, and peruses it.*)

SCENE.

That solemn hour, when last we met,
You vowed, and I believed it true,
Those sighs you never could forget,
Breathed to none—to none but you.

(The bridal chorus heard without. Piano, as if sung by crowd below.
AMARANTHA looks towards small window.)

Away, Away, unwelcome strain:
Distracted, I your discord hear,
Would thou could'st peal my funeral dirge,
Or mock my gilded bier.

(She presses her hands to her ears—then slowly takes them away as
chorus subsides.)

'Tis silent all—now to renew
My bliss of grief—his last adieu.

(Reads with faltering voice.)

“And must we part?—Ah! stern decree?”

“But wilt thou still—still think on me?”

(Kisses letter, and kneels.

Still think on thee! yes, here I swear,
True as my heart to thee is given,
Thy weal shall prove my constant prayer—
My latest hope, to meet in Heaven.

(Noise without—she starts up.)

Ha! they approach, to drag me to my fate,
Quick, to conceal my prize, before it be too late.

(She hastily totters to cabinet—noise repeated. Enters cabinet to
replace letters—treads on secret spring.)

Ah! the secret spring!

MUSIC.—The iron doors suddenly close with a grating sound,
AMARANTHA shrieks within the cabinet.

Help! or I die! help!

The scene changes rapidly to the garden, as before. The characters
awaiting the return of AMARANTHA

Re-enter LUDOVICO, agitated, from the Oratory.

FINALE.

Lud. Search the palace—search the garden
Through each hall, and chamber hie!
[Exit attendant, with torch
To the grotto, to the ramparts
Quickly—quickly fly!
[Excunt Attendants, various entrances.

CHORUS.

Search the palace, &c.

(Lights appear moving through windows of palace, during chorus.)

Enter LUCILLO, with a jewelled ornament, which he shows to COUNT
MONTEFIERI. The COUNT starts.

Luc. See, my lord! I found this near,
'Tis Gullio's gem, we swear.

(*The COUNT communes with LUDOVICO, and points to VERGELLINA.*)

Lud. Distraction ! Is she falsely gone ?
Ah ! traitress (*To VERGELLINA.*) thou shalt try
Deep in a dungeon's depths to bear
The scorn you thus defy.

Lor. Ver. Lud. and Chorus.—
Confusion ! Is the lady gone ?
The hour is o'er,
The feast is marred, the banquet done,
And pleasure reigns no more.
(*VERGELLINA, by the COUNT's directions, is seized.*)

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Apartment in the palace. LORENZO discovered (R.) on a splendid chair, reading, CAMALDOLI, (L.)*

Lor. Any tidings of the lost Amarantha ?

Cam. None, your highness.

Lor. And two days have been spent in vain search ; her cavalier has taken his precautions—he has whirled his mistress away as if by witchcraft, and my ardent hope is, that they will escape the Duchy. Gullio is of noble birth, and gentle manner, more fitting for the husband of Amarantha, than my gloomy cousin of Medici. Apropos—have you fulfilled your task ?

Cam. (*They rise.*) With the impertinent physician ? We conveyed the sot, in a state of insensibility, to a remote apartment in the palace ; the floor of which, according to your highness' command, we have caused to be skilfully prepared with trap-doors. The sapient Doctor Manente is at present snoring off his inebriety in a strange attic in utter darkness.

Lor. And has not yet awaked. Prepare then, your carnival dresses and masks, sword, and torch.

Cam. I have them here, your highness.

Enter MAZZONESCHI, bearing outre dresses, and hideous grinning masks, (R.)

Lor. Excellent ! We will enchant this troublesome physician, so that he will never again force himself into our society. Have you directed Monaco, the comedian, to attend us ?

Cam. He is waiting in the anti-chamber, your highness.

[*Exeunt CAMALDOLI, and MAZZONESCHI, (L.)*]

Lor. I will not peruse the dark page of life, but revert only to its laughing leaves: the joyous cup of wine—the brilliant reparation,—and the glowing smile of cheerful beauty shall grace my hours.

SONG.—LORENZO.

The bower of love, at moonlit hour,
The bower of love for me;
Where harps are touched by lady's hand,
Under the gossamer tree.
Where ladies' eyes outglitter the stars,
And the gay dance chases the night,
To the castanet's sound,
And the wine cups round;
While the brook bubbles in beauty bright.

There joyful hearts with mine must throb,
No sorrow can linger near,
Where lips more sweet than perfum'd flowers,
Solace the wanderer's tear.
There ladies' eyes, more lovely shall seem,
Than the glow-worm's golden light;
'Mid the castanet's sound,
And wine cups round,
While the brook bubbles in beauty bright.

Enter MONACO, (L.)

Mon. Your highness commanded my presence.

Lor. Yes, Monaco, I have a task for you, if you succeed in it, depend upon my liberality.

Mon. I have often had the happiness to be an humble adjunct to the frequent frolics of your highness.

Lor. In my frequent frolics—as you aptly term them—and disguises, I have become better acquainted with my Florentine subjects, than ever prince has been, since the days of the renowned Caliph Haroun—But no matter: I require your services in an important affair! I wish you, Monaco, simply to kill a man for me!

Mon. Your highness! I kill a man?

Lor. That is, Monaco, you must be the person who is to be killed. I must trouble you to die, to aid a jest I have in hand.

Mon. I will die nineteen times a day, and again of an evening, to please the grand duke.

Lor. Listen—you know doctor Manente, the waggish physician?

Mon. Perfectly well:—owe him a grudge. When I was sick, he was once, by his neglect, nigh causing my exit from the stage of life.

Lor. Ah! I will give you your revenge. I wish doctor Manente to be thought no more. Will your skill as a mimic enable you to personate the physician?

Mon. I'll do my best.

Lor. Then, Monaco, the comic actor, equipped in the habiliments of Doctor Manente, must, in Doctor Manente's own house, die of the plague. !

Mon. But won't the real doctor come and cure me ?

Lor. The real doctor Manente is at present hid from all human eyes,—alive, but sleeping soundly.

Enter CAMALDOLI and MAZZONESCHI, with DOCTOR MANENTE'S gown and cap.

Give that solemn robe, and that reverend medical wise-acre cap to Monaco. The key of the physician's town house is in the pocket of the gown. [*Exit MAZZO.* (L.)

Cam. And Monna Brigida, the doctor's wife, is gone to their farm, two leagues hence, with their domestics. The city tenement is empty. Go thou there, Monaco, disguise thyself as the physician—leave the rest to us.

Mon. Your highness shall be obeyed. The garb, and key—and if I prove not a good actor, discharge me from your company.

Lor. I depend upon you, Monaco—follow me, Camaldoli. [*Exeunt LORENZO and CAMALDOLI,* (R.)

Mon. These grand dukes are imperious beings—not content with my nightly personation of the living, my patron now demands that I should represent the dead. Well, that won't require much display of comic ability ; it is merely an exit solus. Ah ! why does his highness remove me from my own beloved natural atmosphere, the atmosphere of an opera house. I am never truly happy but at the time I am getting up a grand opera.

BUFFA SONG—MONACO.

Symphony—Orchestra bell rings.

Hark ! the overture—tingle goes the bell,
Crash—crash—crash, and then harmonious swell.
Soft tones—trombones, and double basses, dying groans,

For pastorale now prepare,
Sweetly flows the simple air,
the simple air.

Flute O—sostenuto.

Adorn I,
With corni.

Then the melody is drown'd,
In a complex rush of sound.

The overture over, the green curtain rises,
A beautiful landscape the audience surprises.
Then the Prima donna, with a brilliant dress on her,
Advances—entrances—chance is, she dances.
But certainly in Recitavo,
She commences her Motivo

(*Imitates Prima Donna's voice, in popular Italian air, and words.*)

Then discover her lover,

Pressing his suit,
With guitar, and russet boot.

(*Imitates tenor Italian singer, Italian words.*)

But hold—to their fears,
The father appears,
The lover unmans,
Forbids all the banns;
The maiden trepans.

(*Imitates Basso, from popular opera, Italian words.*)

Then comes every sort of

Depreciation,
Supplication,
Explanation,
Perturbation,
Abdication,
Vindication,
Gratification,
Ratification,
Justification,
Mortification,
Vociferation,
Pacification.

When all these things are brought about,
Thus an opera's brought out. *Exit MONACO, (R.)*

SCENE II.—A chamber in the palace.

Enter COUNT MONTEFIERI and LUDOVICO, (R.)

Count. It is inexplicable that as yet no discovery has been made. My lord, all my hope of happiness has been blighted: the feelings of a father no longer predominate. I shall still have the gratification of a fell revenge on her infamous paramour.

(*Crosses R.*)

Lud. You have not sufficient proof yet, that my beloved, my lost Amarantha, has eloped with Guilio; and did I not send him on a special mission to Lucca?

Count. He will never return—I had my suspicions: did we not discover the identical jewel which he wore in his bonnet? Base ingrate! Duke, all my hopes are prostrate—dishonour stains our name.

(*Enter LUCILLO, L.*)

Luc. My Lord!

Count. (*Eagerly.*) Is Guilio overtaken!

Luc. The officers you sent, met him at Lucca.

Count. Alone?

Luc. Yes, my lord, alone.

Count. Bring him in. (*Exit LUCILLO, L.*) Ah! I revive. The violator of my honor is within my grasp. But, ah! where is Amarantha—where is my beautiful daughter? Revenge! Yes—the miscreant shall soon know what the torture is.

(Enter LUCILLO and attendants, with GUILIO, prisoner.)

Lud. Guilio, stand forth. All indulgences a friend could give, have I imparted.

Guil. My lord, why thus remind me of the many obligations I owe you, amounting to a debt that I can never pay, save with my poor, but hearty thanks, and gratitude—and these, my lord, I acknowledge.

Lud. Stay, sir—It was not to elicit your language of gratitude that I have spoken of these things you are accused, Guilio; and on strong circumstantial evidence; of carrying away the lovely Amarantha.

Guil. My lord—who dare accuse me? I am innocent!

Count. Will you prove your innocence? Did I not discover you, basely endeavouring to persuade my lost child to desert her father's roof? and but two hours before the nuptials were to be consummated. Can you deny this accusation? (*GUILIO hangs his head.*) My Lord, perceive the dejection of a conscious guilt.

Lud. Ungrateful man!

Count. The jewelled ornament of his hat was discovered nigh the garden wall. (*Produces it.*) Behold the gift of your most gracious master! Observe his blanched cheek, his confused look!

Guil. My lord, that my cheek is pale, and my manner embarrassed, I wonder not,—I am a guilty man.

Count. He confesses—away with him, to tortures, and death.

Guil. Nay, my lord, I pray you, allow me speech: I am so far guilty, that I have dared to supplant my benefactor in the affections of the adored Amarantha: but I loved Count Montefieri's daughter, before I was made the confidant of duke Ludovico's passion—this is the extent of my offence: for this, my heart is plunged in grief.

Count. Duke Ludovico, let not his smooth speech disarm your justly excited wrath; where have you concealed the ruined, the dishonoured girl, who has eloped with you?

Lud. Guilio, highly as I appreciate your honor, appearances are against you.

Count. (*To LUCILLO, and followers.*) Convey your prisoner to the city dungeon: see that he is properly secured.

(*The Officers seize GUILIO, and force him off, L.*)

Lud. Bring forth the female attendant of the lost lady.

[*Exit LUCILLO, (R.)*]

No clue!—No trace!

[*Enter LUCILLO, with VERGELLINA, (R.) Exit LUCILLO, (R.)*]

Ver. (*Looking off, starts.*) Signor Guilio, a prisoner!

Count. Now base girl, stand forth!

Ver. Sir, I deserve not that epithet.

Count. Did you not encourage the clandestine correspondence between my abandoned daughter, and yon delinquent?

Ver. I was aware that Signor Guilio,—of as ancient and honorable a family as your own, was deeply attached to my mistress.

Lud. Where is your mistress, Vergellina?

Ver. I know not, my lord, indeed, I know not. If I could but ascertain that she was safe, and well, you might cut off this hand.

Count. Hypocrite!

Ver. I am no hypocrite;—no, not even hypocrite enough to conceal the joy I feel for her escape, be she living or dead:—for better be dead, than wedded where she never could have loved! Aye, call me termagant, I am; but in sacred truth I affirm, I am not concerned in her present flight, or concealment. (*Weeps.*) No, no, no!

Count. They both tell the same deceitful tale. Take her to the dungeon, and if my daughter, Amarantha, be not discovered, or if confession is not made, before St. Mark's clock strikes eight, the rack is prepared, and excruciating torture may produce the truth.

Ver. (*R.*) And this is justice! Your hour may come, Count, when you shall have as little mercy shown you: though you may beg and pray for it, which I scorn to do: and would, even if I knew my prayers could win it. Tyrant!

Lud. (*To Count.*) My lord! there is an earnestness in that girl's manner. I pray you a moment,—I will, with your permission, deal with her in a different mode. Come hither, Vergellina: that you have not spared me in your remarks, inclines me to imagine that you are innocent. Go, I put your honor, your vigilance to the test;—go forth,—seek for your mistress.

Count. Trust her not, you Highness, but let the torture—

Lud. Torture! Count Montefieri! why, it is a woman! Vergellina, I, at least will prove to you that if I could not deserve the love of your lost mistress, I can be generous. Go, I am answerable for your re-appearance, return before eight o'clock; at that hour, again surrender yourself; I depend upon your honour, but use the intervening time with diligence. (*VER. drops on her knees, and kisses his hand.*) Rise. Away, girl!

Ver. Bless you! I cannot speak! but bless you! bless you!

MUSIC.—*Exit hastily, L.*

Lud. I cannot exert such clemency to Guilio; the breach of confidence, and friendship, he has committed, demands a due punishment. Should Amarantha not appear by eight o'clock, Count, I will confirm your sentence. Guilio, shall be put on the rack, a meet example for his treachery. Come, my lord.

[*Exeunt R.*]

SCENE III.—*An Apartment with bare walls. (Dark.)*

DOCTOR MANENTE discovered sleeping, partly undressed, on mattress, on the floor. Music expressive of snoring; loud knocking heard beneath the stage—he awakes.

Dr. Man. (*Stretching.*) Yaw—aw! What the deuce was that? my wife fallen out of bed? I hope so! Monna, how much wine did you drink last night? (*Feels out.*) She is not here certainly, Monna, I say, do answer. Perhaps she is in a fit on the

floor—Hallo! I say, where's the night lamp? (*Attempts to step out of bed, rolls on the floor.*) I'm not sober yet, that cursed Grand Duke's wine. (*Feels his head.*) Oh, wife! where are you? I want something to quench my thirst. Monna, make me a little toast and water. It was not quite *luce clarius* with me when I went to sleep, but though it is as dark as Erebus, I know where I put my clothes. (*Feels at side.*) No, Gadso! my bedstead has imitated the bad habits of its master, it has lost its legs. Pooh! pooh! I know my chamber as well in the dark as the daylight. (*Rises.*) Here should be the table. (*Runs against the wing.*) No, here should be my private closet of liqueurs. (*Falls over chest.*) We are all wrong here, at any rate, I have come to the wall, I shall be able to find the door.—(MUSIC, *he feels round wainscoting.*) These are not my pannels. I surely have not gone to bed next door; or, if this is my apartment, the windows have healed up in the night. (*A knocking.*) Come in, and bring a light. Ha! ha! ha! after all, my good Doctor Manente, where are you, and in what state are you? (*The lid of the box lifts up, and a grinning Devil's head appears.* CAM. *disguised.*)

Devil. Dead!

Dr. Man. (*Not looking.*) In what state am I?

Devil. Dead!

Dr. Man. You lie! whoever you are. Dead, indeed! with such a gnawing as I have got in my stomach, (*Turns, sees head.*) Hallo! help! help! (*He falls on mattress, and stares alarmed.*)

MUSIC.—The DEVIL comes from chest, MAZZONESCHI follows with sword, and torch, disguised as a fiend. They walk round mattress, hold lights to DOCTOR's face, he is affrighted, watches them; DEVIL blows a horn, which is answered by a gong. A trap opens, and a table, spread for a banquet, rises. Two Demons, with napkins and goblets. DEVIL and MAZZONESCHI having disposed of their lights, ceremoniously lift the DOCTOR and seat him at table. DEVIL takes cover off tureen, smokes arise, he gravely helps the DOCTOR to a plate of soup. MAZZONESCHI ties napkin under DOCTOR's chin, who sinks with fear; they place him upright in chair, point to eatables, and hold swords to his throat.

Dr. Man. Eat! impossible! hungry as I am. (*They threaten him.*) Gentlemen of the diabolical profession, or whatever you may be, I obey. What is it? Brimstone broth, I suppose. Ah, I see, my time is come. (*Swallows a ladle full of soup.*) Agreeable surprise! Charming pottage! Belzebub keeps a good cook, however. (*Eats greedily.*) What can all this mean? May I presume to enquire, illustrious demons, if.—(*They place the points of their swords at his throat.*) Excuse me, I am not inquisitive. (*DEVIL helps him from the tureen.*) Twice to soup, well, I suppose I must. (*Eats, MAZZONESCHI fills goblet, and hands it to him.*) I'd rather not. (*They hold swords.*) Oh, good supernaturals! there are so many points about your arguments, that I cannot fail of being convinced you are quite correct. I have the

pleasure to drink your infernal healths. Ah! (*Smacks his lips.*) Foregad! this tastes very like the Grand Duke's wine! (*The Devil's are confused.*) A little more, if you please. (*They fill, he drinks.*) Satan has a good cellar below. (*DEVIL carves fowl.*) What! have you chickens in the lower regions, too? Well, whether I am at a masquerade, or positively in pandemonium, curse me if I know. (*Gong sounds. DEVIL and others disappear through walls.*) Where the devil are the devils all gone? what is all this. (*A tapping L.*) Come in!

A side door opens, enter LORENZO, dressed as DOLCEMENTE, R.

Lor. Well, here I am at home again in my own humble doing.

Dr. Man. Why there's Dolcemente, the ballad singer.

Lor. (*Feigning surprise.*) In the name of wonder, how is my poor table covered! Who has been lying on my bed?

Dr. Man. I—I—Dolcemente. I, Doctor Manente. I, who took you to the Grand Duke's to supper.

Lor. Why, that is nearly three days ago. I have not been home since. And now, my wonder is, when I return to my miserable apartment, to discover you here, my friend.

Dr. Man. Yes: but I say, Dolce, you saw, I suppose, that I got rather mellow at the palace; you surely must have been kind enough to have brought me home on that lusty back of yours, when I was *non compos*.

Lor. By my soul, I have not seen you since Monday night, when we parted; and this is Wednesday.

Dr. Man. Wonderful! Then unless you have been lying, I have been lying three days and two nights in this room. I did remember to wake once or twice, but finding it as dark as the devil, I turned round again, and went off soundly to sleep, as if I had swallowed a powerful opiate.

Lor. But what do I see here, whence this banquet?

Dr. Man. Ah! that's what I want to know. It's all a mystery to me.

Lor. It fills me with horror, and surprise——

Dr. Man. It filled me with macaroni.

Lor. For now I remember, when I first hired this apartment, and my poverty alone compelled me to do so, I heard strong reports that it had formerly been occupied by a powerful professor of the black art, who was burnt as a sorcerer at Palermo.

Dr. Man. You don't say so! Then I am enchanted, Dolcemente, I have gobbled up enchanted soup, swallowed diabolical macaroni, and drank enchanted wine: but come, Dolce, let us get out of this place; they've deprived me of my clothes, but perhaps you could wrap me up in a blanket, and carry me on your shoulders like a parcel. Keep me this side upwards.

Lor. I'll do any thing to serve Doctor Manente. (*Gong.*) What's that?

Dr. Man. The devils broke loose again, I suppose.

Lor. (*Feigning alarm.*) Devils ! have you seen devils ?

Dr. Man. Yes, the devil take them ; they have been waiting on me as politely as at the best tavern in Florence.

Lor. Excuse me, doctor, I will fly for assistance.

[*Exit hastily at door, L.*

Dr. Man. Help ! help ! help ! Dolcemente. Oh, you cowardly ballad monger ! Help ! help ! What, leave me ? Oh !

HURRIED MUSIC.---*Enter CAM. and attendants, they dance round the DOCTOR with lighted torches, and replace him on the chair. All sink in blue flame through trap door. The DOCTOR calling out—"Help ! Dolcemente !"*---(*LOR. appears at door laughing.*

SCENE. VI.---*A room in MANENTE's house. A latticed window at back.*

Enter MONNA BRIGIDA and FLAMINGO.

Dr. Flam. You have said it, you have said it, you have sealed my happiness ! You have promised that at the expiration of your mourning you will be mine.

Mon. Fie, doctor ! Be quiet you little flutterer ! [*Touches her bosom.*

Dr. Flam. What is the respectable time of mourning for a husband ? Six weeks ? I've brought you some fresh distilled rose water. (*Offers a small bottle which MONNA takes.*

Mon. Essence of a thousand flowers—a thousand thanks : (*Smells bottle, and drops it,*) Oh, bless my heart and soul ! what have you given me, Flamingo ?

Dr. Flam. (*Picks up bottle, smells, is confused.*) A slight mistake ! I gave the wrong, this is assafetida ; but here are the roses. Pardon, gentle Monna, pardon, seal your forgiveness with one gentle platonic salute ! (*FLAM. kisses her. She seats herself, he begins to play his guitar.*) I will indite you a love ditty ! but first some wine. Let us taste some of the wine of my late excellent friend. —*MONNA produces bottle and goblet from small closet ; pours out for him some wine. MANENTE appears behind lattice.*)

Mon. Here is one of the bottles left by my poor dear, departed husband ! (*Sighing.*)

Dr. Man. (*Aside.*) Base cockatrice !

Dr. Flam. (*Sings.*)—

The moon invites to love,

Then tarry not above,

Then Monna, Monna, come down to me !

Let us drink to his memory in solemn silence, and then revel in platonic delights. (*MANENTE glides on, picks up bottle which had been thrown down, and pours contents into the goblet unseen. MONNA gives FLAM. the goblet.*) Much loved, and respected practitioner of medicine, my very dear dead friend, Manente, here's to your memory. (*Drinks.*)

MANENTE comes forward.

Dr. Man. Thank you, ha ! Very pretty indeed

Mon. (*Shrieks.*) Spectre of Manente!

Dr. Flam. (*Falls on his knees.*) Mu—much injured spirit!

Dr. Man. Ah, spirit! spectre! I know I am dead.

Dr. Flam. These eyes saw you entombed.

Dr. Man. Every body believes it; and what every body says, must be true. But I thought when I revisited this world, I should catch you two hobbing and nobbing together.

Mon. Forgive me, blest shade!

Dr. Man. I'm blest if I do! Flamingo, that which thou hast swallowed will give thy diaphragm some trouble. (*FLAM. makes signs of loathing, and puts his hand to his chest; uneasiness encreases.*) Avaunt! you see this. (*Produces a large staff.*) For if ever I again catch you. (*Follows FLAM. who is frightened.*) I administer an extract of this hickory stickerry, externally, applied thus, thus. (*Aims a blow at FLAM. who escapes rapidly at window. MONNA trembles.*) Get up, get up, you old fool! and don't kneel, shaking there. Up, I say. Behold, I am alive! Here, feel my pulse, my pulse, I say. (*She in dread, touches him.*) It beats, it beats, does it not? (*Flourishes staff over her head.*)

Mon. Dearest Manente, I am overjoyed to find you are alive! (*Embraces him, he kisses her loudly.*) He is alive!

Dr. Man. And I wonder at it. Oh! if you knew the life I have led since I have been dead, dark rooms, with demon attendants, trap doors, such devilry-revelry. But, ha! ha! the place I was in this morning, I found them out, I removed the bandage from my eyes, and discovered that I was brought out of the oratory in the Duke's garden; they had me confined in an upper room there.

Mon. An upper room over the Oratory?

Dr. Man. Hey, Monna!

Enter VERGELLINA, from door in flat.

Mon. I know that apartment well. When I was the confidential waiting woman of the Countess, the mother of the poor lost lady Amarantha, I was aware of that secret apartment, the entrance was through a trap door. The famous Anthony of Trent, the great mechanic, fitted up this secret apartment for the Countess Montefieri, there was a curious ebony cabinet in the room.

Dr. Man. Aye, there was a cabinet; I found out that, though it was dark, I felt it; but, to my horror, throughout the night, there issued from that cabinet such faint, and mournful sighs, such heart-sickening groans.

Ver. (*Down, R.*) Eh! what! was this in the room above the Oratory!

Dr. Man. Yes, it was like the feeble lamentations of a dying female. (*VERGELLINA shrieks, and presses her hands to her head.*)

Mon. What ails the girl?

Ver. Yes, yes, it must be, it must be, follow me, aunt. Doctor Manente, lead me to that fatal room.

Dr. Man. No, no. I've had enough of it.

THE VI

Ver. I
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Mon

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Ver. I conjure you, you may save a human being from a most horrible death—starvation! The lost lady Amarantha, is immured in that cabinet; follow me, follow me, save her, save her!

[*Rushes off* D. C.]

Dr. Man. Starvation! well, I don't like starvation!

Mon. Hasten, good Manente, there is meaning in the agitation of Vergellina.

Dr. Man. Come, come, should this be the case, Monna, we must not be unprovided; bring wine, restoratives. follow!

[*Exeunt*, D. C.]

SCENE VII.—*The Apartment above the Turret, the ebony cabinet, window as before.—Music, faint groans heard within. Music expressive of hurried approach. Noise beneath the stage. Trap door in centre is forced open; VERGELLINA makes her way up wildly, rushes towards cabinet, listens. MANENTE follows.*

Ver. (Listens.) I hear her sigh, mistress, Amarantha! 'tis I, Vergellina, courage, courage!

Dr. Man. But how to get the door open?

MUSIC.—*They both struggle to force the spring lock.*

Ver. It is in vain! (*She points to window. MANENTE hastily, and with difficulty forces an iron bar down, with which he batters at the door of the cabinet. In the interval of his blows, the groans of AMARANTHA are heard.*) Wretched Amarantha!

Enter MONNA BRIGIDA, with basket.

Ver. Monna, this awfully constructed trap defies our strength; she is expiring there!

Mon. No, no! It is thirty-five years since I was in this room with the lady Amarantha's mother. Ah! I recollect, here, somewhere here, should be the secret spring.

Ver. Monna, good Monna—

Mon. Aye, aye, so, here it is! (*Grating noise. VERGELLINA shrieks. Music.—The doors open as if by machinery. AMARANTHA, pale, and with dishevelled hair, falls forward on the floor. VERGELLINA raises and kisses her. The DOCTOR, from the basket, applies restoratives. MONNA assists.*)

Ver. She lives! she lives! and I am blessed! my dear, dear mistress. (*Bell tolls eight, VERGELLINA shrieks.*) It is eight o'clock! Monna, good Manente, relax not your exertion. I must leave you, leave you!

Mon. Where are you going at such a moment?

Ver. To save Signor Guilio! his prison is but just across the court. Away! away! I charge you, forsake not my young mistress. (*Rushes off at staircase.*)

Mon. She revives! she revives!

Dr. Man. Well, this is the most singular adventure! I'm a good-natured little fellow, and I don't mind all my own misfor-

tunes, when I find that I am the happy cause of saving the lady Amarantha's life.

Bell tolls rapidly without, loud cheering. Music.---VERGELLINA re-enters with COUNT MONTEFIERI, LUDOVICO, LORENZO, LUCILLO, CAMALDOLI, and attendants.

Ver. Behold your daughter ! (*The COUNT kneels to VER.*)

Lud. Guilio is innocent ! lead him hither. [*Exit LUCILLO,*

Count. My child ! my beloved Amarantha !

Ama. (*Reviving.*) Father ! (*He kisses her.*)

Bell—Shout without—“ Guilio ! Guilio ! Guilio ! ”

Ama. (*Rising.*)—Guilio ! dearest Guilio !

Enter GUILIO, hastily.

Gui. Here, here, my adored ; my beloved Amarantha ! (*Kneels and embraces her.*)

Ver. And can you part them now ?

Lud. Count Montefieri, I ask, as a boon, grant your permission to make these hard fated lovers happy, and I will not only resign all claim to the hand of Amarantha, but portion her nobly.

Count. My daughter restored to me, I shall die in peace ; Guilio, she is yours !

Flourish of Trumpets. The Curtain Falls.

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS.

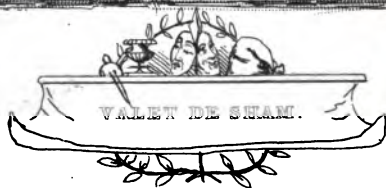
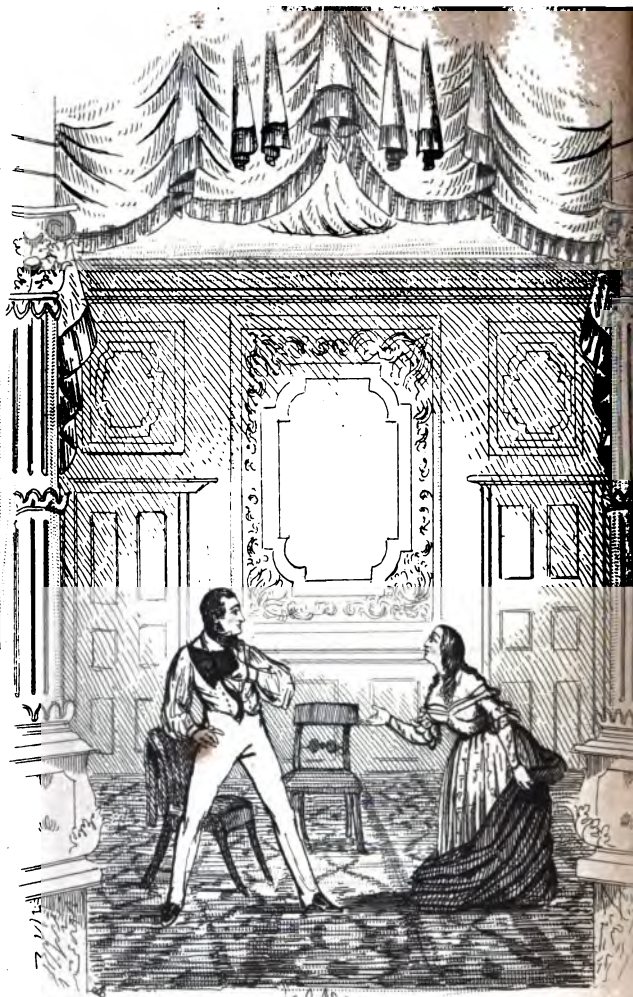
MONNA. VERGELLINA. AMARANTHA. GUILIO. DR. MANENTE.

R.]

[L.]

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THE
VALET DE SHAM.

A FARCE,

In One Act.

BY

oC
CHARLES SELBY (COMEDIAN),

1
MEMBER OF THE DRAMATIC AUTHORS' SOCIETY.

As performed at the

THEATRE ROYAL, ST. JAMES'S. +

CORRECTLY PRINTED FROM THE PROMPTER'S COPY, WITH THE CAST
OF CHARACTERS, COSTUME, SCENIC ARRANGEMENT, SIDES OF
ENTRANCE AND EXIT, AND RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ILLUSTRATED WITH AN ETCHING, BY
PIERCE EGAN THE YOUNGER, FROM A DRAWING TAKEN DURING THE
REPRESENTATION.

LONDON:
CHAPMAN AND HALL, 186, STRAND.

1838

4LR

1. Mama, English

WRITING, BEAUFORT HOUSE, STRAND.

Dramatis Personae and Costume.

First performed, March 29, 1838.

MR. TWEEZER (<i>a headstrong old gentleman</i>). Brown modern old man's coat, drab breeches and gaiters, white waistcoat, broad-brimmed white hat	Mr. BROOKES.
CAPTAIN TRIVET (<i>a prejudiced young gentleman</i>). Green frock-coat, white trousers, black stock, brown waistcoat, black hat	Mr. J. WEBSTER.
WIGLER (<i>a refined gentleman's gentleman</i>). Claret short-tailed jacket, white trousers, buff waist- coat, black hat with cockade	Mr. WRIGHT.
THOMAS (<i>a footman</i>). Plain livery.	Mr. BEAL.
MISS MARCHMONT (<i>an attractive young lady</i>). First dress, Pink silk morning dress. Second dress, Brown holland pinafore, red ringlet wig. Third dress, Brown satin pelisse, small white silk shawl, black silk bonnet, green spectacles, cap with broad lace borders	Miss ALLISON.
CLIPPER (<i>a polished lady's lady</i>). Black silk gown, white muslin apron, fashionable cap, bonnet and shawl for second scene. Second dress, Pina- fore and red wig, same as Miss Marchmont	Mrs. STIRLING.

Scene, London. Present day.

Time of Representation, fifty minutes.

EXPLANATION OF STAGE DIRECTIONS.

L. means first entrance, left. R. first entrance, right. S. E. L., second entrance, left. S. E. R., second entrance, right. U. E. L., upper entrance, left. U. E. R., upper entrance, right. C., centre. L. C., left centre. R. C., right centre. T. E. L., third entrance, left. T. E. R., third entrance right. Observing you are supposed to face the audience.



THE VALET DE SHAM.

SCENE I.—*An apartment handsomely furnished—large arm-chair—sofa, &c.*

Enter MR. TWEEZER and CAPTAIN TRIVET, L. H.

Capt. But my dear uncle—

Twe. I won't hear another word, sir ; your objections are frivolous, your sentiments are ridiculous, your whole conduct is ungrateful and undutiful ; in fact it's—it's—it's—you know what I mean.

Capt. I confess I am under great obligations to you, sir ; but I hope you will pardon me when I say, that I cannot so far govern my feelings, as to promise to marry a lady I have never seen.

Twe. What does that matter, sir ? I have seen her, that's enough : you can take my word, I hope. I tell you she is young, handsome, and rich ; what the devil more would you have ?

Capt. A great deal, sir ! I should like her to be amiable, elegant, and accomplished.

Twe. So she is, sir.

Capt. Good-tempered, kind, gentle, and affectionate.

Twe. How do you know she is not, sir ?

Capt. I should like to be fully acquainted with her disposition, her sentiments, and general character. I should like her—

Twe. To be made on purpose for you, exactly to your order, like a coat or a pair of boots, you inquisitive puppy ; you ought to be obliged to—to—a—a—a—you know what I mean.

Capt. Yes, sir ; but whatever may be the consequence, I am determined never to marry, unless I am perfectly assured upon the evidence of my *own* senses, that my wife is likely to be a blessing not a curse to me.

Twe. Very well, sir, very well, I have done, sir, I have done ; follow your own course, do as you please, marry or not just as you think proper ; from this moment we are strangers, you shall never see me, or hear of me, again. I'll go abroad—I'll—I'll—I'll—you know what I mean. (*crosses to L. H.*)

Capt. Yes, sir ; I am very sorry, sir, that—

Twe. Be quiet, sir ; don't endeavour to justify your conduct ; in one word, sir, will you marry Miss Marchmont, or will you not ? No hesitation, sir, yes or no ?

Capt. Then, sir, I answer.

Twe. Stop—stop—take care, sir—take care—don't be rash—don't be hasty—don't be foolish—don't be—be—be—you know what I mean.

Capt. Yes, sir.

Twe. (*seizing his hand.*) That's right, you consent. I thought you would come to your senses (*embracing him*), my dear nephew.

Capt. But—sir—I—

Twe. Not a word—not a word. I knew you were joking, she's in the next room. I'll bring her to you (*crosses to R.*), not a word—not a word. I know all you would say. (*laughing and poking TRIVER in the ribs.*) Oh, you young rascal, to put me in such a passion; how well you kept up the joke. I thought all the time you meant to—to—to—you know what I mean.

[*Exit, R. H.*]

Capt. But, uncle, I assure you. (*calling.*) Uncle! He's gone, and won't listen to me. What the devil shall I do? I'll not marry, no, no; I'm certain she's not the lovely, accomplished creature, I should wish my wife to be; no doubt she's a vulgar hoyden, or a sentimental, novel-reading idiot. My uncle is returning, I'll undeceive him, and make my escape.

Enter MR. TWEEZER, R. H.

Twe. She'll be here directly, Harry; such a lovely creature, such—

Capt. No doubt, sir; but as I've made up my mind not to marry her, I wish you a very good morning.

Twe. Not marry her!

Capt. No, sir; I was about to say so, when you interrupted me; allow me now, sir, most distinctly and positively to decline the honour.

[*Exit, R. H.*]

Twe. Decline the honour!—not marry her!—oh, the scoundrel!—the—the—the—I know what I mean. He must be mad—I'll have him put under restraint. Refuse Miss Marchmont, the beautiful and rich Miss Marchmont—the—the—the—I know what I mean. Here she is, what can I say to her?

Enter MISS MARCHMONT, R. H.

Miss M. Well, Mr. Tweezer, here I am armed for conquest, where is your nephew?

Twe. Gone, ma'am!

Miss M. Indeed! have I frightened him away?

Twe. Yes, ma'am!

Miss M. Is it possible?—am I such a terrible object?

Twe. Yes, ma'am—no, ma'am.

Miss M. How very distressing—I never thought myself ugly enough to frighten any body—I've been accustomed to produce quite a different sensation; but does your nephew positively refuse me?

Twe. Yes, ma'am; distinctly, and positively, declines the

honour ; those were his very words ; but don't be unhappy—you shan't be disappointed, he *shall* marry you in spite of all his objections.

Miss M. You are very kind, sir—but I beg leave to decline the honour. I have vanity enough to suppose, that I am rather to be beloved, than disliked, and as your nephew refuses me, I must seek my fortune elsewhere. My best compliments to the young gentleman, sorry he is so difficult to please, but I shall not break my heart, though he does decline the honour. (*going, R.*)

Twe. Stay, stay, my dear Miss Marchmont ; don't be precipitate, don't be rash—don't be a—a—you know what I mean—let me prevail on you to see my nephew, before you positively reject him—you don't know his worth ; he is young, handsome, and accomplished ; good tempered, amiable, modest, unassuming, kind, gentle, agreeable, honest, sober, steady, and virtuous ;—in short, he's exactly the person to suit any young lady, who wants a good and ornamental husband—see him, Miss Marchmont—only see him for five minutes, and if you don't fall in love with him, say I'm a—a—a—you know what I mean.

Miss M. Perfectly, sir ; but don't you think 'twould be better if your nephew were *first* to fall in love with me ?

Twe. Certainly, certainly—of course—of course—but he's so dam—hum—no—so particularly obstinate, I don't know how to bring it about—unless we invent some scheme, and trick him into it.

Miss M. And you really think it necessary to employ stratagem, to force the gentleman to see me !

Twe. Of course, of course—of course—let me see—let me see—let me see—suppose I—no, no—suppose *you*—no—that won't do—pshaw!—suppose *we*—no, no—that won't do either—let me see—let me see—let me see—yes, yes—I have it—ha ! ha ! ha ! an excellent idea—capital—what a head I have !—you shall pretend that—that—you are—yes, that's it—you are—you are—you know what I mean.

Miss M. You wish me to assume a disguise ?

Twe. Yes, yes ; that's it—capital guess—clever girl—wonderful !

Miss M. And what is it to be ?

Twe. Whatever you please, I have no choice.

Miss M. You are a useful ally, truly—I perceive I must manage the affair entirely by myself. Now, let me see—suppose—

Twe. Yes, yes—suppose—

Miss M. No, no ; he would suspect that—

Twe. Yes, yes ; so he would.

Miss M. I'll—

Twe. Yes, yes, yes.

Miss M. No ; that's worse than the other.

Twe. So it is—so it is—so it is.

Miss M. If I could only—

Two. Yes; if you could only—that's it—if you could only—that's the point.

Miss M. (*calling.*) Clipper!

Two. (*calling.*) Clipper!

Enter CLIPPER, R.

Cli. Want me, miss?

Miss M. Yes. (*whispering.*)

Cli. Oh, gemini!—yes, miss—certainly—not the slightest dejection.

Miss M. Very well, then. (*whispering, and pointing to TWEEZER.*)

Cli. Well, I never—ha! ha! ha! to be sure. (*whispering.*) Directly minute, with the almost precocity. [*Exit, R. H.*]

Two. What the devil are you whispering about?—ain't I to be in the secret?

Miss M. Not yet, meet me here in half an hour, and you shall know all. Adieu! remember I am undertaking this entirely to oblige you. [*Exit, R. H.*]

Two. Of course—of course—of course—I'm the happiest of elderly gentlemen—my heart's as light, and I feel as strong, as I did thirty years ago, when I went a wooing on my own account, ha! ha! ha! I was not like my nephew, then—no, no; I didn't want to be tricked into falling in love—I was a rattling, dashing, devil-me-care fellow, all fire, life, and spirit; rather altered now, I confess, but if I had had such a chance thirty years ago, I wouldn't have declined the honour, no, no; I would have—a—a—I know what I mean. (*singing and dancing.*) I'm so happy—damme I could jump over the moon. [*Exit, L. H.*]

SCENE II.—A chamber in an hotel.

Enter CAPTAIN TRIVET, L. H.

Capt. I'll leave town immediately—no power on earth shall force me to marry against my inclination—(*calling*) Wigler! have you packed the portmanteau?

Enter WIGLER, R. H. dragging a portmanteau.

Wig. Yes, Sir—it's all ready—full as a hominibus—only wants the stamp-office, and we travel as snug as three in a gig. (*stamps on portmanteau.*)

Capt. Stop—stop; you'll ruin my clothes.

Wig. Oh dear no, sir, they are used to it—they likes a little squeedging (*locking portmanteau, and putting key in his pocket.*) there sir,—all right, nothing like gentlemanly wehemenence—we're toujours pray to allay vous ong—and now may I be so bold, sir, as to ask, where we are going to hemigrate?

Capt. To Bath—Cheltenham—Brighton—Paris—any where.

Wig. Indeed, sir—I see—going out for a frisk—but haven't made up your mind where to begin, atwuxt and atween like, as the boy was in the cake-shop.

Capt. No, Wigler.—'Tis not a journey of pleasure—I've quarrelled with my uncle.

Wig. The deuce you have, sir—that's awkward—what's the damage, sir?

Capt. Damage?

Wig. Beg pardon. I mean what's the *split* atwuxt you?

Capt. Split?

Wig. Beg pardon. I mean what have you fell'd out about?

Capt. He wishes me to marry.

Wig. Oh, that's uncommon *awkwud* certainly—anybody of our acquaintance, sir?

Capt. No, 'tis a lady I have never seen, a Miss Marchmont.

Wig. Awkwarder still, sir,—what sort is she, sir?

Capt. Sort?

Wig. Beg pardon. I mean—is she an old or a young lady, sir?

Capt. Oh, young of course.

Wig. Handsome, sir?

Capt. I believe so.

Wig. Got any *tin*, sir?

Capt. Tin?

Wig. Beg pardon—is she rich, sir?

Capt. I believe so.

Wig. Indeed—and you won't have nothing to say to her—what's the *hobelisk*, sir?

Capt. What?

Wig. The *sediment*, wot stands in the way, the *interjection*?

Capt. My uncle insists on my giving a promise to marry her before I have seen her—now, although I am a great admirer of beauty, and have no objection to a wife with a good fortune, still I cannot consent to link myself for life to a woman I may dislike.

Wig. You are right, sir, and it is very good *morility* too; but don't you think, sir, it's *rather fullish* to give up the race afore you've seen the horse you are matched against?—couldn't you contrive to get a *syninonimous* look at the young lady, sir, and see whether she's the sort of bird to suit us?

Capt. Egad there's something in that—it is foolish to quarrel with my uncle, at the risk of being disinherited, when perhaps, I might (in seeing the lady) be most willing to marry her.

Wig. To be sure, sir—never refuse nothing afore you've seen it; call on her disguised as a gentleman.

Capt. What, sir?

Wig. I mean as some *other* gentleman, sir.

Capt. 'Tis a capital idea, but how is it to be accomplished?

Wig. Oh, as easy as nothing, sir; put on my uniform—I mean my livery, sir; take a letter, say you cumm'd from yourself, and must have a personable answer from Miss Marchmont herself in *proprium personalium*.

Capt. Very good—give me your jacket. I'll go at once. *(takes off coat.)*

Wig. Yes, sir, your quite right—Billchesterandum—no shilly-

shallying—sure to win. (*putting on jacket*). Capital fit, sir—we are both of us very genteel figures—perfect landscapes—quite *symmemetericulum*.

Capt. Very well, now don't be out of the way, I shall return immediately. (*going L. H.*)

Wig. Beg pardon, sir—but will you allow me jest to give you a *nint*, your manners ain't exactly the thing, sir.

Capt. What, sir?

Wig. Tho' they does very well for a gentleman, they are quite unproper for a *wally*,—you haven't got the *hair* of a *hupper* servant, you comport yourself like a mere footman—a vulgar active fellow. All hop, skip, and jump like the *funtochickenny*—you want *hease* and *dignitary*, sir,—jest observe me, sir—like this ere, sir. (*walking conceitedly*.) If you don't walk slow and look *vacant* and *haristumcratical*—every gentleman of the cloth will know you're a himposter. We *wallys*, *wallys* ourselves above a bit, our manners is very *imposing* specially to cooks and housemaids, and as for the poor *nus* maids, they positively vorships us. Be grand and swaggering, sir, for the honour of the perfession.

Capt. Well, well—I'll endeavour not to disgrace you. (*going—a knock*.)

Wig. Come in. (*knock again*.) Come in. (*knock again*.) What the devil do you keep knocking in that manner for?—come in.

Enter CLIPPER, L. H.

Cl. I'm a little timbersome—this is Captain Trivet's, isn't it.

Capt. Yes; have you any business with him?

Cl. Yes, Mister John, can I see him?

Capt. Mister John—oh, ha! ha! I forgot the uniform,—Oh yes. (*he motions to WIGLER to put on his coat and personate him*.) That is—I believe you may. (*to WIGLER*.) Are you at home, sir?

Wig. (*aside*.) Ham I?

Cap. (*aside*.) Yes—yes.

Wig. (*consequentially advancing to the centre*.) Yes I har What's your business, young woman?

Cl. A letter for you, sir, (*giving letter*.) from missis, sir.

Wig. (*aside*.) Ah—a three-corner'd turn-over—a safety-valve. (*turning letter over several times and trying to peep into it*.) Who is t from, I wonder?

Cl. La, sir! why don't you look in the *exterior*? What's the use of twiddling and turning it about in that foolish way?—read it.

Wig. (*aside*.) That ain't so easily done as said; reading and writing ain't among my virtues. (*aloud*.) Here, John, you rascal, read this. (*giving letter*.) I am too lassitudinarius, and annuized to take the trouble myself.

Cl. (*aside*.) Well, if ever! I suppose he'll have a steam injun next to speak for him.

Wig. Read it loud, sir, with a laudable voice.

Capt. (reading.) Miss Marchmont presents her compliments to Captain Trivet. (aside.) Miss Marchmont! can she, really—

Wig. Well, sir; why don't you *persuade*—skip the hard words if you're not on speaking terms with them—mind your stops, and attend to your *inflammations*.

Capt. (reading.) Notwithstanding.

Wig. Ah, that's a good word—a long un, perfectly *haristumcratical*; full of bounce and dignitary, quite *paregorcal* Well, *chassay creysay*.

Capt. (reading.) "Notwithstanding his ungallant conduct this morning, the particulars of which his uncle, Mr. Tweezer, has faithfully detailed—"

Wig. Stop, stop—that's a horror—there ain't no such word in the English language, as detailed; she means *retail'd* in course. Wholesale and retail for exportation; well, *allay vous ong—coupay votre baton*.

Capt. (reading.) "She will be generous enough to grant him an interview, at the hazard of being disliked and refused."

Wig. (aside to CAPTAIN.) Well, sir?

Capt. (aside to WIGLER.) Say, I'll call in an hour.

Wig. Ah, very well; my compliments to your mistress; I'll call in a hour. John, you rascal, (*crosses to R.*) come and assist me to dress. Good morning, Betty, my dear. John, give her half-a-sovereign.

Capt. (aside.) What, sir?

Wig. (*coolly aloud.*) Give her half-a-sovereign.

Capt. (aside.) The rascal! (*aloud.*) Yes, sir. (*giving money to CLIPPER.*)

Cl. (to WIGLER.) Thank you, sir, you are very good, open the door, Mister John. (CAPTAIN opens door.) Thank you, young man, good morning. (*curtseying.*)

Capt. (*bowing.*) Good morning.

Cl. (aside.) Genteel young man, and very good-looking. Good morning, sir; you know where we live—*fever* us with a call; delighted to see you—good bye. (*curtseys and smiles co-quettishly.*) [Exit, L. H.]

Wig. (*slapping CAPTAIN on the back.*) Very well indeed; couldn't have done it better myself.

Capt. Come, come—you forget.

Wig. Beg pardon, sir; a *lapsus linga*, meant no offence.

Capt. Give me your hat; I'll go at once.

Wig. Yes, sir. (*giving hat.*) You won't forget what I told you about your comportment?

Capt. No, no; I'll be perfectly *haristumcratical*. (*puts on hat.*)

Wig. Cockade 'on the other side, sir, if you please; we always wears our honors on the left.

Capt. (*altering hat.*) There, will that do? Now am I perfect?

Wig. Very respectable—a *leetle* more swagger, and a *leetle* more vacancy. (*Captain stares, swaggers, and exits, L. H.*) That will do, sir—capital, very fair for him; but *this* is the real Havannah. (*swaggers ridiculously, and exits, L. H.*)

SCENE III.—*Chamber, same as Scene I.*—MISS MARCHMONT and CLIPPER discovered.

Miss M. You must be mistaken, Clipper; the Captain cannot be the vulgar person you describe?

Cl. He is then, miss, I can assure you—quite Tom and Jerryish, and *uncummy fo*; when I gave him your note, he said he was too *lassitudinarius* and *ennuied* to read it.

Miss M. *Lassitudinarius* and *ennuied*. Oh, he was surely joking.

Cl. Oh, no, miss, he wasn't; he said it quite *unostentatiously*, and he made use of a *great* many odd queer sayings besides, such as *chassuy crossay, allay vous ong, and coupay votre baton*.

Miss M. (*laughing.*) Ha! ha! ha! (*aside.*) I perceive 'tis a plot. He has imposed on the girl by pretending ignorance and vulgarity, in order that her report of his manners may prevent me from wishing to see him. (*aloud.*) And he really said these things in earnest?

Cl. Yes, miss, real right down earnest; besides his manners is so low, and swell mobby.

Miss M. Swell mobby! what on earth is that?

Cl. It's a new-fashioned word, miss, for mosaic jewellery, gooseberry champagne, and make-believe gentlemen; any thing that's *flashy outside*, but good for nothing in.

Miss M. I understand. (*knock.*) Is that the captain?

Cl. (*going to door.*) No, miss, it's his gentleman, Mister John; such a genteel young man! quite the *perverse* of his master, a domestic Adonis, a Julius Cæsar meet me by moonlight kind of fellow.

Enter THOMAS, L. H.

Tho. Captain Trivet's servant, with a letter and message from his master.

Miss M. Send him up. (*THOMAS bows and exits, L. H.*) Now, Clipper, do you hold him in conversation, while I assume a disguise. (*aside.*) As the captain has condescended to impose on my servant, 'tis but fair I should return the compliment by mistifying his. [*Exit, R. H.*]

Cl. Assume a disguise! ha! what fun! I wonder what she means to be; an officer, perhaps, or a tiger, or a—Oh, it's no use guessing, we shall see, what we shall see. (*knock at the door.*) There's Mister John; now I'll *pulverize* him with the *confinement* of my manners, and the *extinguished lunacy of dental disqualifications*. (*knock again.*) (*affectedly.*) Come in. (*reclines on sofa.*)

Enter CAPTAIN, in livery, L.H.

Capt. (bowing without seeing CLIPPER.) Madam, I—(looking round.) Eh, no one here!

Clip. (affectedly.) Come in.

Capt. (seeing CLIPPER, who hides her face with a book.) (aside.) Oh, there she is, now for it. *(advancing bowing.)* Madam, I—*(CLIPPER laughs aside.)* Eh, what the deuce is she laughing at? madam, I—

Cli. (laughing violently and putting down book.) How do you do, Mister John. I hope you are pretty well, ha! ha!

Capt. Zounds, the maid? (haughtily.) Oh, very well, I thank you; where's your mistress?

Cli. What! (rising and advancing.) Oh, Mister John, I am ashamed of you, where is your manners? *(imitating.)* Very well, I thank you; is that the way you exchange compliments with young ladies who condescend, without a precarious introduction, to economise you? Where's your mistress?—shocking! don't you know that's an *unparliamentary impression*, sir, and highly *interrogatory*? We don't acknowledge such persons as masters and mistresses; in genteel establishments those *amphibibberous epitaphs* is never used.

Capt. I beg pardon.

Cli. You ought to be ashamed, for so good-looking a young man to omit himself in pertiteness, is very indispensable.

Capt. Certainly. (aside.) I must speak by the card, I see; a thousand pardons, I beg to withdraw my rude and unparliamentary expressions. *(bowing.)* I'm delighted to see you.

Cli. (curtseying affectedly.) Oh—a—I'm sure—a—Why don't you be à la Française, and kiss my hand?

Capt. With pleasure. (bows and kisses her hand—she curtseys affectedly.) Now, where is—a—a—*(hesitating.)*—a—a—a—

Cli. What?

Capt. Your—a—a—a—m—(CLIPPER tosses her head and frowns.) No—no—no; I mean Miss Marchmont.

Cli. (pointedly.) My lady!

Capt. Yes—yes—your lady—thanks—I won't offend again—your lady. (bows—CLIPPER curtseys affectedly—aside.) Then in polite kitchen parlance, lady means mistress, and I suppose gentleman, master. I wonder what's the parliamentary word for servant. Where is your lady?

Cli. She is at her twilight at present, deranging and embellishing, but if you will sit down and assay-vou-rous, for a few minutes, she will fever you with an ordinance; (giving a chair.) there's an arm-chair—a *fofoul* as we say in French.

Capt. Thank you. (aside.) A *fofoul*—fever me with an ordinance—ha! ha! ha! I must compile a new dictionary. *(CLIPPER takes a chair and seats herself close to him.)* Oh! *(aside.)* I am to be fevered with her company I presume till her lady has done deranging and embellishiug. I must resign myself to my fate. If I die under the infliction, the coroner shall bring it in “killed in a *fofoul*, by parliamentary words administered

by a lady's maid. (*whistles and beats time on the arms of the chair, and looks occasionally at CLIPPER, who pretends to hem a handkerchief. She's a deuced pretty girl, though (whistles, &c. again, every time CLIPPER catches his eye, she works with great industry.)* Yes—no doubt about that. Splendid eyes—good teeth—fine complexion—pretty—plump figure. Damme I've a great mind to—(*whistles furiously, and looks round, getting gradually piano.*)

Cli. La, how musical you are, Mister John! I wish you'd a done whistling and sing something; pitch up Jim Crow now, Rory O'More, or Mister Fergusson?

Capt. My dear girl, I would willingly do any thing in my power to oblige you, but unfortunately I do not sing, nor have the pleasure of knowing the elegant, and no doubt fashionable ballads you have named.

Cli. La! what a pity! Then tell a funny story; do punch, or imitate pigs and ducks. (*imitates Punch, CAPTAIN does the same, and tries to kiss her—she pushes him away.*) Do something to amuse one, can't you?

Capt. I'll endeavour. (*looking at her.*) You are very handsome, Betty?

Cli. La! nonsense! ha done. (*rising from her chair.*)

Capt. (*putting his arm round her waist and trying to kiss her.*) You are—

Cli. Be quiet. (*trying to push him away.*) I ain't.

Capt. Don't be foolish, I will. (*trying to kiss her.*)

Cli. You shan't, I'll box your ears.

Capt. I don't care, I will. (*kisses her, Miss MARCHMONT calls within.*) Where are you, Clipper? Clipper!

Cli. There's my lady, a little more and you would have been cotched. I am ashamed of you, Mister John, that I am—and if ever you presume to behave so again, I'll alarm the neighbourhood.

Capt. You wouldn't be so cruel? (*kisses her.*)

Cli. (*quietly.*) I would indeed though! hush! behave proper, here's my lady; be quiet now, adone—adone. (*crosses to R.*) Adoo, adoo, till we meet again.

Capt. Adieu! perfection of ladies' maids, adieu.

Enter Miss MARCHMONT, R.H., disguised in red ringlets and pinafore.

Miss M. (*lispng.*) Clipper—you stupid wretch! Didn't you hear me screaming for you?

Cli. No, miss. (*laughing aside.*) What a transmogrification! she's a perfect cannibal.

Capt. (*aside.*) What an escape—red hair and a lisp!

Miss M. Don't tell me a story; I say you must have heard me, you saucy slut, I'll send you away on Saturday, and suit myself with another servant—and I'll—(*seeing CAPTAIN.*) Who's that stupid looking Simon? what's his business?

Cli. It's Captain Trivet's servant. He has got a letter and a message for you from his master. (*aside to Miss M. laughing.*)

You are so funny, miss—don't look at me, or I shall burst out a laughing in the man's face.

Miss M. Oh! from my sweetheart—sweet Captain Trivet. (*crosses to c.*) That's your sort—hand over the letter, spoony?

Capt. (*aside.*) Spoony; she's a perfect savage. (*gives letter.*)

Miss M. (*smells it.*) How nice it smells—I like to get *billy doos* from gentlemen; they are always so sweet and sentimental, both inside and outside— isn't it nice, Clipper? He! he! he! (*turns over the letter several times, and holds it up to CLIPPER.*)

Cli. Yes, miss, quite *refulgent and panegyrical.*

Capt. (*aside.*) Bewitching simplicity—intellectual darlings.

Miss M. Look, Clipper, it's all ends. He! he! he! just like our coachman's hat.

Cli. La, so it is, miss— *octavio quadrangle, a disappointed square.*

Miss M. Precisely; if little *Coopid* tries to shoot me through the heart with it, he must shoot round a corner. He! he! he!

Capt. (*aside.*) Fascinating creature, he wouldn't take the trouble.

Miss M. (*tearing open note.*) Now for it—now for hearts and darts and sweet sentiments.

Cli. Yes, miss, and all sorts of *astrological meteors*, and *poetical infusions.*

Miss M. Eh? deuce take it, what a scrawl; up and down and twistem and twirlem, like flies' legs; you should tell your master, young man, to have six lessons for a guinea. I never saw such a shocking, scratchy, scrambling hand.

Cli. Nor I, miss, it's quite *uneligious*; you'll want a *kaleidoscope* to *uncipher* it.

Miss M. (*reading.*) "Captain Trivet (no t's crossed or i's dotted) presents his compliments to Miss Marchmont, regrets that important business calls him *unex*—(*spells rapidly unexpect-ed-ly.*) Oh, unexpectedly, that's a hard one, isn't it, Clipper?

Cli. Yes, miss; a *field-officer*, quite a *sarcophagus.*

Miss M. "Unexpectedly from town, and obliges him to postpone a visit, from which he anticipated so much happiness; immediately on his return, he will have the superlative pleasure of paying his"—what!—devours—paying his "devours"—what does he mean by that?—stupid man, I never heard of such a thing.

Cli. It's French for—coming to dinner—fashionable *eutequette.*

Capt. (*aside.*) I can't endure this any longer—I must run away.

Miss M. Well, sir! and what have you got to say for yourself—eh?

Capt. Say, madam—Miss? (*aside.*) Damme, I'm paralyzed. (*aloud.*) Oh! nothing, nothing.

Miss M. Well! you can't say less, he! he! he! what sort of a looking chap is your master?—is he short or tall, slim, or stout, ugly, or handsome?—state the particulars, show him up.

Capt. Show him up. (*aside.*) This is excruciating; I'll make a monster of myself, and escape. (*aloud.*) He is particularly short, enormously stout, and disgustingly ugly, with a hump back, a goggle eye, one arm, and a cork-leg. Good morning, miss, good morning. (*runs off, L. H.*)

[*Miss MARCHMONT and CLIPPER laugh.*]

Miss M. Ha! ha! ha! I think I've given the Captain a Roland for his Oliver—what a flattering account his servant will give of me.

Cl. Yes, miss; you quite equalled chassay croissay, and *coupay votre baton*; you are the very pineapple of ridiculousness.

Miss M. The Captain, I see, is determined to avoid me, but I will outplot him; Clipper, you must assist me—I'll visit the lion in his den. (*crosses to R. H.*)

Cl. La! miss, what an odd whim! will you go to the Juliological Gardens, or the Tower?

Miss M. No, no; I mean to visit the Captain at his hotel, disguised as my old aunt Rachael; you, mean time, shall put on this dress, and personate me, should the Captain or his servant call in my absence.

Cl. Very well, miss; I'm quite agreeable, I understand *conspicuously*, I'm to be you, in your *trumpery abstinence*. (*lisp-ing.*) I can lisp and simper sweetly, and play off infected sentimental silly airs in a most superior style.

Miss M. Come and assist me to dress, I'll call on him without delay. [*Exit, R. H.*]

Cl. Yes, miss! oh, wish she'd go as an officer, and take me as a tiger—it would be a great deal better fun—how I should like to wear top boots. [*Exit, R. H.*]

Twe. (*without.*) Come on, sir; come on.

Enter TWEETZER, L. H., pulling on TRIVET, in his own dress.

Twe. Don't be a fool, sir; don't be a fool, you shall do as I please; you have been deceived, sir, you have been deceived, Miss Marchmont is no more a lisping, red-haired idiot, than I am, sir; she's a—a—a—you know what I mean—wait here one moment—you shall see her, sir, if it is only to convince you of your error—I'll send her to you—don't presume to stir—you've been deceived, sir—you've been deceived. [*Exit, R. H.*]

Capt. No, no; I can believe the evidence of my own eyes and ears, nothing shall induce me to see her again—I'll make my escape at once. (*going, L., meets WIGLER.*)

Wig. Beg pardon, sir; couldn't help following you; I'm afraid you are in a scrape, sir—can I do any thing to help you?

Capt. Yes; a capital thought—she has never seen me as my

real self—let us change coats again. (*takes off his coat, and puts on WIGLER's jacket.*) My uncle insists on my having another interview with Miss Marchmont—now, do you meet her for me, pretend to be drunk, mad, or foolish; do something most outrageous to disgust and frighten her; make her refuse to marry me, and I'll give you twenty pounds.

Wig. It's a bargain, sir; I'll frighten her out of her seventeen senses—I'll make myself so disgusting (*by imitating you*), that she'll marry a blackamoor in preference to me.

Capt. Very well. (*crosses to L.*) I'll wait for you at the hotel; settle the affair as quickly as possible, and come to me.

[*Exit, L. H.*]

Wig. I will, sir; now for a specimen of double distilled impudence and vulgarity. I'll astonish and horrify her—(*puts on coat*)—let me see how I can transmogrify myself from a goodlooking, genteel, young man, into an ugly plebeian black-guard. (*makes a variety of faces, turns back his collar, puts hat on the back of his head, squints, &c.*) No, no; it's impossible, I'm so particularly handsome, there's such a *sinevating* *haristumcratical* hair about me, that nothing won't make me disgusting—suppose I—no—but—but stop a moment, a new light breaks in upon me, master's to give me twenty pounds, if I can make Miss Marchmont refuse to marry him. Now, suppose, instead of being disagreeable, I goes on the other tack—tries the *fascinating*, makes love in earnest, and marries her, I shall come in for a fortin, and master will be capitally quit of her; yes, I'll *victimise* myself, I'll take her off his hands, but then, red hair. Well, what's that? I ayn't *perticler* to a shade or two; I'll have her if it's *peagreen*.

CLIPPER enters, L. H.

There she is—well, she are a rummun (*staring,*) and no mistake.

Clip. (*starting.*) Dear me if it isn't the captain. I'm all of a twitter, I must speak to him or missus will be angry. I wonder what he wants; if he doesn't stare at me, as those impudent captains always do, I shall manage very well. But if he *does* look military I shall be sure to giggle. I never could stand fire as they call it.

Wig. Now for a splash. (*advancing with a swaggering air, and handing a chair.*) *Sawyer vous, sawyer vous, civilplay, madam,* I beg pardon, I means miss—

Cli. (*lisping.*) Whichever you please, sir, it's all the same to me.

Wig. Thank you: you are the *pinkescence* of perliteness. I think, miss, that you and me—I mean you and I—or *betwixt* the two, whichever you please my little dear—hem!—I mean miss—that there is a sort of a—kind of a—a—*magnificent influenza*, atween us, which *detracts* us together, like the *road stone*, and the *coal*, or as the infamous Greek poet (*I forget his name*), says, "*Honey sweet and mellow pears*," which trans-

planted into English means, like a *high pressure steam injun*, or a *hareal rail-road*; I think, that is, I thinks, as these is my sentiments a towards you, that we, I means us—

Cli. Yes, sir.

Wig. Should *conglomerate* more, and be more *familler*, more *hunfamille*.

Cli. Yes, sir.

Wig. Therefore I begs leave to *intimidate* to you—

Cli. Yes, sir.

Wig. That we had better not sit so far hoff from each other, so if you will *reproach* your chair, I will *reproach* mine, and when we puts them close together we shall come in *contract*.

Cli. Yes, sir, exactly so; my sentiments precisely.

[*They advance their chairs and sit close together, after several bows and curseys. WIGLER rises and leans over the back of his chair.*]

Wig. Now, miss, I beg leave to say notwithstanding—

Cli. Then pray sit down, sir.

Wig. You are very kind, I will. (*puts his arm round her waist.*) Permit me, you divine *Wenus*, just to have a squint at that hexquisite face which has made such a hell—hem—such a *helligable* expression on my *suspectable* art.

Cli. (*aside.*) He's going to look military, I know he is. (*aloud lisping.*) La, sir, don't be stupid: I'm ashamed.

Wig. Nonsense! don't be basherful! suffer me to—(*trying to turn her head round.*)

Cli. No—no—you shan't; I won't let you see my face, it's so silly; he! he! he!

Wig. (*aside.*) I dare say it is. (*aloud.*) Well, then, if you won't let me look at you, as I wish to make myself agreeable, will you look at me?

Cli. Yes, sir, if you'll promise to behave yourself.

Wig. To be sure I will. I'll be quite quiet and *disreputable*.

Cli. Very well, we shall see. (*aside.*) If he gives the regulation twist of the eyes, it's all over with me. I never could stand it.

Wig. (*aside.*) Now for a heasy *haristrumcratical* hattitude and a *sinevating* look.

[*Turns his chair round—sits astride on it, and leans his arm on the back, supporting his chin upon his right hand; as he catches CLIPPER'S eyes, he smiles, nods and winks.*]

Cli. Now, then. (*turns her head gradually, hiding her face with her hand.*) Ah! (*giggles.*) there it is. I knew I couldn't stand it. (*rises.*)

Wig. I've winged her, my eyes are regular rattle snakes; the women can't resist their *fascination*. Well, miss, how do you *like* me?

Cli. I don't know, I'm sure. (*laughing ridiculously.*) He is *really very good-looking*, and if he has taken a fancy to me as

my lady, and will marry me, why shouldn't I keep up the *infusion*, and be Mrs. Captain Trivet? I *will*. (*aloud*.) Well, captain, what did you say last?

Wig. Really upon my honour I forget.

Cli. Never mind, what are you thinking of saying? something; sweet and sentimental, I suppose.

Wig. Oh, yes! you have made such a *compression* on my heart, that I love you like any thing.

Cli. La! you don't say so?

Wig. Honour bright! in short, to make no bones of the business, I adores you.

Cli. La! how *tumultaneous*.

Wig. Yes—you are a hangelic hangel—a charming charmer—a beautiful beauty—a Venus of medicine—a Hebe—a Cupid and Physkey—Mars and Bacchus—Jupiter and Apollo—a unicorn—a siffle—a Tapponi—a swan with two necks—a Bell savage—a Saracen's Head—and all the rest of the fabulous divinities in the uneven longology.

Cli. La! how sweet and seducing; (*aside*.) he must have swallowed a French Methodistical dictionary. I never heard so much *julological phrenology* before. (*aloud*.) Well, sir, what were you going to say next?

Wig. That I'm *connubial*, and I wants to marry you.

Cli. Oh, good gracious!

Wig. That I can't *desist* without you.

Cli. Good heavens!

Wig. And if you don't *except* me for a husband, I'll *annihilate* myself.

Cli. Oh, shocking!

Wig. I'll *exhale* charcoal.

Cli. Oh!

Wig. I'll drink a pint of *Persian acid*.

Cli. Oh!

Wig. I'll *anticipate* myself from Waterloo-bridge.

Cli. Oh!

Wig. I'll cut my throat.

Cli. Oh!

Wig. I'll blow my brains out.

Cli. Oh!

Wig. I'll hang myself.

Cli. Oh!

Wig. And I'll make myself a *melo-dramatic spectacle*.

Cli. Oh! don't, don't. I can bear any thing but that—they *melo-dramatic spectacles* is so orrid. I shouldn't like to see you runn'd through the heart twenty times, and blow'd up with blue fire; there's my hand, I'll marry you directly.

Wig. Will you? (*aside*.) Then my fortune's made—come to my arms, you darling little duck. (*they embrace*.)

TWEEZER enters, R. H.

Two. (*seeing them*.) Ah, it's all right. (*advancing between and embracing them*.) My dear children.

Cli. Oh, heavins. (runs off, R. H.)

Wig. The devil—chassay croisay. (runs off, L. H.)

Twe. Stop, stop, Harry; Miss Marchmont. What the devil is the meaning of this extraordinary conduct?—first they won't meet, then they will, then I find them hugging and kissing, and then they run away. I must and will have it explained; I'll follow Harry, and if he doesn't clear it up, I'll—I'll—I know what I mean.

[Exit, L. H.]

SCENE IV.—*The hotel—same as Scene II.*

Enter CAPTAIN, in livery, R. H.

Capt. Wigler's a long time arranging that affair; confound the fellow, he has taken the key of my portmanteau and I can't get a coat. (a knock.) There now, some one's at the door. I must either appear in my shirt sleeves, or be taken for a servant; I'll reconnoitre. (looks off, L. H.) An old lady, oh, I don't mind her; I'll let her take me for Mister John. (opens door.)

Enter MISS MARCHMONT, as an old lady.

Miss M. This is Captain Trivet's, I believe?

Capt. Yes, madam.

Miss M. Is he at home?

Capt. Yes, madam; no, I mean—no, madam.

Miss M. Ah! Do you expect him shortly?

Capt. Yes, madam.

Miss M. Give me a chair; I'll sit down and wait for him.

Capt. (gives a chair.) Very well, madam. (aside.) I wonder who the deuce she is, and what she wants. I'll question her. Do you know my master, madam?

Miss M. No; I can't say I do.

Capt. You've a message for him, I suppose, ma'am, from one of his friends?

Miss M. No; I can't say I have.

Capt. You have something to say to him about yourself then?

Miss M. No; I can't say I have.

Capt. (aside.) She's impenetrable. (takes a chair and sits by her side.) What is your business then?

Miss M. (rising in anger.) You impudent fellow, how dare you take such a liberty?

Capt. I beg pardon. (aside.) Confound the livery—excuse the liberty, madam—I forgot myself, I meant no offence. (aside.) I must, and will, find out her business.

Miss M. Be more respectful, sir, in future, or I'll get your master to discharge you. (CAPTAIN goes up, takes a chair, and sits.) This servant, no doubt, is in his master's confidence. Ill try and gain some information respecting him. John! (TRIVET pays no attention)—John—(seeing him)—free and easy, upon my word—John!

Capt. (starting up.) Yes, ma'am, (*aside*,) I forgot my name; yes, ma'am.

Miss M. I wish to ask you a few questions, John—there's half a sovereign for you.

Capt. (reluctantly taking it.) Thank you, ma'am—what the devil does she want?—something extraordinary, or she wouldn't bribe me—yes, ma'am.

Miss M. Have you lived long with your master?

Capt. Yes, ma'am. (*aside*.) What the deuce is she driving at?

Miss M. He's a very dashing young man, isn't he?

Capt. (hesitating.) Ye'e's, ma'am. (*aside*.) Now, what can that be to her?

Miss M. He's very good-looking, I believe?

Capt. Good looking—why, madam (*aside*), what's the use of being modest? I mayn't have an other opportunity of puffing myself; yes, madam, very good looking.

Miss M. Short or tall?

Capt. About my height, madam.

Miss M. Ah! very good—very good, upright, genteel figure!

Capt. Yes, madam, his clothes fit me exactly.

Miss M. He's rather near sighted, I believe?

Capt. No such thing, madam—his sight is as perfect as mine.

Miss M. Indeed! has he good legs?

Capt. I flatter myself he has, madam—like mine, first rate.

Miss M. Indeed! then in short, he's an elegant, handsome young man.

Capt. Yes, ma'am. (*aside*.) Curious old tabby—she hasn't a design upon me, I hope.

Miss M. I'm very glad to hear so good an account of him, for I was informed by a young friend of mine that he was particularly short, uncommonly stout, and disgustingly ugly, with a hump back, a goggle eye, one arm, and a cork leg.

Capt. (astonished, aside.) Zounds! that's what I told Miss Marchmont.

Miss M. You seem confused, young man, what's the matter?

Capt. Nothing, nothing—do you know Miss Marchmont, madam?

Miss M. Intimately—I'm come to see your master on her business.

Capt. The devil! and I've been fool enough to say I'm good looking; I'll try and back out; I've deceived you about my master, madam—your friend's account of him is quite correct, he is all she stated, and more—for he's a little deranged in his intellects sometimes.

Miss M. Indeed, poor young man—what a shocking thing for my friend. (*aside*.) I see there's a plot against me. (*aloud*.) She mustn't think of marrying him.

Capt. Certainly not; his temper is so violent, he might kill her, ma'am—he might kill her.

Miss M. Indeed! You have quite alarmed me; she's such a charming beautiful girl.

Capt. Beautiful—ha! ha! ha! I beg your pardon for laughing, madam; but if she's a beauty, I don't know what's ugly.

Miss M. Perhaps—but, ah! I could tell you such a secret about her.

Capt. Indeed! what—what?

Miss M. No, no; I cannot make a confidant of a servant; I must wait for your master.

Capt. (aside.) Confound the livery; I must confess myself, or I shall be left in the dark. If you will promise to say nothing to Miss Marchmont, I'll tell you a secret about Captain Trivet.

Miss M. Ah! *(aside.)* So so I shall gain some information at last. Well, I promise.

Capt. Then; but if I tell you my secret, will you tell me yours?

Miss M. I will.

Capt. Know then, Captain Trivet is *(taking off the jacket)* your humble servant.

Miss M. (starting.) You! *(aside.)* This is indeed a discovery!

Capt. Yes; I visited your friend in disguise, to judge if I should like her for a wife.

Miss M. Indeed! and you did not like her?

Capt. Like her! a red hair'd lisping idiot. Oh, no; I couldn't think of such a sacrifice—now your secret?

Miss M. Well, then; know that you and Miss Marchmont have mutually deceived each other. She is neither ugly, lisping, red hair'd, or idiotical—she is—

Capt. What! what!

Miss M. (curtseying.) Your humble servant.

Capt. (starting.) You!

Miss M. (lisping.) Yes; I assumed the disguise to try the disinterestedness of your affection.

Capt. Can it be possible, *you* Miss Marchmont? Why, my uncle said, you were young and beautiful.

Miss M. Yes, thirty years ago.

Capt. 'Thirty;' *(aside.)* Zounds, fifty's nearer the mark—horrible old hag; I'm in a worse scrape than ever.

Miss M. Now we are our real selves, let us be candid; I'm quite satisfied with you—may I venture to ask how do you like me? *(following him round from L. to R.)*

Capt. Madam! I—I—I. *(aside.)* What the devil shall I say? I can't tell her, to her face, she won't do. Hem! madam, I—I—am exceedingly sorry, but—

Miss M. You don't like me?

Capt. I wish I could contradict you, madam.

Miss M. Oh, you cruel man!

Capt. I am very sorry, madam, but I can't help it; I would oblige you, but I really can't—I really can't, upon my life I can't.

Miss M. This is the twentieth time I've been refused—I can't support the shock—oh! oh! oh! (*leaning against CAPTAIN, and fainting.*)

Capt. Infernal old tabby, what am I to do with her? (*shaking her.*) Madam, madam, I shall let her fall, I know I shall. (*places her in a chair.*)

Miss M. Air—air, I'm choking; my cap—my cap; untie it untie it!

Capt. Yes, madam, I will—I will.

[*Unties cap and bonnet, and takes them off—MISS MARCHMONT at the same moment throws away her spectacles, slips out of her old woman's disguise, and appears in her first dress.*

Capt. (*starting, astonished.*) Young, beautiful; you are not deceiving me again, are you really Miss Marchmont?

Miss M. I am, indeed, that terrible individual.

Capt. (*looking at her with admiration, and speaking rapidly.*) Beautiful! you perceive, madam, that I am charming—no, no; I mean my uncle is a lovely creature—no, no; I mean that you—what a fool I've been—in short I—(*looking at his sleeves and putting his arms behind him.*) Damn the livery—never mind, I'm caught. (*falling on his knees.*) Pardon—pardon!

Enter TWEezer, L. H.

Twe. What, *kneeling* to her now; the devil's in the fellow. What is the meaning of all this?

Capt. That I have recovered my senses, sir, that I am willing to obey your commands—that I am ready to marry Miss Marchmont, whenever you please.

Miss M. What! without asking her consent?

Capt. Oh, I mean to do that by-and-by.

Twe. Huzza—it's a match after all. (*embracing them.*) My dear children!

Enter WIGLER and CLIPPER, in her own dress, L. H.

Wig. Here's another couple on us to bless, sir; we're in the turtle line too; like master, like man. (*giving coat to CAPTAIN.*) There's your coat, sir, we tried to circumvent each other; but we have prevaricated—made all square, and wants to be connuberal—don't we, my tulip, my lilly of the valley?

Cli. Oh, yes, we're quite indefinite; I couldn't be *con-flexible*.

Twe. Well, well, be happy—make fools of yourselves as soon as you please.

Cli. Thank you, sir. To-morrow, at twelve—St. George's Hanover-square.

Wig. Yes, sir; *chaine des dames, je suis fidele*—all right and no mistake—*toujours, jamais*.

Capt. A good example, which we will follow. (to audience.)

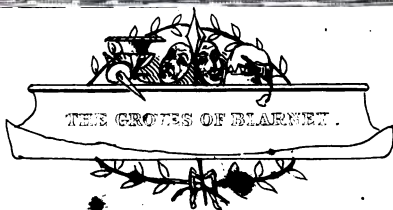
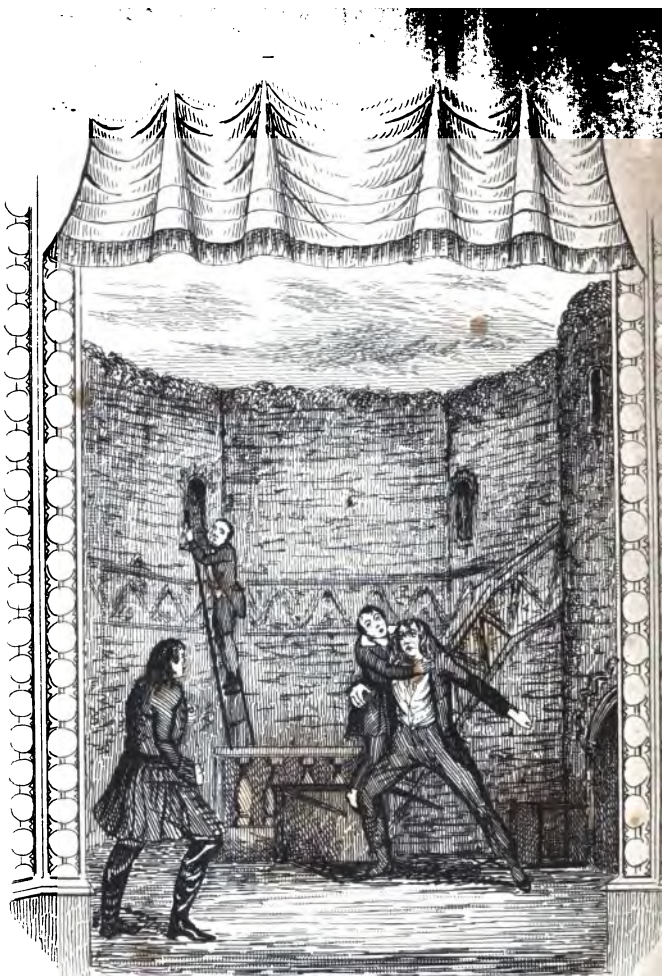
**If you will not forbid the banns,
But, in approval join your hands,
We'll banish doubt, and laugh at fear,
Secure of finding favour here.**

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS.

TWEEZER. MISS M. CAPTAIN. WIGLER. CLIPPER.
R. L.

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THE
GROVES OF BLARNEY.

A DRAMA,

In Three Acts.

As performed at

THE THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

[Founded on the leading Story in the "*Lights and Shadows of Irish Life.*"]

Adapted from the

BY

MRS. S. C. HALL,

HONORARY MEMBER OF THE DRAMATIC AUTHORS' SOCIETY,

CORRECTLY PRINTED FROM THE PROMPTER'S COPY, WITH REMARKS,
THE CAST OF CHARACTERS, COSTUME, SCENIC ARRANGEMENT,
SIDES OF ENTRANCE AND EXIT, AND RELATIVE
POSITIONS OF THE DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ILLUSTRATED WITH AN ETCHING, BY PIERCE EGAN THE YOUNGER,
FROM A DRAWING TAKEN DURING THE REPRESENTATION.

LONDON:
CHAPMAN AND HALL, 186, STRAND.

187
418

11. 10. 1911

WHITING, BEAUFORT HOUSE, STRAND.

Dramatis Personæ and Costume.

First performed April 16, 1838.

<p>CONNOR O'GORMON. Purple velvet coat, old holes, lace muffies and tye, scarlet vest, gold oles, buff smalls, high boots and spurs, white at, blue feathered edge and gold loop, dark wig. 1 dress. White great-coat, red plush vest, old ord smalls, high mud-boots, blue neck-handkerchief, plain black cocked-hat and brown wig. 3d ress. Old blue ragged coat, coloured vest and ousers, old shoes and stockings, red wig and ld black hat.</p>	Mr. POWER.
<p>MARCUS ROCHE. Green coat, gold holes, mber silk vest, with gold holes, green smalls, lgh boots, ruffles and tye, black hat and black athered edge.</p>	Mr. SAVILLE.
<p>ULICK O'SULLIVAN. Brown coat, and smalls, oles and buttons to match, blue vest, high boots, nd black slouch hat, dark wig.</p>	Mr. DENVIL.
<p>PETER SWAN. Sky-blue coat, silver holes, owered vest, white smalls, high boots, white eathered edge black hat, buff belt and light wig.</p>	Mr. WILKINSON.
<p>DENNIS MURPHY. Old mixed coat, flowered vest and old cord smalls, black hat and dark wig.</p>	Mr. CULLENFORD.
<p>TOM STAFF. Blue frock-coat, drab smalls, eather leggins, black hat and black belt.</p>	
<p>JACK GALE. Brown frock coat, flowered vest, ord smalls, belt and black hat.</p>	Mr. GEORGE.
<p>MICK SWEENEY. Crimson coat, blue vest, gold holes, high boots, black smalls and hat, red wig.</p>	Mr. SANDERS.
<p>CAPTAIN GREY and soldiers. (From Hogarth's plates)</p>	Mr. LANSDOWNE.
<p>PEASANTS. Country dresses, (<i>various</i>.)</p>	
<p>CONSTABLES. Long mixed coats, black belts and blue trousers</p>	
<p>HECTOR LEE. Brown coat, flowered vest, and black trousers</p>	Mastr. JOHNSON.
<p>CAPTAIN ROLAND. Dark blue coat and vest, blue pantaloons, high boots, and black hat</p>	Mr. CATHIE.
<p>MRS. LEE. White muslin dress frilled, dark blue cloak with hood.</p>	Mrs. HOOPER.
<p>FLORA RUSSELL. Dark green riding dress, slit buttons, black Spanish hat and feathers, gold oop in front</p>	Miss SHAW.
<p>AILEEN O'SULLIVAN. Gray merino dress, white sleeves and dark green cloak, white stockings and black shoes</p>	Miss A. TAYLOR.
<p>MONICA. As described in 1st act.</p>	Miss WARREN.
<p>MABEL GRIFFIN. As described in 1st act.</p>	Mr. YATES.
<p>FEMALE PEASANTS. Dark frocks, white stockings and shoes</p>	

Period, 1720—Time, two days. Scene, the village of Blarney.

Time of representation, one hour and three-quarters.

EXPLANATION OF STAGE DIRECTIONS.

L. means first entrance, left. R. first entrance, right. S. E. L., second entrance, left. S. E. R., second entrance, right. U. E. L., upper entrance, left. U. E. R., upper entrance, right. C., centre. L. C., left entre. R. C., right centre. T. E. L., third entrance, left. T. E. R., third entrance, right. Observing you are supposed to face the audience.



I cannot publish this Drama without expressing the very great obligation I have incurred to Mr. Power, for the assistance I derived from that gentleman—first for his valuable suggestions in preparing it for the stage, and next for the admirable manner in which he personified the principal character.

To the other performers, and more especially to Mr. Yates, I am also largely indebted for the success which attended the representation of the play.

A. M. H.

THE songs in this Drama have been set to music by Mr. Alexander D. Roche, in a manner that does him the highest credit, and entitles him to the warmest thanks of the writer. The overture was composed with considerable taste and skill, by Mr. William Forde. They are published by Messrs. Duff and Co, 65, Oxford Street.

THE GROVES OF BLARNEY.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The exterior of MARGARET LEE'S cottage, L. H. Window over the door—Blarney bridge—Blarney castle in the distance.*

Enter PETER SWAN, R. H. 2 E, carrying awkwardly portmanteau, hatbox, portfolio, and camp-chair—noise of peasants without.

Pet. (much vexed.) Well! such a set of savages, I never did see! all real original *Hirish*; the haborigines of the soil; one fellow seizes my bag, another my portmanteau—another my invaluable note-books and portfolios! The scoundrels would hardly let me carry my own hat on my own head (*mimics badly*) “indeed it would be inconvenient to yer honour.” Well, here I am at last, so far safe on my tower in search of the picturesque in this dangerous country. One comfort I have—only one—I insured my life, afore I set out! So this is Blarney, and this must be my cousin's cottage—pretty place! not at all *Hirish* (*goes to the door*) what! no knocker? (*knocks with his hand.*) How very *Hirish* that is!

FLORA opens a window above.

Flo. (aside.) A cockney traveller, I'll be sworn. (*Peter knocks again.*) Holloa, little man, what are you shaking the door for? how stupid the fellow looks, with his eyes like boiled gooseberries!—can't you open the door and come in? Stay; I'll go down. (*shuts the lattice.*)

Pet. I shouldn't wonder now, if that is my cousin's little sister, Flora, grown into a tall girl, and a great vixen.

Enter FLORA from cottage, a whip in her hand, and wearing a black riding-hat.

Flo. Well, what do you want?

Pet. Is your name Flora?

Flo. Yes, that's my name—any objection to it?

Pet. Why, Flora,—don't you know me? I'm your handsome hinteresting, and haccomplished cousin, Peter Swan.

Flo. (interrupts him.) What, little Peter Swan ? *(shakes him by both hands.)* You have just come to visit us at the right time !

Pet. I'm glad to hear it.

Flo. You know my poor dear old brother-in-law has been dead these two years. Well, what do you think ?

Pet. Nothing.

Flo. Why, what do you suppose likely to happen to a pretty woman of twenty-seven, who has been two years a widow ?

Pet. (affectedly.) She breaks her heart !

Flo. She does no such thing ; she takes another husband.

Pet. (solemnly.) I think one husband enough for any woman.

Flo. Certainly, at a time ;—one at a time.—Listen ! Margaret never loved old Goodman Lee, she married him to pleasure our dear mother, and did her duty honestly, like a true English wife—but when he died her heart returned to her first love.

Pet. (eagerly.) To me !

Flo. (contemptuously.) To you, indeed !—To one worth ten of you !—a brave, warm hearted Irishman, who loved her long ere she saw her late venerable husband.

Pet. Dear me ! how romantical !

Flo. To-morrow she will be Mistress Margaret O'Gorman !

Pet. What a terrible name !

Flo. (runs to the door and turns back.) Come in you dear little funny fellow. I am so glad you are come, you must kiss the *blarney* stone—you must dance—and you must fight ! and hunt, and fish, and flirt—as I do ! come gather up your traps, *(goes again to the door of the cottage.)*

[As PETER is about to follow ; he drops his portfolio, a parcel of pages and sketches fall about the stage ; he gathers them up.]

Flo. Why, cousin Peter, what are all these ?

Pet. My invaluable stock of sketches, and descriptions of *Hirish* scenery, and *Hirish* people.

Flo. What, just arrived, and done all these already ? *(takes up two or three.)*

Pet. Bless ye, no ; I did 'em all afore I set out, *towerists* always lay in a stock aforehand—saves a deal of trouble and travelling. *(as she is going, PETER calls.)* Stay, pretty Flora, as your sister has got a lover, wouldn't you like to have one ?

Flo. I'll sing you an answer. Listen !

When lovers come to woo a girl,
A girl that's young and merry,
They swear her teeth resemble pearl,
Her lips are like a cherry ;

That peaches bloom upon her cheeks,
Her eyes like two stars glisten ;
That roses breathe whene'er she speaks,
And daylight stops to listen !
It's a fal, lal lal de ral, lal lal la !

She hears their nonsense with a smile,
 That gives her cheek a dimple,
 And cheats her lovers all the while,
 She looks so very simple ;
 But when some silly fellow tries
 To set this sweet belle ringing,
 And sadly sighs, away she flies,
 And thus she answers, singing,
 It's a fal, lal lal de ral, lal lal la !

Flo. Come, come along do !

[*They enter cottage.*]

SCENE II.—*Parlour in the cottage ; window in the back ; table with refreshments.*

Enter MARGARET, 1 E. E. H., and HECTOR, with a book.

Mar. (*kissing him.*) Well done, my boy ! whom have you read to since I heard you last ?

Hec. Connor O'Gorman.

Mar. And what did Connor say to you ?

Hec. He bid me love you ?

Mar. What else ?

Hec. Love you dearly.

Mar. What else ?

Hec. Nothing ; but he gave me tops and koits, and a hurley ; not a hurley for fight, but a hurley for play, mamma.

Mar. Good boy !

Hec. No, good Connor ; you must love Connor, mamma. (*looking in her face.*) Mamma, what makes your face so red ?

Mar. Go find aunt Flora, my sweet boy.

[*Kisses him, he exits, 2 E. E. H.*]

And I do love him : warmly, now, as when
 At first he sought my young unfetter'd hand ;
 Yet did I fear his proving true and good—
 A kind and upright father to my child—
 I'd leave him—ay, even at the altar's foot.
 Both share my heart—my lover and my child ;
 Each has the part the other well may spare.

[*Brings a chair, and sits.*]

They cannot call this marriage wrong or rash ;
 So long I've known him, so long trusted, tried,
 And found him firm and faithful. Still, 'tis said,
 These Irish men are sudden, thoughtless, wild,
 Fierce and uncertain as their mountain storms,
 Fickle as weather-vanes :—Connor's not *that*,
 No, nor the rest. I'll trust him with my life,
 With that which is far dearer—with my child !
 To-morrow, and he gives me right to guide him.
 In gentle firmness, unperceived, I'll do it ;
 For when a woman seeks to sway a man,
 It should not be like one who breaks a horse
 To his own purpose, using bit and spur—

Now checking, and now goading his career—
But like the mariner who steers the ship,
Directs it by a touch, while none can see
The power that rules its motions!

[*Pauses, rises, and looks off.*
What keeps him now so long away? I long to see his cheerful,
happy face; to hear his joy-giving voice. He has taught my
boy to say "cushlamachree," in a way that goes right to the
heart! I know the first word he'll say will be "cushlama-
chree."

Enter O'GORMAN, hastily, 2 E. L. H.

Gor. Cushlamachree! here I am! Each pulse of my heart
oating mad with joy! if you believe me, Margaret, darling!
ever since break o'day, I couldn't tell whether it was on my
head or my heels I was! Well, here I am, more in love than
ever! my time's up to-morrow! to-morrow I shall be your
husband—and, all at once, father to that beautiful boy.
Well, cushlamachree! I can hardly believe my senses—
speak, Margaret, speak, let me hear your voice—Connor!
just Connor!—or maybe dear Connor!

Mar. Dear Connor!

Gor. That's music!—let Terry Nale beat *that* on the pipes!
Gramachree, are you, my heart's jewel! Do ye, mind, long
ever ago, when yer father was alive, just as he came to bide
among us—a little colleen you were then, with your beautiful
curls floating in the breeze; I loved you then, Margaret.

Mar. My father died and left us poor.

Gor. I know, I know, I was but a slip of a boy, without land
or money, and, faith it isn't too much of either I have now; or
shall have till my father dies, long life to him.—And you
married to save your mother, from the poverty the English
dread. By my troth, its little they'd mind it, if they were
used to it like us. Well, you married an old—

Mar. Hush, Connor! he was a gentle, good, and kind old
man! he left me rich.

Gor. And kept me poor for years! for, wanting your sweet
eyes on me, I should have been worth nothing, with the wealth
of all the world my own.

Mar. Ah! flatterer—one may swear you were born near the
soft stone of Blarney—yet, Connor,—I have heard that you
have found other eyes as bright as mine.

Gor. Detraction my darling. I'll not deny that I may have
found a soft word or a kind look for the sex; it was because
I never looked on a woman without thinking of your sweet
self—but for love-making, real downright tongue-loosing, eye-
lighting, love-making, I've only been guilty—only once—since
your old husband died.

Mar. Indeed! once! I wish you had spared me your con-
fession.

Gor. Och sure, we ought to have no secrets from each other
now; ye'd look over it *once*!

Mar. I would not.

Ger. You would ; only for once in two long years ! Put that pout off yer beautiful mouth—it's for all the world like a cobweb over a rosebud !—it was *yerself* I made love to ! who else ?

Enter FLORA, 2 E. R. H.

Gor. Ah ! Flora, devil !

Flo. The top of the morning to you, Master Connor. I suppose you think yourself a very smart fellow, but I have a gentleman yonder worth ten of you.

Mar. (archly.) Your own true lover Marcus Roche ?

Flo. Marcus Roche indeed ! do you suppose I am likely to go through life with but *one* lover ! I'll have twenty, and worry nineteen of them to death ! No,—our cousin, Peter Swan, once seedsman and florist of Broad-street, Bloomsbury, making what he calls "a tower," and travelling in search of the picturesque : I'll fetch him—

Exit FLORA, 2 E. R. H.

Gor. Troth, a real cockney is very diverting in this part of the world.

Mar. Poor little Peter ! I remember him well ; a funny man who used to write rhymes upon me, something about, "roses when they blows, is like your cheeks—and their sweet smelling comes from their dwelling when you speaks !" (*laughs.*)

Gor. He must be a genius.

Mar. He always fancied himself one.

Enter PETER and FLORA, 2 E. R. H.

Who would have dreamed of seeing you in Ireland cousin Peter, (*shakes hands with him.*) Permit me, most picturesque and romantic Peter Swan, to introduce you to Mr. Connor O'Gorman—my torment, that is—my—(*laughs*) my husband that is to be.

Pet. (extending his hands.) I'm glad to see you, Mr. O ! O !—curious name—(*taking out his note-book*) how do you spell it ?

Flo. Out with your note-book, cousin Peter, O ! by itself, O !

Pet. O ! by itself, O ! that I know !

Flo. Well, G—O—R—O'Gor !

Pet. (writing.) O'Gor !

Gor. Now put a *man* to it ; and you'll be right.

Pet. O'Gor-man—what a queer name !

Gor. O'Gorman, at your service, sir.

Pet. Well, I'll do my best at pronouncification—but if I call you Ogreman, you'll excuse it ; he, he, he.

Gor. Of course, sir—your name I think is Swan ?

Pet. Swan ! Peter Swan—sweet sounding name, an't it ?—you've heard of the swan of Avon ? That's not me. I'm the Swan of Bloomsbury ; you can't mistake that, eh, Mr.—

Gor. And I'll do my best too at pronouncification ; but if I should call you the Goose of Bloomsbury, you'll excuse it.

Pet. Hem !

Flo. Put that in your note-book, cousin.

Mar. Nay, nay, this is not fair. Come, Connor and you (*to*

PETER) must be friends :—no one can be so useful as Connor, in your search for the picturesque.

Fló. We'll show him the Blarney, and make him kiss the stone!

Mar. Bequiet, you giddy girl.

Fló. Can you leap a five-barred gate?

Pet. I never tried but once—when a bull threw me over one in the Petersham meadows.

Fló. Because here's a beau of mine will teach you (*enter Marcus, D. in flat.*) have you fed my poney, wormed my dog, and mended my whip?

Mar. Yes.

Fló. Then Master Marcus, you may sit down; nothing like good training. (MARGARET, FLORA, and MARCUS, sit at table in back.)

Pet. And, pray what am I to do?

Gor. Come here, I wonder a nate little sprigawn like you wasn't afraid to trust yerself in this counthry?

Pet. I'm well *harmed*, *harms* is useful things in a fight, eh, Mr.—

Gor. Sometimes; but if you get into a fight here Mr. Peter, I'd advise your depending more on your legs than your *harms*. What brought ye to Ireland at all, at all, sir?

Pet. Why to make a *tower*, and write a book.

Gor. Did ye bring the bricks with ye? Well, in coorse you'll want to know all the wonders of Ireland.

Pet. O, certainly. Can you tell me how many sorts of potatoes there are in Ireland?

Gor. Farmer's glory—red-nosed kidneys—white eyes—lady's fingers—Cork reds—Connaught lumpers—Wicklow bangers, and Carragaline beauties; to say nothing of the apples of Kilbourishane—the whites of Derrygortnacloghey—the cups of Knocknaghdownsky, or the reds of Ballynaghboulathrasanagh.

Pet. (*astonished.*) Stop, stop, you hurry so. Irish potatoes are terrible jaw-breakers.

Gor. No such thing; they are the praties that would crack their own cheeks with laughing at ye—Oh, then, how can ye live at all in London, where they tell me the praties are made of wax, the hens lay stale eggs, and the cows give ye only skim milk and water. (*aside to MARGARET.*) I must get a rise out of him somehow. Mister Peter, sir, have ye been long enough in Ireland to learn to drink whiskey?

Pet. No! but I've often tasted it.

Gor. But not the stuff that we'll give ye. By my troth there is not a headache in a hogshead of it.

Pet. I always find a headache in the second tumbler.

Gor. Then always skip the second tumbler and go on to the third. Well, sir, as you're going to make a tower, of course you'll be for seeing the curiosities—Blarney castle and Paddy Blake's echo—you know what an echo is? well this one stops mostly at Killarney—but before the season sets in at the

Lakes, she always comes up here, on her own jaunting-car, about midsummer.

Pet. Oh ! oh ! a hecho in a jaunty cart !

Gor. It's as true as that the candle ate the cat ; ask Mistress Margaret if she hasn't often heerd her of 'a moonlight morning ! And you must go see Castle Hyde—

Where the trout and salmon
Play at back-gammon.

Pet. Why its impossible ! and what's impossible can't be.

Gor. Oh, we'll show ye greater wonders than that. Mr. Swan, did you ever ride a steeple chase ?

Pet. Can't say I know what it means.

Gor. I'll tell ye. A dozen stout steeds and as many good riders wait the signal. 'Tis made—off we go—nothing stops us ; hedges and ditches, bog and river, hill and dale, lake and moutain ; we pass them like the wind when the storm is fiercest, Here now ; a mile off in a twinkling. Down falls a gallant roan ; a pebble spoils the best mare of the barony : ah ! the old gray that has won a score of chases sinks in the bog ; the heavy branch of a sycamore has parted the chestnut and his rider ; the black filly is winning fame ; ah ! she will not take the water ; off with her to the kennel ; hurra for Brown Bess ; she beats them all hollow ; bravo ! Ah ! her rider staggers in his saddle. By heaven he is down ! Look to the cream colt—a spring and all is over. The ditch is like a feather to her. On, on, there are but three left ; the rest have given in or fallen. See there are but two. Hurra for the White Lady. She is at the post. Hurra for her ! I RODE HER.

Pet. Capital ! I should like to see one.

Gor. You shall ; but come, first of all, you shall see the stone, the real Blarney-stone ! We call it the *great Irish smoothing-iron*. Come with me and you shall kiss it ; I'll go bail ye'll have every girl in the fair running after ye any how. We'll see if we can't find ye a wife ; and Flora, there, a husband.

Pet. (*takes out his book.*) Do tell me all about this extraordinary stone. I want to make a chapter about it.

Gor. If I can't give ye a chapter, I'll help ye to a verse. (*sings.*)

Oh, when a young bachelor woos a young maid
Who's eager to go and yet willing to stay,
She sighs, and she blushes, and looks half afraid,
But loses no word that her lover can say ;
What is it she hears but the blarney ?
The blarney, the blarney,
Oh, a perilous thing is the blarney !

To all that he tells us she gives no reply ;
Or murmurs and whispers, so gentle and low ;

And though he has asked her, when nobody's by,
 She dare not say "yes," and she cannot say "no."
 She knows what she hears is the blarney,
 The blarney, the blarney,
 Oh! a perilous thing is the blarney!

But people get used to a perilous thing,
 And fancy the sweet words of lovers are true;
 So let all their blarney be passed through a Ring;
 The charm will prevent all the ill it can do,
 And maids have no fear of the blarney,
 The blarney, the blarney,
 Or the peril that lies in the blarney!

[Exit, PETER following, D. in F.]

FLORA and MARCUS advance.

Marc. (to FLORA.) I wish you would let me find what he says he'll for you—a husband.

Flo. If he can find me a husband that's neither too old, nor too young, nor too short, nor too tall, nor too rich, nor too poor, I don't mind if I take him—I'm sure you don't know any one who'll answer. Come, get my pony ready.

Marc. Why, you are not going to ride to the fair! It is not from our gate more than a mile!

Flo. The very reason I choose to ride; another girl would walk! Go, Marcus; that's not the way to do a lady's bidding—slouching along as if your feet were frost-bitten; I'll saddle my own pony.

[Exit FLORA, 2 E. L. H.]

Mar. You've spoilt her, Marcus; uprouse your spirit twice as high as hers, and then she'll worship you in turn.

Marc. I will.

Mar. You won't; where are you going now?

Marc. To saddle the pony.

[Exit.]

Mar. She'll henpeck from the altar to the grave, and that good lad to bear it so tamely; no man dare treat him so, I'll warrant me.

Child. (within.) Mother!

Mar. Dearest, I come.

[Exit into cottage, 2 E. R. H.]

SCENE III.—*The vaults under Blarney Castle, the appearance of the whole darkened and gloomy; the light streams down from an aperture in the wall.*

ULICK and AILEEN discovered.

Uli. Aileen, my heart clings to the old places, the home of my fathers; I am here, the last, the lonely last, feeling like an outcast in my native land.

Ail. Then why not leave it, your fortune is not what it has been; our friends drop from us like leaves from a blasted tree. And oh, brother! if the tower in the mountains! and those men—

Uli. Hush! walls have ears.

Ail. Well, I have done; you would not longer continue

here, but for your love of one who loves not you ; what hope have you now ? She is to be married to-morrow to Connor O'Gorman.

Uli. (starts up.) 'Tis false ! I can bear any thing but that—my name's as good—better than his ! I have not been tamed into a mere household bird, but dwelt amid my native mountains, and found music in the shriek of the fierce eagle, whose shadow makes the wild deer tremble ! I tell you, Aileen, she shall never reach the altar but over his corse or mine !

Ail. (throws herself on ULICK's bosom.) Over my corse rather—you shall not harm O'Gorman.

Uli. What ! have you too been fooled by him ?

Ail. No, brother, no ; but I have loved him.

Uli. Where is your spirit then, to love the thing that scorns you !

Ail. Even as you love Margaret !

Mabel Griffin. (heard without.) Hurroo ! hurroo ! what are ye afther, creeping like two hairy-walkers along a stick ; mon doo ! as the Frinch says ; *prenny gardy*, take care of your necks !

Ail. (runs, and looks up through the aperture.) There is Mabel Griffin, her basket garnished with all manner of things, ready for the pattern—don't you hear her jabbering French ?

Uli. Who does she speak to ?

Ail. To Connor O'Gorman, see where he climbs, leading a stranger to kiss the stone—how dizzy is the height !

[ULICK rushes, and looks up ; CONNOR's voice heard from above, in the distance.]

Gor. (without.) Ah ! mother Griffin, I'm above you and the dirty world now ! *[ULICK snatches his musket.]*

Ail. I hate that smuggling old mischief-maker. I wonder Connor speaks to her. I never see her without fear.

Gor. (from above.) Mother Griffin there's something bad afoot this morning, you look in such an uncommon good temper.

(ULICK has presented and raised his musket—AILEEN suddenly turns and perceives it—she strikes down his arm—they struggle.—ULICK throws off his sister. The GRIFFIN enters—she is dressed in a red stuff long-bodied gown, open in front, pinned up behind with a large pin, which shows a rather short quilted black petticoat, over which is a flounced apron. A long blue hooded cloak hangs loosely on her shoulders, her cap is high-crowned with broad laced borders—her hair hangs in long grayish curls around her face, and she wears a large coral necklace—she carries a pedler's basket on one arm and a staff in the other.)

Mab. A mighty fine pattern of a man ye are ! a fine brave boy, to be hectoring and struggling that way with a jolly damoiselle as the French says. God save yer bright eyes, Miss Aileen, will ye give ould Mother Griffin a kiss for good luck this Midsummer morning ?

Ail. I would as soon kiss the ugliest man in the county. I hate you. (*turns up the stage.*)

Mab. Thank y'e for that same ; it's better than nothing as the crow said to the pratie skins. Well, Mr. Ulick, after all, the widow and Connor are to be married to-morrow—so they say—take a drop—(*pulls out a flask*) well, I will ! and I say if they did marry, that's no reason that ye're to run yer neck into a halter for her.

Uli. I'd rather see Margaret in her grave.

Mab. *Ancore* as the Frinch says.

Uli. I would give the world to prevent Connor's marriage with Margaret.

Mab. If ye had it ! And why didn't ye think of it before ?

Uli. I've thought of nothing else.

Mab. That's quare ; an Irishman seldom thinks about making love ; he does it natural. You would murder Connor—that's foolish—never do that, it's not genteel, and makes a deal of mess.—Take a drop. (*he drinks.*) That's right.—Now I have hated them both ever since they were the height of jack-straws—she held up as a pattern ! a woman always hates a woman that's cried up—and he !—Connor O'Gorman ! you've put many an affront upon ould Mabel Griffin, and many a pound has your father taken out of her pocket ; almost ruined our free trade. A vigilant magistrate, to be sure, let's nothing be smuggled—but his own claret. The Griffin ! the ould cat ! as he calls her. I'll show him the ould cat has claws.

Ail. (*runs down.*) You will not harm Connor ?

Mab. Oh, Lord ! how mighty tinder ye are of him he's a pet man with the girls—I'll not hurt a hair of his head. (*aside to Ulick.*) I'll only scorch his heart.

Uli. But how ?

Mab. Make mischief between him and his fine dame ; and you may take advantage of the *brouillaird*, as the Frinch says.—Have another drop. (*she drinks.*)

Uli. Why did you not tell me this before ?

Mab. The nearer the stocking's end the worse the ravel ; *comprenez vous*, as the Frinch says.

Uli. But you have an old feud with Connor.

Mab. (*laughs scornfully.*) Ah, ah ! I don't forget that either. I'm old and not particular handsome, but let me see the man I wouldn't wind round my finger—by his own conceit—*amore proper*, as the Frinch says.

Uli. Though you've learned French in your travels, I have not travelled to learn it—speak English.

Mab. If you don't travel soon, Government will pay your expenses. But here's the English ; I hope you'll like it ; men are so conceited you've only got to butter them up, and soother them down, and they'll think an old woman of fifty a girl of fifteen.

Uli. It's too late ; he's to be married to-morrow.

Mab. (*laughs.*) It's never too late to work mischief—I tell you I know him. I've got a trap set already—look—

[Several stones roll through the aperture, and immediately after PETER SWAN tumbles down. The GRIFFIN runs to him. PETER comes on 2 E. L. H. assisted by MABEL.

Ail. It is the Englishman !

Uli. I knew what his clambering would end in ; his companion will be here directly—we must begone—I cannot meet him here.

Gor. (above.) Hilliho, ho !

[ULICK takes up the musket he has dropped. AILEEN disappears, 1 E. L. H. PETER, having been raised up by the GRIFFIN, seeing ULICK as he passes to the inner vault, falls upon his knees.

Pet. Oh ! mercy, Mr. wild *Hirishman* ! (covers his face with his hands. ULICK disappears.) Oh, have pity ! mercy and forgiveness, most picturesque brigand !

CONNOR enters 2 E. L. H. and stands opposite to him.

Gor. Man alive ! Take yer hands from yer face, and tell me at once if it's dead ye are. Why you're not hurt, boy. (PETER lets fall his hands and looks round in astonishment.) What a beautiful thick skull you must have ! adad that tumble 'll be a fortune in yer way, such a genius as you, will get half a volume out of it.

Pet. More, my dear friend ; but where is the man ; the fearful man ?

Mab. Not a man here, nor a woman either, but yerselves, and poor Mabel Griffin.

Gor. (laughing.) 'Twas the ghost of the ould Lord Macarthy. Peter Swan ; had it a sword ?

Pet. Yes, in its hand.

Gor. Sure you wouldn't have it in his foot. Well don't ye know the ould story ; whoever sees that ghost will never be married—so, Peter, you'll die an ould maid !

Mab. (whispering to CONNOR.) I want a word with you Mr. Connor O'Gorman. (PETER goes spying about the vault.) I wish you joy of your marriage that is to be ; and I hope you'll forget any little coolness between us.

Gor. To be sure I will. Do ye think I'd be making myself head nurse to ill nature ? Here's my hand.

Mab. Thank ye, sir. I'm a changed woman, sir ;—so I am—haven't taken a drop of sperits these six months. (CONNOR smells and shakes his head.) It's the smell of the burnt brandy, sir, that sticks to my cloak, bad luck to it.

Gor. Faith, I'm afraid it's inside yer cloak the brandy is.

Mab. No indeed, sir ; *parole donner*, as the French says. I'm not the same woman I was, sir. I come here not to be interrupted in my prayers ; and I intend to do penance for my sins, as soon as I gets quit of the pain in my back—that's not *come il faut*, as the French—

Gor. Speak English, or English-Irish itself, woman.

[PETER turns his back to ALICE's place of concealment—
pulls out his book and sketches.

Mab. (humbly.) I speak my best, sir.

Gor. Well, but make haste. (to PETER.) Go up that way, Peter, honey, and you'll see the bridge there; that'll make a beautiful picture; and Peter, if ye turn to the right, ye'll be sure to get another fall—a waterfall!

[Exit PETER, 1 R. L. H.]

Mab. It's what I always said of you, he's a true Irishman so he is; he lets the O'Gormans and the O'Sullivans knock each other about like a good quiet man, and never raises his little finger. The boys do be doing so to him. (bites her thumb.) But what does he care; he thinks of the pretty widow, and shows his good sinse; he says my friends may all go to the devil if I'm safe.

Gor. (who has been feeling his arm, as if preparing to fight.) It's more than you are, you evil-tongued half hawk, half buzzard! I tell you what my ould lass, if you don't hold your tongue, I'll fling ye over the bridge into the lake—and poison the fishes. What d'ye mean by backbiting me to my face, eh?

Mab. I don't bite yer back, *mounseer*, as the Frinch says; it's the whole counthry that bites yer back—just as I come here two little girleens said "Only the spirit is all turned to new milk in Connor O'Gorman, he'd never suffer Tim Sweeny and the Bailiff's blackguards to turn old Monica, his foster-mother, out under a ditch this morning, and ber son into a jail because Sweeny wants the farm for Master Daly his new son-in-law.

Gor. Turn the poor old widow out and put Dennis in jail for the rent! oh, Margaret, avourneen! sure it's yourself wouldn't suffer that. Where's poor Monica now?

Mab. In the ditch I suppose; I saw them quite busy as I came by her son Dennis's house; he's hiding about in the glen for fear of being taken. Where are you going in such a fluster?

Gor. Where am I going?—is it ask me where I'm going when I know the poor woman who nursed me is without house or home! now Misthress Griffin mind my bidding or it will be the worse for ye—fly this minute, tell Margaret the true state of the case, and that I'll be with her as soon as I settle the poor woman in comfort, and secure Dennis from jail.

[Exit CONNOR, 1 R. R. H.]

Mab. Oh! you kind-hearted angel of a man. Every girl in the country will be going into mourning when ye're married; Oh! the purty widow; she'll have a treasure in you. Ah! (laughs,) master Connor O'Gorman, I've put a spoke in your wheel. Now I'll go to the English captain; send him and the soldiers; I know there'll be a fight. Then to Mrs. Margaret, she must see it; seeing's believing. Oh, there'll be a fine shindy! haven't I a head! They say I make a deal of mischief—not at all. If I do see the faults and weaknesses of my fellow-creatures, it's because of my quick perceptions! mischief does come so natural—becomes me; I can't do half as much here

as I did in France! To be sure I *was* rayther younger and handsomer in those days, though still I'm not to be sneezed at; thinking of France, puts me in mind of a fable—very *apropos*, as the Frinch says. It's about a *goose* and a *magpie*; there are geese in every country (though I've not heard any lately), but this one had her nest well feathered, and comfortable by the water side, while mag's was cold and thorny, in a withered tree; though to be sure the thorns were of her own putting in—the goose was an uninformed bird, and in consequence, used to beguile her time, while sitting on her eggs, by hissing at the magpie—*now nothiug likes to be hissed at!*—and this annoyed the magpie, who, like myself, was the animating principle of the neighbourhood, and she resolved to be revenged on the goose; she thought withia herself, I'm neither big, nor strong—but *I'm cunning*. So she told the goose, that her faithful gander was paying *homage*, as the Frinch says, to a Muscovy duck, close by; and while the poor fool went to look after her lord and gander, what did the magpie? Why, she sucked the eggs. Ah! ha! ha! that's the sort of mischief I delight in. Bravo, bravo! [Exit.

AILEEN re-enters, L. H. 1 E., when MABEL has gone off.

Ail. That horrid woman is again plotting mischief; thank Heaven she has left me, and in solitude I can think over my hopeless passion.

AILEEN sings.

He tells me he loves me, and can I believe,
The heart he has won, he can wish to deceive?
For ever and always, his sweet words to me,
Are Aileen, mavourneen, acushlamachree!

Last night when we parted, his gentle good bye,
A thousand times said, and each time with a sigh,
And still the same sweet words he whispered to me,
My Aileen, mavourneen, acushlamachree.

The friend of my childhood, the hope of my youth,
Whose heart is all pure, and whose words are all truth,
Oh! still the same sweet words he whispers to me,
Are Aileen, mavourneen, acushlamachree.

Oh! when will the day come, the dear happy day,
That a maiden may hear all a lover can say,
And he speaks out the words he now whispers to me,
My Aileen, mavourneen, acushlamachree!

[Exit, R. H. 1 E.]

SCENE IV.—*The exterior of Dennis's house, having the appearance of a decent cottage—the thatch covered with moss and litchins—rising ground interspersed with rocks and brushwood—the Cromack in the distance—opposite the cottage-door an old woman muffled in a cloak is crouching, rocking herself backwards and forwards—JACK GALE leaning against the open door of the cottage—TOM STAFF lolling on the ground.*

Staff. Isn't it woful to see the people gathering to the fair, and we not in it. Tim Sweeny ordered us not to quit till he come.

Jack. And now that the old woman's out, there's nothing in.

Sta. I wonder is it law to take her cloak?

Jack. I don't know: it isn't a very good one; but there's a hive of bees in the garden—do you go and seize 'em.

Sta. Seize a hive o' bees at this time o' day?—Suppose you try your hand at that?—Oh, yes! catch me at it.

Jack. (*looking off.*) If here isn't Dennis Murphy running like fun! and three or four of his people after him;—some of the faction coming up about this business. Now do you keep watch outside, and I'll keep watch in. (*goes in.*)

[*TOM STAFF lounges against the doorpost.*]

Enter CONNOR O'GORMAN, disguised, as an Irish "bogtrotter," with DENNIS, and three or four peasants, U. E. R. H., all breathless, as if after a hard run.

Gor. Your most obadient and very humble servant, sir. (*aside.*) Now we must take it aisey.—Good-morrow, jintleman. I ax yer pardon for calling ye out o' yer name, (*to him,*)—for want of a better, I believe they call ye Tom Staff.—Och! ye're a silent, pale, and interesting young man, I see; I don't know who yer mother is; but, by my troth, she'd be mighty unasy if she knew the way you are in just now. Well, then, I'll trouble ye to take yer shoulder from that door-cheek, and let me return this darlint murdered ould lady to her own place in her son's house. (*loud to her.*) Monica, avourneen, maybe, on account of the many years that's on ye, ye don't know me: but I know you, ashore, and it's sorry I am to see ye with nothing over yer head for a roof, but the blue sky of heaven!—Well, any way, they can't take that from ye for the rent;—but why don't ye spake to me?

Sta. How can she speak? She don't hear you, and hasn't she lost all her teeth?

Gor. It's little use she'd have for the teeth, when such scoundrels as you wouldn't leave her any thing to put between 'em. Now, master Staff, seeing that poor ould craythur will get could if she stops much longer, I'll trouble ye, first and foremost, to lave that door for the right owner.

Sta. I'm in legal possession, and I'll keep it.

Gor. I dare say you will, as long as you can. Dennis, dear, clear the door for yer mother;—be smart now, boys.

[*STAFF cries out "Murder!" DENNIS and three others fling him from the door. CONNOR carries the old woman into the house—scuffle heard—GALE calls out "A rescue!"*]

Gale. (*inside.*) This is treason, arson, and burglary. I tell you I'm in legal possession of this house!

[*GALE is flung out of the window—STAFF seen stealing off over rocks, U. E. R. H., on his hands and knees.*]

Gor. (*looks out of the window.*) I tell ye ye're not in the house at all at all.—Who's in possession, now, Master Gale?

Jack. Very fine!—Wait till I come back with the military, and I'll settle with you for all this.

Gor. Wait till I come out, and I'll settle with you before you go.

TIM SWEENEY enters, 1 E. R. H.

Swe. Gale be off, and get back quick. (*aside.*) Dennis Murphy, I here serve you with a writ—eighteen pounds ten shillings—you're my prisoner;—you'll not deny that?

Den. Oh no, to be sure not. Why don't you take me off to jail? (*DENNIS and his friends assume a threatening attitude.*)

Swe. Wait awhile.—There's no hurry.

Den. Oh! none in the least, Mr. Sweeney.

[*CONNOR comes from the house.*]

Gor. Murphy, I've left the old woman in her easy-chair; and I'm sure, by the light in her eyes, she knew me through all my rags. (*aside.*) Well, now, Master Sweeney, you rap;—what was your heart made of to turn that ould woman out on the mountain, without first giving time for those to be sought, who you knew would not fail her in the hour of need.

Swe. Oh, you have all done a fine thing, I dare say; but ye'll wait here a little too long, if ye're not off soon. I've the law on my side.

Gor. Then the law's on the weak side, for once, and that's a wonder; what's the debt, you caterpillar of the law; I hate to see your shadow darkening the green grass; such a face as yours would blight the best field of oats on the mountain. How much is it?

Swe. Eighteen pounds ten shillings.

Den. That's false, Sweeney, and you know it; only one gale of rint, and that's eight pounds.

Swe. Quite right, Mr. Murphy; original debt, 8*l.*; legal expenses, ditto 10*l.* 10*s.*; here's the mem.

Gor. Let's see—ay, all right; and why the divil did ye come on poor Dennis Murphy with such sharp practice, Mr. Sweeney?

Swe. Ask the law and my lord—I'm only agent.

Gor. No, I'll ask you; and I'll answer for ye, since ye're so modest—you got a bribe from Jack Daly, you dirty doer in the law, who wants to put yer fine daughter in this place, and so poor Murphy and his mother must be ruined with expense, and he thrust a beggar from the roof his grandfather lived under. Now, Mr. Sweeney, here's the rint ready for ye—take it, and sign a release in full—it will be best for you.

Swe. Not for a penny less than the whole amount, sir. I'm not to be bullied—I know what's law, and I'll have what's right and just before I go.

Gor. And so you shall. There's 18*l.* 10*s.*—is that what's right?

Swe. To a fraction. How the deuce did he get the money? (*aside.*) There's the release—now, that's right, according to my opinion.

Gor. And, now, I'll tell you what's just according to my opinion—that you should be marked for the biggest rascal that

ever walked the world, with an empty hole where a man's heart ought to be ; from this day there's not a boy in the three counties but shall know Sweeney, the honest proctor. Boys, isn't it a pity such a handsome head of hair shouldn't be turned to the fashion.

Dennis and others. It is, it is.

Gor. Have you any hair-powder in the house, Dennis dear ?

Den. I've got some beautiful black marking stuff, I put on the sheep's backs ; wouldn't that do as well ?

Gor. Better a deal, for its not common ; and, by my soul, Sweeny's the man to set the new fashions to all the county ; lay a hould of the proctor, boys ; we'll make a beau of him in no time.

Swe. Touch my person, touch my honour—touch my honour, touch my life—I'll swear against you all.

Gor. Swear away, there's nothing to pay ; now, boys, put him on the stool—I'll operate.

They force SWEENEY off U. E. R. H. ; he bawling " Murder, help," &c.

Gor. (within.) Now, where's the powder ; that's the touch ; keep him steady, boys, and his head shall be as black as his heart in no time.

They black one side of his head ; enter GRIFFIN, with a large bottle, over platform, L. H. U. E.

Mab. Here's all going right. (*aside.*) Well, boys, what have you got there ? a gauger, sarve him right. Take a drop ; that's O'Gorman, (*aside,*) I know him.

Gor. (within.) Ah ! ha ! old small-still, old tramp-the-sod, what have you got that's good ? we're marking a sheep here.

Mab. Dear me ! take care he don't prove a wolf ; the widow's on the road, and the military are coming—we'll have a glorious shindy, (*aside*)—à borre, à borre mong garçons, as the Frinch says.

Enter MARGARET cloaked with FLORA, over platform, R. H.

Mab. (observing.) Now the broth thickens, here's the widow.

Mar. Heavens what a scene ! he's not here and you were misinformed. (*to MABEL.*)

Mab. Dear me, how blind love is to be sure !—Take a drop ; clear your eyes my dear ; look at the man with the foxy jasy over his nose.

Mar. Heavens ! can it be. (*approaches.*)

Gor. (within.) Now, boys, chair Sweeny the beau of Blarney, ha ! ha ! ha ! there's a man for the ladies !

[*They re-enter with SWEENEY (his head half blacked) on their shoulders, with loud huzzas and cries of " SWEENEY for ever !"—walk round, and exit.*]

Gor. And, sure enough, here's the girls come to look after him—ould up your head man ; there's money bid for you—what say you ma colleen, do you want a husband—here's Sweeny and myself ; take your choice.

Flo. If she does want a husband, she'll choose a man and not a—brute ; if you touch me I'll horsewhip you.

Gor. (aside.) That voice. I know but one tongue that dare be so saucy to a man on the mountain—what dumb again—oh—come—we'll have no spies in the camp—off hoods girls—an honest face never feared daylight.

Mab. Bless ye, it's only their modesty ; they want *encouragement*, as the Frinch says,—take a drop.

Mar. Is this a place, or a party, where the son of a magistrate ought to be found on the eve of his marriage ?

Gor. And if there be such a person here, what better would his father desire than to see him busied in the administration of justice ?—but come, no lectures behind a curtain before marriage, at all events ; I love a pretty face so well that I'd strain a courtesy to look on it. (*laying hold of her.*)

Mar. Touch me not ; but fly if you would avoid bloodshed—the soldiers are at hand.

Gor. Can my ears deceive me ? Stay my kind cautioner, your good news, though rather enigmatically delivered, must be paid by a kiss at least—Mabel lay hold on that saucy lass whilst I unveil my little sibyl here.

Mab. You'll see something worth looking at, O, la !

Mar. (dropping her cloak.) Lay no hand on me, sir.

Mab. Here's a *coup d'œil*, as we say in France.

Flo. Stand from my sister's side, you libel on all womanhood. Mr. Connor O'Gorman I trust you have enough of the spirit of a man of honour to protect those from insult, who came here to save you from discovery and disgrace.

Gor. Mabel Griffin, leave us ;—not a word ; go, woman, follow your friend Sweeny, and take a hint.

Mab. Take a hint, humph ! ay, and I'll give a hint too. Send the soldiers upon 'em. (*aside.*) Here's treatment for a woman !

[*Exit, L. H. 2 E.*]

Gor. Flora longer disguise is useless but take this from me, that however excess of prudence or prudery, may regard my present conduct—there is not a man of honour in the country will attach disgrace to this or any act of mine. Dear Margaret this is no time or place to explain, you have not heard or seen all that has passed here this day.

Mar. Too much, too much ; more than I could have believed. Connor, Connor, my cheeks are hot with blushes for your shame ; had want or woe fallen on you Margaret Lee would have been as a rock by your side, and shared with you the worst blast of the worst fortune. You have lost one who would have died for you, but who now bids you farewell for ever.

Gor. Margaret ! hold ; you have sought me here, and witnessed what you call my shame. By Heaven ! though it cost me your love for ever, you shall not quit the spot ! till my excuse is laid before you. The worst I have done is to drive a petty spoiler from his prey, whose motives the laws fairly interpreted, would no more recognise than they do robbery on the land or piracy on the seas. I have punished one, who by treat-

ing the laws to his own base ends makes them detested when justly executed. Believe me, the punishment of this fellow has more in it of contempt than anger.

Enter MARCUS *over platform* L. H. U. E.

Marc. Connor, for Heaven's sake conceal yourself! Here is a detachment of military with Sweeny and his fellows, who seek for the leader of the outrage committed on that scoundrel. As yet you are unknown.

Gor. Then 'tis time I was known, and by heavens here I stand in my own person. Come what may, Connor O'Gorman will not flinch from the consequences of his act, under whatever form it may have been executed.

Flor. Connor, for my sake be advised; for Margaret's; come into this house with me. Why don't you speak Marcus, and not stand there twirling your ugly thumbs.

Marc. Connor, you must not be seen thus. In truth no one suspects you to be concerned. Why vex your father needlessly, and grieve one, whose English habits, prevent her comprehending your strong feelings.

Flora. Come within, Marcus will explain all to her, and you'll be forgiven; so come, come.

Gor. Do what you please with me.

[*FLORA takes CONNOR into the house. Shouts without, and DENNIS MURPHY enters with men, women, boys, and then SWEENEY, his clothes torn, accompanied by his men, and followed by a detachment of grenadiers, headed by CAPT. GREY.*

Grey. "Halt."

Swee. Capt. Gray, this house is the spot in which I was so barbarously seized, captured, gagged, robbed, my bones broke, my head blacked, and finally, cruelly murdered, and chased by that fellow Dennis Murphy, Pat Ryan, Dan Milligan, that fellow who squints with both his eyes, his wife Biddy, and other men, headed by a fellow who must be here, for a mouse could not go up the mountain without being seen, and through the glen we know he has not come.

Grey. I have my men searching every part of the hill; escape is impossible. Now Murphy the leader of this violence must be given up, so at once say who he is and where he is. You know both.

Den. May be I do, captain, but neither I nor one present will betray either; as I've told yer honor most respectfully more than once.

Grey. Enough then, I must deal with you in another manner. Sergeant, accompany Sweeny into the house and arrest all you find there, old or young, including Murphy and his companions as described by Sweeny here.

[*The crowd rush before the door—Soldiers pause—MARCUS advances.*

Den. Your pardon, Captain Grey. I and the rest of us

charged by Mick Sweeny will go with you before the magistrate willingly, but not a foot shall any sodger put on my threshold whilst I am able to stand up in it.

[*Mob cheers fiercely—cries of “Down with Sweeny! Down with the robbers!”*]

Marc. Captain Grey, permit me to suggest that without a warrant you are hardly justified in this course, which in the present temper of the people must lead to bloodshed.

Swe. Don't mind him, Captain, I'll be your warrant. Fire at once, Captain, didn't they murder me and the law together?

Grey. Silence, scoundrel—Mr. Marcus, I thank you for your advice, but these outrages are too frequent—the ringleader of the present affair is in this house, and I will take the consequences of doing my duty. Forward, men!

[*MARGARET LEE advances rapidly.*]

Mar. One moment, Captain Grey, for mercy! and the law shall be obeyed. I call upon the ringleader of the late disgraceful act of violence to appear, and not to shelter himself with shame at the cost of the blood of those he has misled.

CONNOR enters from the cottage, followed by FLORA,

Gor. He is here!

Grey. Mr. O'Gorman what am I to understand by this strange appeal, and stranger answer.

Flo. Understand by it, Captain, why that Connor is a hot-headed wild Irishman, and my sister a silly over wise woman.

Gor. Captain Grey, I am at your disposal. Come, come, my honest comrades—fall in by my side, and let us show them that we know the difference between the law and one of its harpies. All I request Captain Grey is that you will take me before any magistrate but my father. Margaret—you will yet learn to pardon me!

TABLEAU AND END OF ACT I.

(*March in orchestra.*)

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Rock Close, and Witches' Stairs; sunrise; AILEEN discovered seated on a rock; curtain rises to wild music.*

Ail. And my brother has, at length, resolved to take service in France, and leave for ever his native land. Well, be it so. I have but one regret, and that is known but to my own heart, which never will betray the secret of its dearest joy, its dearest sorrow.

The Exile's Song.

Oh! a blessing and a tear,
 And I part from all I know;
 But my heart will still be here,
 Though to other lands I go.

Farewell! farewell!

Oh! the wanderer far away
 From his household hearth may roam;
 But the wanderer still can pray
 For the friends he leaves at home;

Farewell! farewell!

Oh! a farewell—'tis the last!
 And my heart—it will not break—
 But my tears are falling fast,
 As the dreary word I speak—

Farewell! farewell!

Oh! a mournful lot is mine,
 As the parting hour draws near;
 All I have to give is thine—
 Take a blessing and a tear!

Farewell! farewell!

How sweet the morning is!—how mild and pure!—I am sure my brother and that wicked Griffin are consorting for no good. Oh, Ulick! Oh, my brother! how is your noble nature tarnished by your wild courses, and your bad associates. 'Tis plain some evil is on foot against Margaret Lee—against Connor O'Gorman—I'll watch and listen!

[*She goes behind a rock; ULICK and MABEL GRIFFIN enter, L. H.*

Mab. Sure, I told you, I never yet wanted skill to make mischief!—Take a drop?—Well, then, I will. We'll have more divarsbin yet—*amusement*, as the Frinch says.

Uli. And what good has your fine plot done? The magistrate has accepted bail, and Connor is at large again. As for the quarrel—they'll make it up the first time they meet. Could he have been kept out of the way, I might have been—*psha!*—'tis all useless.

Mab. Well, now, I'd be sorry to say a disrespectful thing of the gentlemen.—But they are mortal stupid;—they haven't the delicate perceptions of the fair sex!—they want the softness—the—the—what is it the Frinch calls it?

Uli. No more, fool!—I'm not in the humour to be cheated.

Mab. (*fiercely.*) What do you mean by that?—Who's been the fool I wonder? (*pulls a small looking-glass out of her basket—holds it up to ULICK.*) Will you be pleased to look at one!—Who spent, and swapp'd, and sold, till all was gone, land and living, cross coin and character—ay, even character!—Who can say *that of me?*—Fool! indeed.—And now, when he ought to be on the seas, trying to find abroad what he squandered at home, who loiters on, for the sake of a pair of pretty eyes, and

risks the ruin of all the innocent boys engaged to share his fortune?—Fool, indeed!—Don't think that I'll find forage and drink for your Frinch recruits any longer! If you don't sail to-morrow with Mounseer Roland, I'll cut the commissariat department, and see who'll be the fool then?—Lor! if I was a man, show me the woman that would dare to put her finger in my eye!

Uli. Woman!—what would Margaret Lee be to me, at home or abroad, unless I could win her favour?

Mab. Win her first; her favour will follow—when she can't do better.—I ought to know; ain't I a woman?—Haven't I been eloped with twice?—and did I break my heart about it?—No!—Take a drop.—Now, *comprenez vous?* as the Frinch says.—But I don't think it quite discreet to be wandering with you about “the sweet Rock Close;”—there's no knowing what people might say!—so here, just a whisper—and then—

[*AILEEN advances, and listens.*

Uli. Ha! that might do;—but 'tis a coward's crime!—My heart swells against it.—Tempt me not, woman!—Let us to the mountains!

Mab. Oh, dear! how heroic.—Yes, “to the mountains” to-day, to come back to this den to-morrow, like “the King of France, with twenty thousand men, marched up the hill, and then marched down again. No—now, or never—act like a man, or I'll *chussey* the affair. With such a bribe as you can offer, and a handsomer leg to boot than ever Connor O'Gorman stood on, you may make your own bargain.—Sure, “now she's off with the old love, is the time for another to woo!” I know a woman's feelings;—haven't I been a widow three times myself?—Heigho!—Take a drop.—

Uli. Mabel, your hand—I'll do it—at all hazards she shall be mine—once on the sea all will be forgiven, and all but my love forgotten—now for the means! [*Exit ULICK, R. H.*

Mab. Leave that to me. (*takes up the corner of her apron.*)—This place makes me melancholy—two of my poor dear departed husbands made love to me in this very spot. (*cries.*) Come—(*going.*) And I can see them now! Oh! it's a terrible thing for a woman of sensibility, to see three husbands—not in the flesh—but in the spirit. (*drinks.*) [*Exit, R. H.*

SCENE II.—A room in MARGARET'S cottage; window looking into the garden; door leading to HECTOR'S bedroom, close to the window.

Enter CONNOR O'GORMAN and MARCUS ROCHE, L. H.

Gor. It's no use, Marcus. I'll not stir a foot out of this till I see her; many a word is spoken from the teeth out, that never had any thing to do with the heart. The heart! Sure it's my own that's crushed like a trodden daisy. Oh, Marcus!—if she knew but the rights of it, it's not from me she'd turn.

Marc. My dear fellow, if you leave it to time, she will relent. Now, her mind is full of last night's scene; and above all of your *unfitness* to guide and protect her child.

Gor. Marcus—sure it's herself would guide us both—and as to the protection! Well, Heaven help all mankind if we're to be judged by a wild turn; wasn't I provoked to it? flesh and blood couldn't stand the doings of that rascal in the county any longer.

FLORA enters, R. H. CONNOR goes to take her hand.

Flo. Keep your distance, Mr. O'Gorman, and remember though you Irish gentlemen may reconcile such doings, we belong to the more orderly sister-country.

Gor. Sister! Faith it's a step-sister any way! Now, Flora, say honestly, had Marcus been drawn in, the way I was last night, would you be so cruel to him as Margaret is to me?

Flo. Well then, Connor, I tell you honestly, and there's my hand on it—I would not. I would give my little finger to see that fellow with his arm in a sling; a broken head or neck only,—or any little token of spirit about him. (*crosses to MARCUS.*) Why didn't you restore Monica to her cabin, and beat the Factor? Go away, do; you're a mere dish of skimmed milk. (*crosses R. H.*) Connor, my sister will not see you, and I am deperately out of temper.

Gor. (*draws a chair.*) Here then I'll stay until she bids me go. (*sits.*) Sure she wouldn't be turning me off, as she'd turn out a dog, without so much as a God be with you. I couldn't think that of her. Flory, ask her to see me. Oh, it's a poor case, entirely, when long years of love and esteem are forgotten for an hour's wild waywardness!

Flo. Connor, my sister's life has been one continued sacrifice to what she considers duty; she bade me tell you, she wished you health, long life, and happiness, and that she need not repeat what you already know.

Gor. Wish me health and happiness; that's like giving a man a drink of *poison*, and bidding him go to sleep easy and comfortable! Flory, you wouldn't deceive me.

Flo. No Connor, that I wouldn't. I'll go to her again, if you desire it.

Gor. (*with deep feeling.*) Bless you, Flory! Do!—tell her how it was—tell her.—Oh, my grief! You can't tell her how I feel—for it's known only to my own heart! (*FLORA going.*) Come back, avourneen! Tell her she's dearer to me than the air I breathe—that every pulse of my heart tells the letters of her name! that any thing she bids me do, I will;—except to forget her, and that I never can. [*Exit FLORA, R. H.*]

Marc. She will come round in time, I wish you had let the matter rest for a few days.

Gor. (*with a sudden burst of feeling.*) Let what rest? My boiling blood and my throbbing brow? Marcus, you do not know me. So near my happiness, and now to see it torn from me! She cannot mean to drive me from her—she cannot. (*FLORA re-enters, R. H., dejectedly.*) Yes! I see it in your face, Flora; she has the heart to turn me away without a hope for the future, or a kind word for the past. But never heed!—never heed! Now, by the bright skies and green fields of my country, I'll see them no more after this day's sun sets on them.

I'll make her heart-sorry for this, before she's many hours older. I swear it. Tell her, I say, she shall be heart-sorry for this, before she's many hours older; tell her so, and from me! (*going—returns.*) But no, do not tell her of it now; she'll feel it time enough.

[*Rushes out, L. H.*]

Flo. Poor Connor! When my sister takes any thing into her head, she's very obstinate. I dare say now he'll do some silly thing or other. I couldn't have used him so.

Marc. You use me worse.

Flo. You, indeed! you are too quiet, too indolent; I'm your spur; without me you wouldn't move. Marcus, indolence is the rust that destroys your metal—rub it off.

Marc. I will, sooner than you look for, maybe. Listen to me, Flora; if Connor takes service abroad, I'll do the same. Were I to go abroad, you might sometimes think of me with kindness, if not with love. You accuse me—

Flo. Stop! I never accused you of any thing, good man, Marcus, except the cardinal virtues. Your gentleness, patience, and long-suffering, have been a perpetual reproach to poor giddy-pated Flora! You have been a sort of pattern man, to fit all sorts of proprieties on. Now I should like you better, if you had a spice of the devil in your composition. I shall break my heart when you go—for somebody to torment!—to be sure, Margaret has just bought a mule for Hector, and that would supply your place, indeed would do better!—because the mule would kick—and—

Marc. I don't.

Flo. Hem!

Marc. (*with spirit.*) Well, then, Flora, let me tell you at last, I'll be made a fool of for your amusement no longer—there are many pretty girls in the county would look kindly on me;—it's a folly to see two such fine fellows as O'Gorman and myself subject to the whims of Dame Margaret—and—

Flo. (*repeats in astonishment.*) Dame Margaret!

Marc. Have the civility to let me finish my sentence—Dame Margaret and her pert little cockney sister.

Flo. Cockney sister!

Marc. Whose best wit is a saucy tongue.

Flo. Am I awake?

Marc. And whose only beauty is a pair of passable eyes and a cock up nose.

Flo. (*screams.*) A what!

Marc. (*aside.*) I can't keep it up,—so, I'll go. [*Runs off, L. H.*]

Flo. (*rubbing her eyes.*) Some midsummer spell is over us all—What have I done?—What has he said? “a cock-up nose,”—I'm sure he'll come back—“passable eyes!” He shall beg my pardon on his knees in the muddiest road in the barony, before I forgive him!—I hear a footstep!—There he comes; sneaking back. Now to call up all my sex's dignity! (*she sits.*)

PETER enters with a book in his hand, L. H.

Pet. *Flora,* (*softly,*) Flory, dear.

Flo. I won't look at him.

Pet. She's musing—thinking o'me—or something else poetical
Flory. (*tickles her ear.*)

Flo. (*rising with dignity, turns and screams.*) You fright! is it only you?

Pet. That's all—I want to show you my book of mems, heads of chapters, &c. Here we are—vol. 2, chap. 16th—description of a Hírish owl as practised at funerals—horrid fate of the Kilkenny cats, that fought till only the tail of one was left to tell which got the day—How to make limestone soup—castle walls papered with velvet—etcetera—etcetera—but you are not attending to what I say.

Flo. Oh, yes I am. He's gone then. (*aside.*)

Pet. (*reads.*) Mrs. Magillicuddy gave Darby Lynch—but you're not listening to me.

Flo. Yes—I am—you fool—go on—(*aside*) Gone, to a certainty. Darby Lynch, did what?

Pet. (*reads.*) Mrs. Magillicuddy gave Darby Lynch.

MARGARET enters R. H.

Mar. Well, Flora! Where's Hector?

Flo. Gone, for ever.

Mar. Gone, for ever?

Flo. Have I a cock-up nose?

Mar. Pshaw! is this a day for jesting? Where is he gone?

Flo. Gone off as a volunteer—gone to be a horse grenadier with Connor.

Mar. You're mad, what my little Hector?

Flo. No—my big Marcus—all your fault—if you—

Mar. Hush! for Heaven's sake—another time—but my child—

Flo. Fast asleep on the sofa within—he has been crying himself ill because Connor didn't take him to ride this morning as he had promised.

Mar. (*looks through the door.*) Dear innocent, how tranquil is his sleep!

Enters room, 2 E. R. H.—PETER is writing and has seated himself awkwardly—his book on his knees.

Flo. Why, you unmannerly cockney—don't you see me standing here.

Pet. No—but I hear you standing there,

Flo. Peter, you're a noodle;—put that in your book.

Pet. And you're a vixen—that I need not put in it—every one knows that.—There now!

Flo. Heigho! I begin to think he's right—fool though he be. I have a great mind to run over sea and volunteer for a grenadier myself—Peter wouldn't I make a capital grenadier? (*with her whip strikes all his materials about.*)

Pet. You'd make a better bombardier—you're always a lup-setting every thing and every body—you've no taste for literature—or the fine harts.

Re-enter MARGARET looking back at her child.

Mar. He's fast asleep—and, oh! he looks so beautiful—the warm soft blush upon his cheeks—his breath moistening his lips with fragrant dew. *Flora*, do look at him!

Flo. I've seen him often enough—tiresome brat!

Mar. I forgot—you have no child.

Flo. Of course not; pray, sister, don't be scandalous, I am very angry with you, *Madge*, for sending that dear noble fellow away without a word.

Mar. I have done perfectly right.

Flo. You have done perfectly wrong—now, you know you have—I'll tell you what—I'll have *Connor* myself; you and *Marcus* ought to run in couples; you're rightly matched—you'd walk by moonlight, in the sweet *Rock Close*, dine on chicken broth, without salt or pepper, sip curds and whey; one would cry, "Dove," the other, "Love!" and keep debtor and creditor account of the kisses you exchanged from sunrise to sunset. I pray you, marry *Marcus*. (*laughs*.) Marry *Marcus*, for it's plain I shan't.

Mar. Don't speak so loud, you'll wake the child.

Flo. Oh! don't fuss so about the child! if I was *Connor*, I wouldn't have you, when you are sorry.]

Mar. When I am sorry for doing what was due to my sex and situation!

Flo. Yes; why, you're sorry already, I know you are: I see it about the corners of your mouth when you called the cat to his milk this morning, instead of saying "puss," you said "Connor."

Pet. (*starts forward*.) Oh! *Hilloo! hoo!* I knew I came back for something very particular—such a mysterious mystery!

Flo. This fool is worse now than ever—what howl's nest have you found now, eh?

Pet. Ah! that's the pint; about half an hour ago as I was a walking in the garden, a piece of slate rolls slap agin my toes; hillo, says I, here's a go! who are you a pelting? When an unknown pretty young female girl gives me a sweet look over the hedge, and says, "Take that to *Margaret Lee*, quick."

Flo. And you followed her directions, of course.

Pet. Of course, only when I came in you got a hoaxing of me, and driv my mind in a new direction—here's the mysterious slate, just slipped out of my memorandum-book, where I put it.

Mar. What was the young girl?

Pet. Ay! that's the query; some'at supernatural, I suppose, for she vanished like a spectre, crying out, "Quick, quick!"

Mar. 'Tis some word of *Connor's*; I cannot look on it.

Flo. Give the slate to me, *Peter Punctual*. (*looks, and starts*.) What mystery is here?

Pet. Ay! that's the pint; I'd like you to tell me that.

Flo. (*reading*.) "Margaret Lee, look to your child."

Mar. My child! do I not look to my child: what have I not this day sacrificed for the sake of my duty to my child!

[*Rushes out into the room; calling from within.*
Flora!—He is not here, my boy is not here! Gracious Heaven!
(*re-enters*.) Run, *Flora!* he's in the garden—(exit *FLORA*, L. H.)

—or in the paddock, or the stable—or, how very absurd to tremble thus—look in your chamber, Peter! he has hidden there to frighten me—I'm sure he has. [PETER exits, L. H., calls.

Enter FLORA, L. H.

Well, Flora?

Flo. No one has seen him; but do not be alarmed, dear sister.

Mar. I'm not alarmed—there can be no danger—impossible—I'm not alarmed—I only want to know where my child is—you know he could not be taken from that room, and we all here—it is impossible—(vehemently)—why do you not say it is impossible?

Flo. I do. (frightened.)

Mar. Oh, you are cold and tame—I'll search for him myself. (as she is going.)

Mab. (enters L. H.) Sweet Mrs. Margaret, what a mishap—little Hector missing—don't be downhearted—he's safe enough, I dare say.

Mar. Oh, bless you! for saying so—you know where he is then?

Mab. Not *precisemong*, as we says in Paris; but I can guess—I saw Mr. O'Gorman riding down the village, about one o'clock—he's took the young gentleman a ride, as a father ought—"ride a cock-horse"—wish you joy—not dressed like a bride, either.—Take a drop.

Mar. My child! my child!

[Exit MARGARET followed by FLORA, L. H.]

Mab. (calls after.) Precious little darling! Nasty little brat! He's gone! Haven't I a head? I'll take a drop to his *bon voyage*, as the Frinch says. [Exit.

SCENE III.—*The Rock Close.* R. H. ULICK enters as watching some one.

Uli. Here comes the old hag, half woman, half devil—the boy is, by this, with Roland, on his way to the old tower; and, if I can but prevail on the mother to accompany me there, the broad day will witness, if she returns not, that, at least, her going was voluntary—let Connor, the blaster of mine and my sister's happiness, think on that, when he's broken-hearted at her loss.

Enter MABEL GRIFFIN, quickly, R. H.

Mab. All's right—*tout va bien*, as the Frinch says. Dear me, I'm out o' breath! She's coming this way, and her mad sister's off to Marcus Roche; the foolish cockney, by my advice, is gone to get a warrant against O'Gorman, and so the coast is clear. I'll have your jingle all ready at the bridge—if she consents, which I'm sure she will—for I know a mother's feelings—we'll drive through the village, that the gossips may see her going with you—that's fun—haven't I a head?—Take a drop.

Uli. Mabel, you're my better genius—now leave the coast clear—I see Margaret coming.

Mab. "*Partons pour la guerre*," as the song says—I'm off—*vive l'amour*! [Exit, L. H.]

MARGARET enters wildly, R. H.

Mar. Ulick! Ulick Sullivan—'tis long since we have met.

Uli. To my sorrow be it remembered, had we met often as I once hoped and wished, you would not now have stood before me a bereaved mother, and I a broken man.

Mar. Speak not of the past, or not in that tone, Ulick—I am here in hopes to learn from you, how I may recover my lost child—you know his fate.

Uli. I know nothing; but that he is stolen, I have heard.

Mar. (interrupting him.) Heard,—Ulick, do you then *know* nothing?—Look me steadily and earnestly in the face, as you used, long since, before you became wild and lawless and changed, as you now are.

Uli. Ay, as I was, before you spurned me, rejected me for another—who could not love deeply and dearly as I have loved—as I still love you.

Mar. Look at me, Ulick! Why does your eye shun mine?—I will not kneel to you as a weak and trembling woman; but as a mother I will appeal to those better feelings, which however crushed, still crouch within your heart; you would not stoop to such littleness; as soon would your mountain eagle rob the sparrow's nest, or seek its prey upon the cottage floor.

Uli. You speak riddles—I am as much your slave as I was the first hour of our meeting—and if—

Mar. (indignantly.) If!—Ulick!—And you come to bargain with a bereaved parent—coldly, and in measured words—words weighed against each other—you come to say—‘if you give me your love,—I will give you back your child.’

Uli. You wrong me—I—

Mar. (passionately.) I cannot be deceived—a mother's instinct tells me I am right. Ulick! where is my boy? You know where and how he is—You took him from me—I see it—feel it—know it—tell me if he be well and safe—and I will pardon, will pray for you!

(Ulick has averted his face, she turns, looks fixedly at him.)

Uli. Ay—and spurn me after—by every power in earth and heaven, I took not your boy.

Mar. Swear by your mother's grave, you know not where he is—nay, you shall not leave me so—*(clings to him.)*—Ulick! you say you love me—give me back my child, and I will kneel and bless you!

Uli. Margaret hear me. By the viper you took to your bosom, has the wound you suffer been inflicted, not by the scorned, and cast off Ulick. Now listen—in the tower of the O'Sullivan are at this hour gathered a band of self-exiled men, peasants of the country, who go from this, their own loved land, to moisten with their blood a stranger soil—their chief stands before you—the last of an ancient race. I this night sail with my followers to eternal banishment:—stung in part by your treatment, and as I think more led by love for my poor sister, Connor O'Gorman has joined himself with these volunteers for exile.

Mar. Ah! he threatened it—of Aileen Sullivan's love for him I have before heard.

Uli. Indeed! but of *his* love for her he was silent, doubtless

—no matter—to that tower, as I suspect, he has borne your child—thither I am now bound—for the last time I stand upon the domain once my father's—dare you go with me—face your false betrothed, and claim at his hands your son?

Mar. Dare I!—what will not a mother dare? Ulick Sullivan—I will go with you,—you are a man, a wayward spirit, but never were accounted ungenerous or a coward. Who would harm a mother seeking her lost child? Ulick, take my hand.

Uli. A sceptre would be less welcome. [*Exeunt, L. H.*]

SCENE IV.—*A room in DENNIS MURPHY'S house—practicable window, L. H.—door, L. H.—wing table with glass bottle on, &c.—chairs.*

CONNOR O'GORMAN and DENNIS discovered.

Gor. And your brother Pat, you say, knows where this Mounseer Roland is to be found?

Den. Yes, Master Connor; Pat knows most of the mischief that's going on about the hills or on the shore. I heard him say there's as many as fifty or more of the finest boys in the three baronies going to set sail in the next ship—all for the army abroad.

Gor. Ay, and amongst them, I'll make one; yes, by heavens, were it this night; no woman that ever lived shall see my heart break, whilst—(*sings*)—

Bullets are singing,
And broadswords are ringing,
Who would die of false love? brave boys,
Who would die of false love?

Den. Don't sing in that fashion, Master Connor; it breaks my heart to hear you. Drink a drop, sir; it will cheer you up.

Gor. To be sure; nothing drowns strong love but strong waters. Now, Dennis, take care of these letters; and deliver them the moment I'm gone.

Den. No, sir; you'll be good enough to get another postman, for whenever you go, and wherever you go, your foster-brother, Dennis Murphy, goes too.

Gor. Well, Dennis, I'll not balk you; nor by a single "nay," disparage the value of such a follower. We've little but the soil to regret, Murphy! Ah! I forget—I have a parent. You, my poor fellow, do not forget yours, I see. Hang this love, how selfish it makes a man. [*A knock at the door, 2 E. R. H.*]

Den. It's Pat, sir; shall I let him in?

Gor. Ay, ay, let's hear news of the bold kidnapper, Monsieur Roland. What is here?

[*MURPHY opens door, 2 E. R. H.—AILEEN, cloaked, comes timidly forward.*]

—A woman, and hooded! Pray, my dear, whoever you are, lay that ill-looking hood aside. I've seen one frown come

from under a hood to-day, which I'll not forget in a hurry. Who do seek you here?

Ail. Connor O'Gorman.

Gor. Behold the man! and now be as frank, and say who's your pretty self.

Ail. Aileen O'Sullivan. (*unhoods.*)

Gor. Aileen!—the neatest-handed, brightest-eyed, and kindest-hearted colleen of the mountains!—What brings you here, and alone, so near sunset?

Ail. Not to hearken to your light words, Connor. Listen closely, and act promptly, as you wish ever again to look upon her you love.

Gor. That hope, Aileen, is nigh dead in my bosom!

Ail. Wake it, then; if not for your own sake, for hers!—Margaret Lee's child is now in the power of those who will not be found on Irish ground, if not quickly followed by one who's head is cool and who's heart is stout.

Gor. Little Hector Lee!—my boy!—my pet!—my playfellow!—who smiled on me, when all else in his mother's house looked dark and cold?—in danger!—stolen!—and how?—when?—for what purpose?—

Ail. The purpose I dare not think on;—but that boy is by this in O'Sullivan's Tower, in the Bograth Hills, guarded by a set of desperate men, who will sail this night for France, and leave Margaret Lee childless!—Stay no longer here; but, if you fear not to act, follow me. I will instruct you how to gain admittance to the Tower, and in what disguise—hush!—

[DENNIS, at window in flat.

Den. Master Connor, run sir, if you're in fear of dun or constable, for they're all here with Mick Sweeny at the head of them.

Gor. Let them come!—I'm a free man,—'tis not me they seek, and it cannot be you, Aileen.

[AILEEN shakes her head, places her finger on her lips, and resumes her hood. Enter PETER SWAN, armed; SWEENEY, armed, and four constables, L. H.

Pet. Here he is!—there stands the child-kidnapping malefactor.—Arrest him!

Swe. Mr. O'Gorman, surrender in the king's name, on a criminal charge—felony, in the first degree.

Gor. Why, Mr. Peter, you surely know me better?

Pet. I deny it;—I don't know you at all;—I cut you dead.—Constables, do your dooty—I hidentify that man as Connor OGREMAN.

Gor. There's not a man in the county will know me by that name, Peter—goose.—What charge is now to be brought against me?

Swe. Compound abduction. (*reads.*) "To wit"—

Gor. Keep your breath, Master Sweeny.—Who dares accuse me of such a dastard act, except that travelling goose!—Not Margaret Lee, I'm sure!—Lead me to her.

Pet. That's all a flam;—besides, she's not at home; they

told us at the village, she'd gone up to the hills, in a gingle, with Mr. O'Sullivan and another old lady.

Gor. What!—Where?—

Ail. (*aside to Gor.*) Not a moment must be lost!—keep your eye on that window.

[*She turns away—Exits door, 2 E. R. H.—MURPHY is seen to lock the side-door.*]

Gor. What can this mean?

Pet. (*to CONNOR.*) Keep hoff! I know the use of fire-harms—guard the door till the soldiers arrive—stand at hease.

Gor. Now, look, here I stand accused of what I'm as innocent of as the babe unborn; let me pass that door, and I'll pledge you my honour to resign myself into your hands, dead or alive, in two hours.

Swe. Prisoners must not speak—guard the door!

Gor. I wasn't speaking to you—I was speaking to a man with a heart—to my friend, Mr. Swan, there.

Pet. Oh! blarney! I haven't got no heart.

Gor. Faith, I believe ye—or head either—but come, I'll speak a language you all understand; let me pass out, or come what may, I'll make a riddle of him that stops me. (*draws.*)

Pet. Show him the warrant, Mister Swiiney.

[*PETER runs behind SWENY and men, AILEEN opens the window from the outside, and exclaims:*]

Ail. Here comes Captain Grey and the soldiers!

Swe. That's all right—now we'll clip this gentleman's wings—no bail for this offence, Mr. O'Gorman—open the door!

[*As they go to open the door, CONNOR springs over table, upsets PETER, who is looking out of window, and dashes through window; PETER roars murder!*]

Swe. Fire, men!

[*They present; AILEEN appears at window.*]

Ail. Is it at a woman, Mick Sweeny! Oh! you're brave boys! ha! ha! ha! fire away!

Swe. Down with the door, boys—by Heaven it's locked—where's the key?

Den. Here it is, Mister Sweeny—don't be frustrated.

Swe. Give it up, scoundrel!

Den. I don't know why I'd give you the key of my door—I never asked you to walk into it, and if you want to go out, there's the window, and the chimbley—take your choice.

Swe. Here's treason, Mr. Swan—where are you, Mr. Swan?

Pet. (*under the table.*) Here I am, Mr. Swiiney.

Swe. Why, how came you there?

Pet. (*rising.*) I don't know—hardly. I wish I was a close prisoner in the Marshalsea, or even in Battersea workhouse.

Swe. There's my warrant, Mr. Dennis Murphy, and in King George's name I command you to open that door.

Den. Oh, in course; in the king's name, that alters the case—but if you're going afther Mr. Connor O'Gorman—I'd bave you wait a bit, till you get the soldiers, for there's my brother Pat,

and a score of boys in the barn with him, and they mightn't be as civil as I am. (*crosses, and opens the door.*)

Pet. Very much obliged for your advice, Mr. Murphy—we'll take it, at least I will—not one foot will I go further, for all the children in the country, unless I see the red coats before me.

Swe. Pahaw! where's your courage, Mr. Swan?

[*Exit with men, 2 E. R. H.*]

Pet. That's just what I'd like to know—its like a turnspit, always out of the way when most wanted. Good morrow, Mr. Murphy; hem!—a mem. for vol. iii.—catastrophe.

Swe. (*looking in at window.*) Murphy, don't laugh in your sleeve—I'll be down on you yet.

Den. You can laugh then, but I'm up to you now—so a pleasant walk to you.

Pet. (*looking in at window.*) Mr. Murphy! Mr. Murphy! Can you tell me what sort of weather we shall have next Christmas!*

[*DENNIS laughing in front; SWEENEY and PETER looking through window, SWEENEY threatening, curtain falls.*]

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Chamber in MARGARET LEE's cottage as before.

Enter MARCUS, L. H. 1 E.

Marc. No tidings of the child—I wonder Flora is not here. No one believes that Connor had any thing to do with so foul an act.

Enter FLORA hastily, L. H. 1 E.

Flo. There you are, talking as usual to yourself, yet saying nothing.

Marc. I came to say I can hear no tidings of the boy.

Flo. Then more shame for you! If you had had your wits about you, he wouldn't have been stolen!

Marc. Why I wasn't in the room.

Flo. No; you were in your airs. That fool, Peter Swan, I could tear his eyes out—I'll never marry a fool, fools should be put down by act of parliament. The idea of his lodging informations against Connor; in spite of all I could say, he down-faced me that Connor had concealed the child; and talked greater nonsense than you do.

Marc. Flora you have made me talk a great deal I confess—but I shall not do so much longer. When this unfortunate business is clear'd up I'll bid you farewell for ever.

Flo. No you won't—there's a reason against it—you can't.

* For this anachronism, Mr. Swan, or rather his representative, is alone responsible.

Mar. I can't!

Flo. Well then—there's another—you shan't—I won't let you. If you go for a soldier—I'll carry your knapsack—why I'm half a soldier already—I'll give you a lesson—present arms. (MARCUS goes to embrace her.) Halt—why what an apt scholar you are.—Sometimes. Shoulder arms I meant; and right about face, quick march, sir; when your commanding officer says "quick march," you're not to go lolloping about like a Newfoundland pup, so—(mimics.) Now is that a bit like a soldier? (MARCUS laughs.) What are you laughing at—but this is too bad to be making love to you when we ought to be hunting the county for my sister's son—she too to be absent at such a time; where can she have gone?

AILEEN coming forward, L. H. 1 E.

Ail. To the mountains—where, if you love and would save her, and her child, you must follow quickly, with arms, and men who fear not to use them if need be.

Flora. Aileen O'Sullivan, what means this?

Ail. Ulick O'Sullivan has taken Margaret Lee to the tower, where the child went before, and if you would recover either you must be quick.

Marc. Now at once let us hasten. I'll rouse those at a word who will follow me to death; where shall I find Connor at this hour of need?

Ail. Where he is *most* needed! In that tower, seeking with his life to restore to Margaret Lee the child he was reported base enough to have stolen.

Marc. Flora, in one moment, meet me by the bridge—brave girl away before—we'll follow, fear not.

Flora. Bravo, Marcus—now you look and speak like a man.

Marc. Ay Flora, and I will act like one, or die for it.

[*Exeunt all, L. H. 1 E. quickly.*]

SCENE II.—(Last Scene.)—(Lights half down.)—Gothic chamber in ruins; stair-case turning up and down beneath the stage, such as are found in towers; table, chairs, &c. all old and old-fashioned; ROLAND discovered with DENNIS MURPHY.

Den. Well, are the boys all muster'd, Monsieur?

Rol. All above in the great room—they are well car'd for, and not one, who goes up that staircase, can come down again without my leave. (shows key.) All that come are welcome, but none go to-night till they step into the boats at ten o'clock. Capt. O'Sullivan not returned with you, eh?

Den. I don't expect him this hour—he has some private work in hand—you'll have a strange passenger may be.

Rol. We've one I didn't look for here already. What make's him take that brat?

Den. That's none of the Captain's, though he may wish it was, mother and all. (whistle heard at back.) Hush!—I heard the signal. (whistle again repeated below.)

Rol. Come, we shall have few missing on the water—here's another. (mounts stairs to loophole and looks out below.) What's that below?

Gor. (*below.*) The aigle.

Rol. I should have looked for that bird above?

Gor. So you will when he rises.

Den. All right. (*goes below.*)

Rol. (*descending.*) Desperate service this, I'm engaged in; but soldiers must be had, and the French king's money's as good as any other; this will be a cargo of stout fellows, and Ulick O'Sullivan as pretty a man to lead them against a breach as ever drew steel out of leather. Who comes?

Gor. (*nearer, but still below.*) Aigle.

DENNIS appears, with CONNOR disguised, following at his heels.

Rol. What bird's this?

Gor. Aigle. Sure I tould ye dat before.

Den. That's what I'd like to know—he's no eagle by his feathers.

Gor. Oh, yes, I'm a brave aigle—only its moulting I am. Wait till we get over the say, and I get my fine new feathers, and sharp spurs at my heels, and see what a brave bird I'll be—by dad, you'll not know me.

Rol. (*whispers DEN.*) He's never been caught before you say?

Den. Never was in a nest before.

Rol. What's your name, Paddy?

Gor. That's not it any way, though it was my father's, and I'm his only son.

Rol. Your father only had you, eh?

Gor. No, I didn't say that; he had twins—me and a brave little girl.

Rol. Oh, a girl and a boy—you're the boy, eh?

Gor. What a guess! somebody must have tould ye. Yes, I'm the boy; and my sister's the girl. My sister's name is Patty, bekase my dad's was Paddy; and my name's Neddy, bekase my mam's was Nelly.

Rol. This fellow's a fool!

Den. Don't be too sure of that. What did you come here for, Ned, my lad?

Gor. To be a sodger, and that's what you darn't be.

Rol. Not so foolish either—and what do you think I'm doing in this place now.

Gor. I know—catching gudgeons. What kind of a haul have ye had this time, Captain Roland, dear?

Den. Oh, he's all right.

Rol. Did you come with any friend?

Gor. Yes, I came wid myself, and that's the best frind I have. I wish ye'd tell me where to get another—and I'd have two. I picks up whatever I gets, and keeps it like the bees, till its wanted. Give me a drink for luck, anyhow.

Rol. Give him a glass, Murphy.

Gor. Yes, with a thrifle inside of it, or I'll be axing for the bottle. Faiks, I didn't see it afore, else I wouldn't ha' troubled ye. Here's the king—the king over the say, I mane—and great promotion to us all, and soon. Won't I be a fine giniral? (*drinks.*) Here's long life, and better licker to ye, captain!

Rol. Did the Captain—you know who? send you here, and give ye the pass-word?

Gor. Hadn't ye better ax him whin he comes? May be I only called to lave a card at his country-house, and he going away into furrin parts. D'ye think I don't know manners? Be my fegs! but he keeps rare company;—nice men ye are for a private tay-party. Ye can't guess what brought me here, at all, at all?

Rol. How should we know?

Gor. (*seats himself on table.*) Well, here I am, any way; and I'm afraid you didn't expect me, as the fox said, whin he called to ax after the health of the sitting hen;—maybe I'm not welcome? as the monkey said, whin he took the fish from the cat;—maybe I'll not make myself at home? as the cuckoo said in the linnet's nest. Och! but it's the could shoulder ye're showing me, I'm thinking.—Well, I must say ye're mighty ill-behaved people, not to give a "God save ye" to a stranger.—I wish ye'd tell me where ye wint to school—that I may send my son the other road?

Den. You're a queer fellow, faith.

Gor. Fait', and you may say dat, and tell no lie: and it's queer things I could tell ye both, if ye'd just look cosey and comfortable, (*during this speech, ROLAND stands in L. H. corner, looking very black—MURPHY R. H. corner, biting his thumbs,*) and not be sucking your thumbs, and lookin' as sour as if they'd been dipp'd in the mustard-pot.

Rol. (*advances.*) Can you tell what we'd do with a spy here, if we caught one?

Gor. No, troth:—but I'll tell you what to do wid a ferret, whin you catch one.

Rol. What?

Gor. Keep your finger out of his mouth.

Rol. I don't know what to make of this fellow.

Den. He's safe enough here, whatever he comes for. Well, now, Ned, what's that story ye're going to tell us?—we want something to pass the time.

Gor. Ay, now ye talk sinse; and it's gay and divartin I am when you trate me civil, (*ROLAND and MURPHY sit down on stools, R. and L. of table,*) but if ye throw hot pepper in my eye, I'm the divil.—Well, will you have a divartin or a sensible story?

Mur. Oh! we'll have a divarting one, and never mind the sense.

Gor. So I was thinking. Wait till I hang my cap upon a nail (*places one leg over the other, and hangs his cap on his foot.* Well, ye see, I've heerd my mother say—och! 'tis she was the knowing woman—onst upon a time, there was a poor sheep—a ewe sheep—she was fair and white as ever was sprinkled by the dew of a May morning; and this ewe had one lamb—

Rol. Pooh! pooh!—you are talking to men; do, if you can, talk like one, and not like a—

Gor. (*pointedly.*) Like a what?—Don't baulk your fancy—say it out—I'm not aisy put out.

Rol. Go on.

Gor. Thank ye for nothing, as the mouse said when he saw the cheese in the trap. Well, as I was saying, this ewe had one lamb, and she thought a dale of it—as all faymale things do of their young—but maybe she thought more of it, on account that the ould shepherd, who ought to have taken care of the little lamb, was dead, and the lamb had no one to look to for a sup of milk, or a noggin of whiskey, or any thing that way it might want, but herself: and so the purty ewe thought if she could pick up something in the way of a frind, to take care of herself and the lamb, it would be no bad plan; and you know Mister—ah! now, it's quare, I don't know your name?

Den. What do I know about such nonsense?

Gor. Why, thin, you will know whin I tell you—won't ye? That's as clear as mud. Well, she formed a friendship with—what d'ye think?

Rol. With a what?

Gor. No; with a dog, and a *sad dog too*; though by my soul, it's often merry he was, when he had the luck to fall into pleasant company, and that's what I haven't had the luck to do to-day—no offence to you gentlemin. There was nothing mane, nor pimping, nor prying about him; he was a bould, gay, rough-coated, rollocking, waggum tailums, sort of a dog.

Rol. Don't hawl so loud.

Gor. Sure there's no telling a story without bawling.

Rol. Then leave your story. I've a sick recruit.

Gor. Oh! I'll go aisy. A sick recruit is it?—why didn't ye tell me that before? Ah, then, captain dear, where is he at all?

Rol. What's that to you?

Gor. Oh, nothing at all, at all: well, about the dog—

Rol. Stuff! stuff!

Gor. Faix, he was; and the right stuff too, as ye'll find before ye've done wid him; ye're right for once any way; and so the sheep, poor craytur, placed a dale of dipindance on the dog; but what do you think now; ye can't guess, I'll go bail. Why a divil of a wolf kept ever such a long watch, thinking to get them both into his clutches; but he couldn't, on account of the dog. So what d'ye think the base, black-hearted grim scoundrel did? I'm sure ye don't know, because it's what every honest Irishman would scorn to think of; he watched his opportunity, and on the sly, when the dog little draming of his wickedness, was slouching about the fields, wid his tail between his legs, fretting himself to fiddlestrings, by reason of a scrap of a misunderstanding he had wid his frind the sheep, what d'ye think the wolf did? Like a carniverous, dirty, mane scoundrel—as he is, he stole the innocent lamb from the mother's side; *but what did the dog?*

Rol. Well, what did the dog?

Gor. Ay, what did the dog? He got on the wolf's scent, and tracked him; bould and honest, with his breast high, his head and tail well up in the air; in the shine of day he tracked him to his own den, and when he got him face to face—so—what did he do? He gave him a look in the eye—this way—and then he

seized him—so—(CONNOR seizes ROLAND by the throat, and dashes him on the ground). And what did he say? He shouted (calls aloud.) Hector! "Hector! my boy!"

Child. (within the cavern.) Here, Connor, here!

[CONNOR seizes a chair, and throws it at the cavern, which breaks, and the child rushes out—MURPHY has thrown over the table and stools—ROLAND gets up by this time, and is in the L. H. corner. [HECTOR runs in and clings to CONNOR's knees—he embracing the child.

Gor. Now, Mr. Wolf, what do you think of the dog? (takes the child in his arms,) my heart's jewel (to ROL.) now if you dare to stop me!

[DENNIS has climbed the ladder that rested against the wall, and looks from the loophole.

Rol. Death and destruction, put down the child.

Gor. Put down the child indeed!

Rol. Let me pass (advancing)—I've those above stairs will soon dispose of you, my fine fellow.

Gör. (standing at the foot of the stairs.) I know you have, when you can get to them, and locked in too, and the key in your pocket; and do you think I'll let them down?—ha! ha!—let me down first—(ROLAND puts his hand in his coat pockets, as if searching for something. CONNOR draws a pistol)—ha, put your hand in your pocket and I'll let daylight into your thick skull in a trice—keep behind, Hector, dear.

Den. (to CONNOR.) We're lost, they are here!

[CONNOR still at foot of stairs, presents pistol,—whistle heard as before—all start—DENNIS darts down ladder.

Rol. Here's the captain, now my fine fellow look to yourself (goes down.)

Gor. I intend it, and to you too—how the deuce am I to move next,—O, Aileen, sure you'll not desert me at the last—no, I'll trust true woman if I had twenty lives.

ULICK appears leading MARGARET—AILEEN follows.

Gor. Ulick O'Sullivan!—heavens, can my eyes deceive me? that fool's story then was true, and Margaret Lee—

Mar. Connor, give me back my child—ah—

Gor. Here is your child.

Hec. Mamma, mamma— (runs to her.)

Uli. Yes, Connor O'Gorman, you are rightly informed, if you were told that Margaret Lee was the willing companion of the despised O'Sullivan to his tower, and intends accompanying him across the seas.

Mar. (unheeding.) My boy, my boy,—Connor what could have so changed your nature, as to induce you to injure the woman, who never ceased to love you, and thus to rob the mother of her child.

Gor. What dream am I in—and when shall I awake?

Uli. I'll tell you—when you see Margaret Lee sailing over the blue sea beneath the rising moon—the bride elect of the

O'Sullivan—Ha! will not that awaken you? Come, Roland, muster the men, and let us on board ere the moon rises.

Mab. What wild words are these? Ulick, you cannot mean what you say—you have hitherto kept faith with me, remember I trusted in your honour.

MABEL comes up trap and advances to front.

Mab. That was silly, my dear—trust no man's honor. I know something about trusting that way—men always want such long credit. Ulick, my dear, all right, the boats are below all ready. How do, Mr. Connor, fine night for a sail—Eh! (*curtseys.*)

Gor. Out hag. Ulick, hear me. I see at once the dark treachery you have practised on your intended victim. To go farther you must add murder to treachery—let us descend this tower; and then you go your own way—but till then, whilst I live, no foot ascends those stairs or releases those who are above.

Uli. Fool, one word of mine and you cease to live—give way or we fire.

AILEEN rushes down between them.

Ail. Brother, hold—stain not your hand with blood. Let them go, and through the world your sister will follow, and cherish and love you the more for that you have sinned, and for her love repented.

Uli. Back, fool!

Ail. (*wildly.*) Your fate then be upon you. Connor, defend yourself; help is at hand. (*darts down trap.*)

Mab. The denouement is coming; I'm uneasy.

Uli. Come, give way, or take your fate; drag the woman from before him.

[*They snatch MARGARET and her boy away. ULICK comes down and presents his pistol; CONNOR draws his quickly.*

Uli. Reserve your fire, Roland—his death be on my head. (*fires, and in the act HECTOR flings his arms about his knees, and turns the direction of the pistol.*)

Gor. (*at the same moment holds up his pistol.*) The child you've wronged has saved you; yet let us go free—

AILEEN coming forward.

Ail. Hold! or you are lost!

[*Drums heard below—noise above—voices. Hillo, ho! The soldiers are on us! At the same moment MABEL GRIFFIN rushes past CONNOR up stairs.*

Mab. Oh, Mr. Connor, you'd not shoot a lady—come out boys—down and try your mettle—here's fun! (*She opens door at top, and men come from within, at the same moment CAPT. GREY, MARCUS and soldiers spring through the trap, followed by FLORA.*

Capt. Grey. Stand fast above there—or I'll shoot down every dog of you.

Mab. Always except the sex, thank ye, captain;—take a drop, dear!

PETER enters up trap.

Pet. (*coming forward.*) Here's a catastrophe—what a scene for vol. iii.

Gor. Captain Grey, I always meet you when I'm in trouble—

but truth, sir, you're more welcome now, than you were at our last meeting.

Mar. Dear Connor, how my heart thanks you!

Gor. Don't speak in that tone; Cushlamachree; my heart's too full to bear it—and there stands one who needs comfort. Aileen Avourneen—best and fairest, with the spirit of an eagle and the heart of a dove—let my blessing, and a mother's blessing thank you—*(aside,)* fear not for your brother—your virtue protects him. Well, Margaret—now you have recovered your boy through Mr. O'Sullivan's care from the hands of this old devil incarnate, bid him and his friends adieu, and let us be going our way.

Ui. *(astonished.)* What do I hear?

Ail. The voice of a generous rival—can you not imitate so worthy an example? Come, Ulick, rouse ye.

Uh. Connor, hold—before you go—give me your hand—and forgive me—Margaret Lee, you owe me little—though I've loved you madly if not wisely—if you will permit me to touch your hand for the last time—I—*(she gives it,)* will place it in the noblest keeping—bless you—bless you!—Aileen, come.

[AILEEN rushes after him, pauses a moment; CONNOR catches her in his arms, then kneels, kisses her hand, and she descends, followed by ROLAND. DENNIS goes to trap and watches.]

Mab. So, I'm the 'scapegoat, eh? Well, I'm afraid I shall have to take a drop myself.

CONNOR takes GREY's hand; DENNIS coming forward.

Gor. Captain, you're a noble fellow, and I thank you—his exile will injure no one and may yet restore a gallant spirit to the world.

Den. They're off shore, sir.

Gor. Oh, Murphy! my honest ally, you acted your part bravely—Marcus, your hand; Flora, a kiss; Peter, put that in your book.

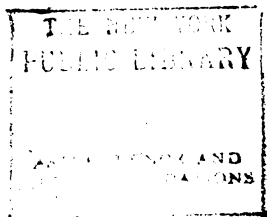
Pet. With many such in it, what a sale it would have!

Flo. In that case, Peter, you'll need a second edition.

Gor. A second edition—I hope the public will demand many editions, before they grow weary of perusing you—and all that I may say, for once without being suspected in this case of BLARNEY.

DESCRIPTION OF CHARACTERS AS THE CURTAIN FALLS.

CAPTAIN GREY AND SOLDIERS.
MABEL. PETER. MAR. FLORA. MARCUS. CONNOR. CHILD. DENNIS.
R. L.





70.2

A

HASTY CONCLUSION:

A Burletta,

IN ONE ACT.

—♦—
BY

ELIZA PLANCHÉ,

HONORARY MEMBER OF THE DRAMATIC AUTHORS' SOCIETY.

—♦—
AS PERFORMED AT

THE ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.

~~~~~  
CORRECTLY PRINTED FROM THE PROMPTER'S COPY, WITH REMARKS, THE CAST OF  
CHARACTERS, COSTUME, SCENIC ARRANGEMENT, SIDES OF ENTRANCE AND  
EXIT, AND RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.  
~~~~~

ILLUSTRATED WITH AN ETCHING, BY PIERCE EGAN THE YOUNGER, FROM A
DRAWING TAKEN DURING THE REPRESENTATION.

LONDON:
CHAPMAN AND HALL, 186, STRAND.

—
MDCCCXXXVIII.

468

Dramatis Personæ and Costume.

First performed at the Royal Olympic Theatre, April 19, 1838.

<p>THE ABBÉ LE BON, Almoner to a French Regiment. <i>First dress.</i>—Suit of black, shoes and buckles; black neckbands, with white edges; a small black cloak, falling from under the collar of the coat; the cross of the Legion of Honour on his left breast, a black calotte, <i>i.e.</i> small skull-cap; three-cornered cocked hat.—<i>Second dress.</i>—French uniform</p>	}	<p>MR. C. MATHews.</p>
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<p>MARTELLE, a Grenadier of the French Guard. <i>First</i>, in undress; and afterwards, in full uniform</p>	}	<p>MR. FARREN.</p>
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<p>CARL, a German Blacksmith. Full breeches of brown cloth, blue stockings, shoes with large silver buckles; a coarse shirt, with German braces over it; handkerchief loosely knotted round neck, sleeves turned up, and a leathern apron on at first: when he goes out, a coat slung over his shoulder, and a flat-crowned black hat, with a coloured riband round it</p>	}	<p>MR. J. BLAND.</p>
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<p>BLACKSMITH'S MAN. Similar dress to CARL</p>	}	<p>MR. KERRIDGE.</p>
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<p>SOLDIER. Uniform same as MARTELLE</p>	}	<p>MR. IRELAND.</p>
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<p>MARIE, MARTELLE'S Daughter. Costume of a peasant of Macon, in Burgundy</p>	}	<p>MADAME VESTRIS.</p>
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Time of representation, forty minutes.

EXPLANATION OF THE STAGE DIRECTIONS.

L. means first entrance, left. R. first entrance, right. S. E. L. second entrance, left. S. E. R. second entrance, right. U. E. L. upper entrance, left. U. E. R. upper entrance, right. C. centre. L. C. left centre. R. C. right centre. T. E. L. third entrance, left. T. E. R. third entrance, right. Observing you are supposed to face the audience.

This Piece is freely rendered from a Vaudeville, entitled "*L'Aumônier
du Régiment.*"

E. P.

A HASTY CONCLUSION.

SCENE.—*The interior of CARL'S Cottage; a Forge is seen, R. U. E.; door L. F. and window R. F. at back, opening on to the country; doors right and left 2 E. MARIE enters from D. L. 2 E. CARL and one of the Blacksmiths are beating a piece of iron on the Anvil before the Forge. As the curtain goes up, a Military March is heard behind the scenes.*

Marie, L. C. (running to window). Hark! hark! there's a regiment of the French guards going through the village.

Carl, R. I'm glad of it: I love the French! don't I, Marie?

Marie. It's my father's regiment.

Carl. So it is. What a noble set of men they are! Look at the trumpeter, there's a fine fellow for you!

Man, R. His dress is—mighty fine.

Carl. Long live the French! and long live the trumpeter!

Man. For shame, Master, for shame!

Carl. What's that you say?

Man. I say, it's a shame for you to say—"Long live the French;" a'n't they the enemies of your country?

Carl. They are no enemies of mine. They always behave very well to me; always pay for shoeing their horses like gentlemen. Besides, tho' I was born in Germany, I am a Frenchman at heart; a'n't I, Marie?

Man. But I say you ought to stand up for your country.

Carl. And I say that I shall stand up for what I like; and what's more, I shall knock down what I like; so you had better go and warm your cold heart at the forge, and let me have no more grumbling—d'ye hear? March!

[Exit MAN, sulkily. R. 3 E. Forge.]

Marie. I am afraid, Carl, that you will get into disgrace with your countrymen, if you speak in such high terms of the French; and it's all through your love for me.

Carl. So it is, Marie; and they all know it.

Marie. But my father will never consent to our being married.

Carl. I don't know that. To be sure, he is a sergeant in the French army, and I am but a poor German farrier and blacksmith;

but then I am a very good workman, and not a *very* bad man ;—besides, I rather think that I am a bit of a favourite with the old man. He has been lodging with me now for three months—ever since he got that terrible wound, and—!

Marie. You have been so kind to him all through his illness, Carl.

Carl. That's the very thing I was going to say. No! no! I don't mean that I was going to say that I had been so kind to him, but that I have amused him, made him laugh, and I do believe sometimes made him forget the pain of his wound.

Marie. You have, indeed, taken great care of him, and that's the reason I love you so well, Carl.

Carl. Bless your pretty face! But do you know, Marie, I am a bit of a doctor; I physic all the horses of the army here—

Marie. Yes—poor devils!

Carl. And I don't think I ever told you that I helped to set your father's leg—it was broken in two places, poor fellow, besides his wound—

Marie. Oh! don't, Carl.

Carl. Well, I won't; but it was no small job, I assure you.—How he did swear!—he is rather violent sometimes, you know,—I needn't tell you that. But one day—oh! Marie, I shall never forget the rage he was in—it was before he sent for you—one of those days when we didn't think he would ever get up again. I fancied that he would like to see the priest, so I sent for the curé of our village; and when he saw him come into the room, he was like a madman—he swore all the oaths that ever were spoke. I am, naturally, very courageous, but I couldn't stand it; I hid myself under the table.

Marie. Why, what harm could he have done you in the state you describe him?

Carl. Oh! I didn't think of that, nor the priest neither, for he made his escape as fast as he could.

Marie. He did quite right: if I had been here, he should not have seen him at all.

Carl. No!—Why not?

Marie. Oh! it's a long story. We were cruelly wronged by a priest once, and he has never been able to bear the sight of one since.

Carl. What! blame all because *one* is bad? Isn't that what you call rather a hasty conclusion?

Marie. Ah, well! we all have some failing or another, and that happens to be my father's. But I'll tell you all about it another time, for now I must go and fetch my father. I took him a little way on the road to see his regiment come in. They have passed, and he will want to return; and he is so proud of being able to walk, that if I am not with him he will come too fast, and do himself harm.

Carl. No, no, Marie, don't you go—I will. I want to have some talk with him, to prepare him gently for the little request I am going to make him. You know what I mean, Marie. Good bye! take care of yourself till I come back.

DUO.—(CARL and MARIE.)—" *Harmonious Blacksmith.*"

CARL.

Time is apt, no more delaying,
Once for all I'll learn my lot;
Well the blacksmith knows the saying,
"Strike the iron while 'tis hot."
Ding dong! Ding dong! Ding dong! Ding dong!
"Strike the iron while 'tis hot."

MARIE.

Cupid, make us now thy debtors;
To thy kindness we appeal!

CARL.

Forger of Love's matchless fetters,
For a fellow-craftsman feel!

BOTH.

Time is apt, no more delaying,
Once for all we'll learn our lot.
Ding dong! Ding dong! &c. [*Exit CARL D. F.*]

Marie. Will my father consent, I wonder! If he should, how shall I contrive to get into the good graces of these Germans? Why, by making myself particularly agreeable, to be sure. They must be brutes indeed, if they don't like a nice, tidy, pleasant little woman, let her be of whatever country she may.

[*The ABBÉ LE BON opens door L. H. F. at back, and looks in; he is dressed in black, and wears the cross of the Legion of Honour.*]

Abbé, L. Is the farrier Carl within?

Marie, R. He is out, Sir, but I can answer for him.

Abbé (coming in). Are you his wife?

Marie. Not quite, Sir; but—

Abbé. You soon will be;—that's all right. I have a billet on this house.

Marie. You, Sir!—(*Aside.*) A strange uniform for a soldier. (*Aloud.*) Do you serve in that regiment, Sir?

Abbé (smiling). After my manner, I do. I am the newly-appointed chaplain and almoner; one whose office it is to distribute alms to those who need it, to take care of the sick and wounded, and to heal and comfort both body and mind.

Marie. You are a priest, then?

Abbé. I am.

Marie. And you are billeted here?

Abbé. I am.

Marie. Oh, Sir! You can't stay here, it is impossible; my father lodges here, Sergeant Martelle,—and I,—and—

Abbé. Don't alarm yourself, my dear. I shan't disturb anybody. You will find me a very accommodating person,—any little corner will do for me.

Marie (aside). What shall I do? What will my father say?

Abbé (seating himself in an arm chair, R. H.) This will do

famously for me. I don't wish for anything better ;—there—now I am regularly *installed* !—What do you say your father's name is, my child ?

Marie. Martelle, Sir.

Abbé. Martelle—Martelle—Oh ! I remember ; they have told me about him. He is a brave fellow.

Marie. Yes, Sir.

Abbé. But a little too much attached to drinking ?

Marie. Yes, Sir.

Abbé. A great deal too much attached to swearing ?

Marie. Yes, Sir.

Abbé. And not quite so much attached as he ought to be to the priesthood ?

Marie. No, Sir.

Abbé. Well, be it so ; but we must learn to endure even those we may consider our enemies. (*Rises.*) And who knows but that Martelle and I may become capital friends ?

Marie. I fear not, Sir. My father—(I hope you'll excuse him, Sir,) but he won't remain under the same roof with you, I'm sure. I shall be forced to go, and poor Carl will die of grief !

Abbé. I should be sorry to be the cause of Carl's death. Do you really mean, child, that your father's prejudice is so very strong ?

Marie. Oh, Sir ! You can have no idea how strong it is.

Abbé. How *weak*, you mean, child ?

Marie. Oh no, Sir, it isn't weak, I assure you. He won't be able to endure the sight of you ; but I know you'll excuse him, Sir,—won't you ?

Abbé. Well, well, we shall see ; let me know the cause of this strange feeling.

Marie. Yes, you shall know. You seem a good kind man, and you ought to know ; but you mustn't tell my father I told you.

Abbé. Very well ;—go on.

Marie. Well, Sir. I had an aunt,—very old, very rich, and very religious ; all her money was to have been mine at her death. One day she was taken suddenly ill ; she remained ill for some time, and we never knew it ;—the curé of the village where she lived was always with her ; and at her death, Sir, we found that he had persuaded her to leave all her property to him—the horrid wretch !

Abbé. Hush !—(*Aside.*) Poor girl ! He must have been a bad man.—(*Aloud.*) Where did your aunt live, my dear ?

Marie. At Macon in Burgundy, Sir.

Abbé. Macon !

Marie. What's the matter, Sir ?

Abbé. Nothing, nothing ;—the name of the curé ?

Marie. He was called Le Bon. I am sure he had no business with such a name.

Abbé (aside). My brother !

Marie. But I have forgiven him.

Abbé. Good girl ! good girl !

Marie. But my father never will forgive him, I'm sure. And—
[*MARTELLE, without.* "Marie! Marie!"] Oh, Sir! here comes my father: for mercy's sake, go; don't let him see you here. I know it will make him ill again. It's all through him I hav'n't got a sou to bring to Carl.

Abbé. Impossible, my dear, impossible; these are my quarters, and I must remain in them—(*aside*) now, more than ever. I must endeavour to repair the wrong my brother has done them. I shall have hard work with the old man, I suppose—can't be helped—it must be done.

Marie. Do go, Sir; I'll love you dearly if you will.

Abbé. Will you? Well, child, I'll tell you what I'll do; I will go away just to give you time to prepare your father for my presence; we must, by some means, wean him from a prejudice which is founded upon a hasty conclusion.

Marie. Thank you, Sir, thank you,—that will be better than his suddenly finding you here.

Abbé. There—now don't be frightened, and every thing, after a while, will go right. (*Is going L. one way, she takes him R. 2 E. another.*)

Marie. This way, Sir—this way! [*Exit ABBÉ, R. 3 E.*]

Enter MARTELLE, leaning on CARL, D. F.

Mart. It's devilish little use for you to give me your advice, because, I tell you, I shan't take it.

Carl. Well, I shall give it you for all that—I say you are not well enough to join your regiment yet.

Mart. Not join! why, it's three months since my leg was broke, and that joined in three weeks; and if I don't join now, I shall deserve to be broke myself.

Carl. Very well—I know how it will be. You'll have a ball through your head next—you'll be killed.

Marie, R. Killed, Carl! what do you mean?

Carl. Why, the moment your father saw the Colonel, he asked him to send him upon the first service of danger that might offer, to make up, he says, for lost time.

Marie. Dear father, how could you think of making such a request, when you are not yet recovered from your wounds?

Carl. To be sure.

DUO.—CARL and MARTELLE.—(*French air.*)

CARL.

He's lost, as sure as eggs are eggs!—

For if the foe should gain the day,

With such a crippled pair of legs,

He could not hope to run away.

MARTELLE.

Run away!—why, death and shame!—

How dare you think that I should try!—

When all is lost but life and fame,

I hope to fall, and not to fly.

Marie. You forget your poor Marie, or you don't love her any longer.

Mart. Not love you, girl! it's for your sake that I would do it, in order to gain a recompense, that I might be able to leave you something to make up, in some degree, for the robbery you have suffered at the hands of that——

Marie. Hush, father! Hush!—(*Aside.*)—How shall I tell him?

Carl. But, suppose you do get killed, what's to become of poor dear Marie? who's to take care of her?

Mart. A husband, to be sure.

Carl. Yes, that's what I say—a husband—and I'm the man to be that husband; a'n't I, Marie? What say you, Martelle?—(*Aside.*) Now it's out.

Mart. Why—for want of a better—Yes.

Carl. You consent, then?

Mart. But mind, on one condition—that I don't see any body I like better.

Carl. Thank you for the preference. (*To MARIE, crosses c.*) It's all right. I won't let him see any body at all; not a soul shall come into the house; not a soldier for the world, or it's all over with me. [*Knock at the door.*]

Mart. There's somebody at the door.

Marie (*aside*). Here he comes, and I haven't said a word to my father. [*Knock again.*]

Carl. Come in, come in.

Marie. Stay, Carl. I dare say it is the person who was here just now with a billet on this house.

Carl. A soldier!—there now.

Mart. Ah, ah! a comrade—I'm glad of it.

Marie. (*crosses c.*) He is not exactly a comrade, he is a—a—

Mart. A what, girl? a what?—Speak! one would think it was the very devil himself—who is he?

Marie. He is the newly appointed almoner to your regiment.

Mart. A priest! I won't stay another moment in the house.—(*To Marie.*) Pack up the things, and we'll be off.

Carl. No, no! Martelle, he shan't come in—It's my house.

Mart. How can you help yourself? Hasn't he a billet on the house, you fool? He must come in. [*Knock again.*]

Carl (*in a surly tone*). Come in, then.

Enter the ABBÉ, D. F., in the uniform of the regiment, carrying a bundle on the end of his sword.

Mart. A soldier!—What a relief!

Carl, L. (*aside.*) Not to me—I wish it had been the priest.

Mart. R. (*to Marie.*) What did you mean, girl, about the almoner?—You see——

Marie. Yes, I see, but I don't understand.

Abbé (*making signs to her to hold her tongue*). I will explain.—The almoner was to have come here, but I have got his billet.

Mart. (*shaking hands with him.*) I am heartily glad of it.

Carl, my boy, get us some wine, we must drink a welcome to our new lodger.

Carl. This is pleasant! (*Crosses R.*)

Mart. Come, girl; take the comrade's bundle from him.

Abbé, L. C. (*to MARIE, L. as she takes things.*) Be cautious—it is for your good, and your father's.

Marie (*aside*). I said so.—(*To ABBÉ.*) I will—I won't even tell Carl.

Mart. (*to ABBÉ.*) I don't remember your face: I don't think I have ever seen it before.

Abbé. You have not. I am new to the regiment.

Mart. (*R. of table, to CARL, who has placed wine and lighted candle on the table, &c.*) There, now you may go, and leave us three (*taking up the bottle*) together.

Abbé (*aside, L. of table*). I shall be obliged to drink.

Carl (*to MARIE*). I don't like that fellow—he has never taken his eyes off you since he came in.

Marie. Nonsense, Carl! don't be silly, and go along, do.

[*Exit CARL, D. F.—MARIE into room, R. 1 E.*]

Mart. Now then, we'll have a glass in comfort, and drink success to the regiment. What's your name?

Abbé. My name? Pierre.

Mart. Pierre what?

Abbé. I would rather be called by my Christian name.

Mart. Oh! very well; just as you like about that—give me your glass then, and let me fill you a bumper to our better acquaintance.

Abbé. That will do—that will do!

Mart. What do you mean by "that will do?"—It isn't full.

Abbé. It is full enough for me.

Mart. Now you attend to me. You are evidently a young soldier, and a little of my advice will be of service to you—take it, and drink like a fish.

Abbé. I do drink like a fish—my usual beverage is water.

Mart. Water! poor devil! then you must want some wine, indeed. Come, if you don't drink like a man, you'll never fight like a man.

Abbé. My good friend, I shall fight just as well without drinking as with it, be assured.

Mart. The devil a bit—I know better.

Abbé. Hush, my friend, hush! I have no objection to drink a little; but there's no need to swear about it.

Mart. Do you call that swearing?—Bless you, you should hear me sometimes, when I am in a passion—I do swear a little then, I must confess. Well, here's your health, comrade.

Abbé. And yours.

Mart. (*aside.*) "And yours!"—He's a bit of a milk-sop, I'm afraid; but I'll make something of him before I've done with him. (*Aloud.*) How is it that you haven't got any moustaches? The women won't like you half so well without.

Abbé. The women!

Mart. Yes! the women! How you jump! don't you like the women?

Abbé. Like them? Bless them! I love them all, after my manner—that is, all who are worthy to be loved—from the bottom of my heart.

Mart. The devil you do! what, all?—Bravo, comrade! you improve upon acquaintance certainly. Here's your health again—and I'll bet you a bottle of any thing you like, that, before you have been with us a fortnight, you'll be a different man.

Abbé. You think so?

Mart. Think so! d—me, I know it!

Abbé. I wish you wouldn't swear so.

Mart. What a squeamish chap you are! You needn't swear yourself, if you don't like it; but there's no use in trying to interfere with another man's comforts.

Abbé. Comfort! do you really mean to tell me that you derive comfort from it?

Mart. Most decidedly—don't you?

Abbé. I never swear.

Mart. What! did you never swear in your life?

Abbé. Never.

Mart. Then, my dear fellow, you are giving your opinion a little too freely upon a matter that you can't be a judge of. I tell you a little swearing is a great relief.

Abbé. I can't think so.

Mart. Then the first time one of your comrades puts his iron heel upon your corns, just try it, and you'll know.

Abbé. Thank you.

Mart. Swearing is like flannel—if you once take to it, you'll never leave it off; you'll be an altered man.

Abbé. Well, I should not be much surprised at that. I am altered in some respects, since I first entered this house.

Mart. And for the better.

Abbé. I thought you would say so.

Mart. That's all right, then. But tell me, what have you done with your moustaches?

Abbé. I never had any.

Mart. Never had any!

Abbé. They were not worn where I served last.

Mart. Ah! that's an answer. Was your colonel a good fellow?

Abbé. My colonel?—Very.

Mart. Very strict?

Abbé. Yes; but, at the same time, very indulgent.

Mart. That's what I like.

Abbé. You would have loved him—he delighted in forgiveness more than in punishment. By his own example, he led others to do right. In reproving, he was terrible—in admonishing, mild and gentle. He created the happiness of all around him.

Mart. Ha! ha! ha! Why, one would think that you were a priest, you preach so well. But, talking of priests, how came they to change the almoner's billet?

Abbé. Because he himself knew of your antipathy, and wished it.

Mart. How the devil came he to know anything about it? he is new to the regiment.

Abbé. But still he might have heard of it, as *I* did.

Mart. Well, well, it's of no consequence; he is not here, and I am very glad of it; and what's more, I hope I shall never set eyes on him, the very sight of his *black* coat would give me the scarlet fever; it would remind me of that rascally curé of our village, that infernal——

Abbé (stopping him). Don't, pray don't.

Mart. If he were here, I would——

Abbé. Forgive him.

Mart. I'm d——d if I would!

Abbé. Then how do you expect to be forgiven?

Mart. I don't know that I have anything in particular to be forgiven for. I have killed many a man, to be sure, but it was in fair fight;—I have robbed many a vineyard, but it was in joke;—I have stolen hundreds of kisses from hundreds of girls, but I have never injured the orphan—never deprived her of her just inheritance—never—in short, I have never been a priest.

Abbé. But suppose this man were to come to you with tears in his eyes, and sorrow in his heart, and say to you, “Martelle, you unjustly accuse me; I never solicited your child's inheritance,—forgive the involuntary wrong,—take all I have——”

Mart. I wouldn't do it; now that he has got it, he may keep it. I prefer hating him with all my heart, and having a good swear at him every now and then. By-the-by, I'll have a touch at the rascal this very moment.

Abbé. No, no.

Mart. Yes, let me; you can't think how much good it will do me.

Abbé. Nay, nay, he is not worth it.—(*Aside.*) I must drop the subject for the present.—(*Aloud.*) Calm yourself, my friend; we won't talk any more about him.

Mart. Agreed; and now, I am going to say what I think of you.

Abbé. Well?

Mart. Well—I think, then, that you are a capital fellow. I like you; I never took such a fancy to a man at first sight in all my life; I can't account for it; perhaps it is because I was so agreeably surprised in finding you billeted here instead of that——

Abbé. Perhaps so—perhaps so.

Enter MARIE, R. 1 E.

Marie. That's just what I have been saying myself.

Mart. What, have you been listening, then?

Marie. I have; I do love to hear him talk so.

Mart. You do, do you?—(*Aside.*) I wish he was going to marry her instead of Carl.—(*Aloud.*) And so do I, girl, love to hear him talk, in spite of his drinking like a cock-sparrow; but he'll mend of that in my company; and by way of a beginning, do you fetch another bottle, and he shall give us a song. You sing, don't you?

Abbé. After my manner, I do.

Marie (aside). He chaunts, I suppose he means.

Mart. Well, then, let's have a song; and the wine, girl, the wine.

Abbé (to *MARIE*). No, don't fetch any more wine—(to *MARTELLE*) at present.

Mart. Then give us the song.

Abbé. I fear that I don't know anything gay enough to please you ; besides, I can't sing to-day—I am not in a singing mood.

Mart. Well, then, Marie shall sing us a song ; you have no objection to that, I suppose ?

Abbé. Not in the least, for I am sure *she* can sing nothing I should be sorry to hear.

Mart. You shall sing my favourite song, of how a simple young maiden preferred the love of an honest young soldier before all the knights, princes, and prelates in Europe.

SONG.—*MARIE*.—(Air, “ *Jeune fille aux yeux noirs*.”)

“ Behold this glittering chain, this cross with jewels laden,
Oh grant me but thy love, and thine these gems so bright ; ”
’Twas thus a noble knight besought a simple maiden,
And thus the simple maiden refused the noble knight :—
“ Sir, I hold my heart’s worth, gems and gold far above,
Love alone upon earth is the price of my love.”

There came a prelate proud ; broad lands and lofty towers
He proffered in exchange for this poor maiden’s smile.
There came a crowned prince ; a throne and regal powers,
This maiden’s gentle heart strove in vain to beguile :—
“ No,” she cried, “ pomp and birth ne’er my bosom can move,
Love alone upon earth is the price of my love.”

There came a landless youth, his sword his only treasure,
Except the honest love he bore that simple maid ;
But, oh ! that love she knew to be beyond all measure,
And with her grateful heart his fondness she repaid :
Gems and gold, pomp and birth, ne’er her bosom could move,
Love alone upon earth was the price of her love.

Mart. There ! what do you say to that ?

Abbé. Why I say, that is a song just after my manner.

Mart. Well, then, I like your manner.—(*Aside*.) And so does Marie. Egad, if he likes her, he shall marry her. Carl may go to the devil. If I get popped off, I’d rather leave her with him : I see no reason against it. I’ll try him.—(To *ABBÉ*.) I want to speak to you : do you look me in the face, put your hand upon your heart, and tell me what you think of my girl.

Abbé. I think she is charming, and I believe her to be as good as she is pretty.

Mart. (*aside*.) That’ll do.—(To *MARIE*, *crosses* c.) Now, do you come here and tell me what you think of our comrade.

Marie, c. Oh ! I like him very, *very* much ; I feel quite at home with him already.

Mart. (*aside*.) Capital!—(To *MARIE*.) If anything should happen to me in our next encounter, I might leave you, then, with confidence to his care ?

Abbé, L. (with warmth). Yes ! Martelle, yes ! leave her to me ; I will be a father to her.

Mart. A father ! nonsense about father. What do you say to being her husband ?

Abbé. What ? I her husband !

Mart. To be sure. Eh ! Marie, what do you think about it ?

Marie (laughing). I think that he would make a very agreeable husband.

Abbé (aside). The young gipsy !

Mart (to ABBÉ). Well, comrade, there's not much time for palaver when the enemy's out-posts are within musket shot : is it a bargain ? (*crosses c.*)

Abbé. I feel very much flattered, Martelle, by your confidence ; but I could not enter into such a compact without the consent of my colonel.

Mart. Oh ! never fear ; he'll consent, depend on it : if that's all, I look upon it as a settled thing. There ! (*passing ABBÉ over to her, c.*)—seal the bargain with a kiss.

Abbé (aside). Bless me, how very awkward !

Marie. Didn't you hear my father ?

Abbé (aside). I must do it, but in all purity, as a parent would kiss a child. (*Kisses her on the forehead.*)

Mart. On the forehead ! Oh Lord, there's a fellow for you ! That isn't the way I used to kiss the girls. Poh ! that must go for nothing. Kiss her lips, man ; give her a good hearty smack, loud enough for me to hear.

Abbé (aside). Loud enough for him to hear ! (*He kisses her lips.*) It's really very pleasant.

Mart. (slapping him on the shoulder.) That's the way, my hearty. And now, remember, if I am knocked on the head, you marry my girl, and take care of her.

Abbé. I will take the best of care of her, never fear.

Mart. Stop a moment. By the bye, there is one little question which I believe I ought to trouble you with.

Abbé. By all means.

Mart. You don't happen to be married already ?

Abbé. For shame, comrade !

Mart. Oh ! well—I only asked.

Enter CARL, D. F.

Carl. Martelle ! Martelle ! such news for you—you'll be so glad.

Mart. Now then, what is it ?

Carl. I have just heard that you are going to be sent this very night upon a service of great danger.

Marie. Ah !

Mart. My good colonel has then thought of me. (*MARIE crosses R. c.*) Never fear, girl ; if I live, I shall get the cross of the Legion of Honour.

Marie. And if you are killed ?

Mart. Then I shall be provided for, and so will you ; you will have a pension, as you ought.

Carl. I say, Martelle, you haven't seen anybody yet that you like better than me, have you?

Mart. Yes, I have, and there he stands.

Carl. Nonsense! why, you haven't known him five minutes.

Mart. What does that signify?

Carl. And do you consent, Marie?

Marie, R. You know, Carl, I always do as my father bids me.

Carl. For shame, Marie—for shame!

Abbé, R. Surely it is no shame for her to do her father's bidding.

Mart. Hold your tongue Carl, or you will put me in a passion.

Carl. Who has most cause to be in a passion, I should like to know?

Abbé (to CARL). Be calm, my friend; be calm.

Carl. Be calm, indeed! when you have robbed me of all my happiness in this world.

Mart. Hold your tongue, I tell you.

Marie. Do you hear my father, Carl? he tells you to hold your tongue; (*crosses L. c.*) so hold it.

Carl. I can't hold my tongue.—(*To ABBÉ.*) You are a shameless seducer.

Mart. How dare you insult my friend?—(*To ABBÉ.*) Why don't you knock him down?

Abbé. I'll make him listen to reason.—(*To CARL, crosses to c.*) Passion, my good Carl, is an awful sin: patience and resignation are Christian virtues.

Marie. Mind that, Carl.

Mart. Now, don't preach, but pull his nose—crop his ears, if he dare open his mouth again.

Carl. Pull my nose! crop my ears! that from you, Martelle, after all that—(*aside*) I was going to say, after all that I had done for him—but I won't remind him of it. (*To MARIE, crosses L. c.*) It's a shame, Marie, to use me so! Didn't you promise to marry me? I wish a cannon-ball was coming this way, I would stop it with pleasure. [*Exit D. F.*]

Marie (aside). Poor Carl! it's too bad to tease him.

Mart. I wonder if there is any truth in what he says about my being employed to-night. I'll go and prepare, however, in order that I may be ready at a moment's notice. I am going to have a bit of a fight, and I hav'n't felt so well or so happy, my girl, for many weeks. [*Going.*]

Marie. I am sure, father, you are not fit for active service: you have been very weak and faint several times lately.

Mar. I know it, my child, and that's one reason why I want to go; for when a man feels faintish, there's nothing on earth more reviving than burning a little gunpowder under his nose.

[*Exit into room, 2 R. R.*]

Abbé. I fear I have got myself into an awkward predicament.

Marie. Not at all, not at all; but I must say I think it was very ungallant of you to force me to ask you to kiss me. Carl would not have done so.

Abbé (gaily). But Carl, my dear, is a privileged person.

Marie. Ah! that's all very well for you to say. Poor Carl!

he's gone out in a desperate rage, and between you both, I shall get no husband at all, I suppose; for *you can't* marry me, you know.

Abbé. Yes, I can; and I will.

Marie. What do you mean?

Abbé. I mean what I say—that I can marry you, and I will marry you—to Carl.

Marie. No! will you, though? how lucky for Carl that he has had *you* for a rival.

Abbé. So it is; another in my place might have taken advantage of your father's kindly feeling towards me.

Marie. To say nothing of mine; for I candidly confess that I like you excessively, and there's no knowing—

Abbé (aside). Eh! what does she mean?

Marie. More particularly since I have seen you in that dress; you do look so very well in it.

Abbé (aside). What a wonderful effect a uniform always produces.—(*Aloud.*) My dear child, this is weakness—folly; you must not forget to whom you are talking.

Marie (timidly). I was only confessing to the priest my affection for the soldier.

Abbé (taking her hand). My dear child!—(*Aside.*) She's a charming girl.

Marie. I want you to do me a favour; will you do it?

Abbé. To be sure I will; what is it?

Marie. I want you to prevent my father's going on this expedition to-night—should it be as Carl says—and to use your influence with the Colonel not to send him: he is not sufficiently recovered—indeed he is not.

Abbé (pausing). I'll see what can be done.

Enter a SOLDIER, D. F. with a letter. It begins to get dark.

Soldier. A letter from the Colonel for the Sergeant Martelle.

[*Gives it to MARIE, and exit D. F.*]

Marie. Mercy on me! this is the order for him to go. I always open and read my father's letters for him. (*Opens letter, in which a despatch is enclosed; reads.*)—"At nine o'clock to-night Sergeant Martelle will leave the village, and descend the ravine as far as the wood; if fired at by the enemy's sentinels, he will push on, without attempting to return the fire."—(*To the Abbé.*) Do you hear that? "Proceed as far as Stolberg, and give the inclosed despatch to the Colonel of the 104th, who is in possession of that place." Oh! what shall I do? what shall I do?—My poor father! he will be killed—I know he will.

Abbé. Calm your fears, my dear child; the danger is not so great as you imagine. Stolberg is not more than a quarter of a league from this; he may be there and back in ten minutes.

Marie. But should he be seen by the enemy!

Abbé. It threatens to be a dark night, and Heaven will watch over him. Trust in Providence, my dear child.

Marie. So I always do; but yet I can't help crying. It's

almost nine now. I must go and tell my father. You haven't time to see the Colonel, have you?

Abbé. I fear not.—(*Aside.*) But I know what I'll do.—(*Aloud.*) Quick, quick, give me the despatch.

Marie. What are you going to do?

Abbé. To take it myself.

Marie. You! but when my father hears of it, he will go mad at not having been the bearer of it; it is something of great importance, you may be sure.

Abbé. He shall have all the honour. In this uniform I shall be taken for him; so make yourself perfectly easy on that score.

Marie. Is it possible that you will do this? Oh, Sir!

[*Attempts to kneel to him.*

Abbé. Not to me, my child; there!

[*Exit D. F.*

[*Clock strikes nine. MARIE hastily conceals letter under her apron at the entrance of MARTELLE, who comes from room in uniform.*

Mart. No orders for me yet, girl?

Marie. No, father—no!

Mart. What the devil did that booby, Carl, mean then? I hope he hasn't deceived me. What do you look so frightened about? Never fear, something within tells me I shall be safe enough.

Marie. I hope so.

Mart. Hark! I hear footsteps,—yes, and they come this way.—Now then.

Marie. It's only Carl, father.

Enter CARL, (at door in F.)

Carl, L. Hollo! Martelle—you here? Why, I could take my oath—

Marie, c. Hold your tongue, Carl.

Mart. R. What do you mean?

Carl. I mean that I'm sure I saw you leave the house just now.

Mart. What are you talking about?

Marie. He doesn't know, father; he is deceived.

Carl. I am in some things, Ma'mselle, but not in that. (*Aside.*) There's something wrong; Marie seems confused—I'll find it out. (*Aloud.*) I saw plainly—

Marie. Why, the night is as dark as pitch; how could you see any thing plainly?

Carl. Because, like the cats, I can see best in the dark; and I tell you that I saw Martelle go out of the house, a few minutes ago, with the despatch.

Mart. A despatch! when? where? Fire and fury! what does this mean?

Carl. What! don't you know anything about it? Why, I directed the fellow here with it myself. Somebody's gone, that's all I know.

Mart. Somebody gone in my place? (To *MARIE.*) Who is it, girl? Answer me! Where was I to go? what was I to do? (takes hold of her roughly—the letter drops.) Ah! (picks it up and reads.)

And who is gone in my stead? I'll set fire to the house if you do not answer me. Ah! where is Pierre, our new comrade?—(*goes to door L. H. and opens it.*) Not here! where is he? Speak, girl! speak! [*A distant shot is heard.*]

Marie. Gone to be shot for you!

Carl (aside). I'm glad of it.

Mart. Shot for me? The traitor! he shall answer for it.

Marie. Father! dear father!

Mart. To deprive me of my little bit of glory—my cross—perhaps a pension; to use *me* so, who would have given him my child!

Carl. Yes, plague take him!

Marie. It's very ungrateful of you both; perhaps the poor man is dead, and you don't even pity him.

Mart. Pity him! I say he is a worthless, good-for-nothing fellow; and I only hope that he is *not* shot, that I may have the gratification of shooting him myself.

Enter the ABBÉ (back) D. F.

Marie (running to him). Ah! here he is.

Mart. Then leave us together.

Marie. Father!

Mart. Leave us, I say; and you, Carl,—don't you hear? get out of the house directly.

Carl. That's a civil way of turning a man out of his own house.

[*Exit R. 3 E.*]

Marie (aside). I must be on the watch to prevent mischief.

[*MARIE goes into room R. H. 2 E., but watches occasionally during the following dialogue.*]

Mart. (to ABBÉ.) Now, sir, where have you been?

Abbé. To Stolberg.

Mart. With a despatch that I was to have taken?

Abbé. Yes.

Mart. Then you are a robber! You have robbed me of honour, which is more dear to me than life. You have robbed me, I say; you have robbed my child.

Marie (aside). No, he hasn't.

Mart. Do you know what I say to you? Do you know that you are a coward to have done what you *have* done?

Abbé (smiling). No, really, I did not know that.

Mart. Then I tell it you; and you shall give me satisfaction, here, on the instant.

Abbé. Martelle, Martelle!

Mart. I will kill *you*, or you shall kill *me*; and that's the best thing which could happen to me now; for the whole regiment will think that; old Martelle was afraid to do his duty, and so got a substitute. Come on, I say.

Abbé. Listen to me,—

Mart. No;—defend yourself.

Abbé. I shall do no such thing.

Mart. Then I shall run you through the body.

Abbé. No, Martelle, no! you will not!

Mart. How dare you say I will not?

Abbé. I dare, because I know you to be a brave, a generous man; and such a man never attacks a wounded adversary (*taking his hand, wrapped in a handkerchief, from his breast*).

[*Exit into room, L. H.*]

Mart. Wounded! I don't care; you are a traitor and a coward; you have robbed me of honour, and of the cross.

Marie (coming forward). No, father, no! indeed he has not; all that he has done was for you:—for you he took the despatch—for you he has received the wound—and for you he will receive the reward.

AIR.—MARIE.—(*French air.*)

A daughter's fears,
A daughter's tears,
He risked his life to calm—to stay;
And such a deed,
A richer meed
Than man can grant shall sure repay.

Who bled to save
A comrade brave,
No lighter honour strove to win;
No cross need rest
On such a breast,
To mark the noble heart within!

Mart. Are you sure of that? Why, what a little fool you are! Well, then, for the sake of my poor Marie, I will forgive him; for although I feel that I could with pleasure knock his brains out one minute, I could hug him to my heart the next; (*CARL peeps in R. 2 E., and round to L.*) and he shall marry you to-morrow, my girl.

Carl. Shall he? I'm very much obliged to you, Martelle.

Mart. Out of my way! (*Pushes him aside, goes to door, and knocks.*) Comrade! Pierre, I say,—come here. You are a brave fellow, and no coward; and I will be friends with you.

Marie. That's right, father.

Carl (calling at door). And I say, you are a coward—a sneaking coward. [*MARTELLE stops his mouth; the door 2 E. L. opens, and the ABBÉ appears in his first dress, black coat, &c.*]

Mart. & Carl. The devil!

Abbé. Here I am, my friends. What is it you require of the priest? Is there a pretty lass waiting to be married? Or—

Mart. (who has been staring up in his face.) The same voice, the same nose, the same eyes (*taking his hand*), and the same wound!

Carl. How came he wounded?

Marie. Never you mind.

Abbé. The very same.

Mart. Who are you? What are you?

Abbé. I am the almoner to the regiment; the same who is billeted on this house. I put on the uniform of the regiment, partly to save my little friend here from the possible loss of a father, whom she dearly loves; and partly to cure that father of a prejudice, which, as far as I can discern, is the only blot in his character; an unjust prejudice against the cloth to which I have the honour to belong, and which I am proud to resume.

Mart. How unlike that rascal at Champ Fleury!

Abbé (in an under tone). He was my brother.

Mart. Your brother! I'll be d——d if he was.

Abbé. Forbear. He is dead; forgive him, and forget his faults.

Mart. Dead! Oh! well, since he is gone to the right about, poor devil, I suppose I must. There; I'll think no more about him.

Abbé. Thanks, Martelle.

Marie (throwing her arms round his neck). That's like my own dear, kind, good father.

Abbé. And now, my pretty little bride, when shall the wedding take place?

Marie. As soon as you please, Sir.

Carl. A'n't you ashamed of yourself, Marie?

Marie. No, not at all, Carl.

Abbé (to MART). But now, my good Martelle, I shall be obliged to find a substitute. (CARL advances.) But I must be careful in my selection; he must be one who deserves you: (To MARIE.) A sober, honest, industrious man; one with a kind heart to soothe and comfort you, and a strong arm to protect and defend you. Do you think my friend Carl will answer this description?

Marie. Why,—I think—I do.

Abbé. Then he shall be my substitute.

Carl. Eh?—Oh, dear, dear Marie!—Martelle, then I am to be her husband, after all?

Mart. Yes; for want of a better.

Abbé (giving pocket-book to MARTELLE). And there is her marriage portion.—(To MARIE.) You shall not "go to Carl without a sou." No words!

Marie. Oh, dear! do let me say something.

Abbé. I will fancy what you would say.

Mart. Your conduct, sir, is indeed noble. I hope you will pardon the random shots that I have fired at your brother officers.

Abbé. Willingly; for I see that my object has been attained; that you will not again condemn a whole flock because one sheep was not to your mind, and that you will no longer draw hasty conclusions.

Marie. No, that you won't! will you, father? There—don't look so serious about it, it's all over now! the Abbé has forgiven you.

Carl. And so have I.

Mart. Yes, but I have yet another forgiveness to obtain for any

unintentional errors I may have committed.—(*To the audience.*)
Pray bear in mind, Ladies and Gentlemen, that though *I* am interdicted from coming again to a hasty conclusion, there is nothing to prevent *your* coming to it as often as you please.

Finale.—MARIE.—(Air, "*A Temple to Friendship.*")

What in us may be wrong, will in you be held right ;
Then pause not to question our feeble illusion :
But come in its favour, not only to-night,
But as oft as you can, to "A Hasty Conclusion."

Chorus repeated by Characters.

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS.

CARL

MARIE.

MARTELLE.

ABBÉ.

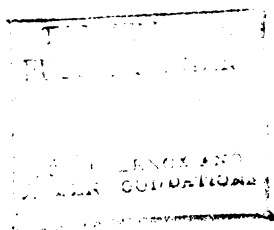
THE END.

22

(- 29)

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no. 6

THE
MELTONIANS:

A PERFECTLY ILLEGITIMATE DRAMA AND EXTRAVAGANZA.

FOUNDED ON SOME

Popular Sporting Subjects, interspersed with Parodies.

In Two Acts.

Produced at

THE THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE,

EASTER MONDAY, 1838.

BY

R. B. PEAKE, ESQ.

MEMBER OF THE DRAMATIC AUTHORS' SOCIETY.

CORRECTLY PRINTED FROM THE PROMPTER'S COPY, WITH REMARKS,
THE CAST OF CHARACTERS, COSTUME, SCENIC ARRANGEMENT,
SIDES OF ENTRANCE AND EXIT, AND RELATIVE POSITIONS
OF THE DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ILLUSTRATED WITH AN ENGRAVING, BY
JEREMY FOGAN THE YOUNGER, FROM A DRAWING TAKEN DURING THE
REPRESENTATION.

LONDON:
CHAPMAN AND HALL, 186, STRAND.

1838
LLR

1. Drama, English

Dramatis Personae and Costume.

MR. THREADNEEDLE. Blue coat, knee breeches, gaiters	Mr. W. BENNETT.
LUMBER. Oldfashioned livery	MR. COMPTON.
FANTAIL. Meltonian costume	MR. BRINDAL.
AUGUSTUS MANLY. Ditto	MR. FRAZER.
LORD RANKSBOROUGH. Ditto	MR. BALLS.
CRASH. Ditto	MR. ANDERSON.
SIR CHARLES COVER. Ditto	MR. BAKER.
SIX MELTONIANS. Ditto (<i>Chorus.</i>)	
BARON CONSOMME. Fashionable French surtout. 2d dress. Cook's jacket, white apron and cap.	Mr. SEGUIN.
MARQUIS DE REDINGOTE. French cut coat, rousers	Mr. DURUSET.
SAMPSON. Neat Tiger's livery	MASTER MARSHALL.
LONGBODY. Ditto, another pattern . .	MASTER J. MARSHALL.
JOHN NOKES. Groom's dress	MR. HATTON.
TOM STILES. Ditto, undress	MR. HONNER.
HELPER. Ditto	MR. MILLER.
GOOLD Potboy's dress, Albemarle hat .	MR. S. JONES.
HARDHINGE. (<i>Turnpike-man.</i>)	MR. FENTON.
FOOTMAN. Livery	MR. HEATH.
LADY ELIZABETH. Lady's in-door costume	MISS FITZWALTER.
MRS. THREADNEEDLE } Morning (street) JANE } costume. EMILY }	MRS. C. JONES. MISS POOLE. MISS CAWSE.
MARY. (<i>Turnpike-man's daughter.</i>) . .	MISS VIALLS.
BETSY. (<i>Kitchen-maid.</i>)	MISS BARNETT.

The scenery, from the prints published by Messrs. Ackerman and M'Lean.

Time of representation, fifty minutes,

The author of this EXTRAVAGANZA has but one motive in sending it to the press; it is to refute an opinion entertained, prior to its production, that it was *too personal*, and for that reason it would be condemned on the first night.

Now, as it happened to be received with roars of laughter, and no personality whatever being perceptible or intended, the author has only to state (for the information of many MELTONIANS, absent from London) that his eye (ever on the look out for novelty,) was attracted by the appearance of a dozen RED COATS in a print in Mr. Ackermann's window, and that he patched up this ILLEGITIMATE DRAMA to fit them.

The author has to acknowledge the adaptation of some sporting sentences from a novel, entitled, "*The Turf*," and to thank JAMES SMITH, Esq, for the idea of the song called "*Guy Fawkes*," and several of the verses.

THE MELTONIANS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Apartment in the house of Mr. Threadneedle; Mr. Threadneedle discovered asleep in an arm chair, R., with a handkerchief over his head.*

Enter LUMBER, R. (sings.)

Parody.) Air, "Peaceful slumbering," &c. &c.

Quite full, slumbering, after dinner,
Master fears no danger nigh,
He'll grow fatter, 'stead of thinner,
Danger's in his lullaby.

(very loud.) } "Lullaby, lullaby, lullaby, lullaby."
I'll wake him. } Danger's in his lullaby!

Lum. When master goes asleep he regularly shuts up shop for the night—missus ordered me always to wake him for fear of a *apoplexy*.—If I do it by fair means, such as touching his nose, or shaking his elbow, he loses his temper—I must make some noise. *(takes up a coal skuttle, R., throws it off, 1 E. R. H.)* I beg your pardon, sir.

Thr. (waking.) What's that? Mrs. Threadneedle fallen down stairs?

Lum. No, sir; only a little accident of mine, begging your pardon, sir. *(retires up.)*

Thr. Oh! ah! oh! *(stretches.)* I have not been domiciled here three months, and I am sick of the place; day after day, I eat my breakfast, after that, luncheon; then dinner, then tea, to which succeeds supper.

Lum. (aside.) After which, grog.

Thr. My wife and daughters are always gadding about the town, trying to catch the smiles of the gentlemen in the red coats, and I am left alone. I wish it would not be below my dignity to ask John Lumber to play a game of cribbage with me. Eh! John. *(calls.)*

Lum. Sir, you've had such a nap!

Thr. Yes, John. *(aside.)* I am glad he has spoken first; I want some conversation—I'll ask him some interesting question—John!

Lum. Sir?

Thr. What's o'clock?

Lum. Five, sir.

Thr. Then it is an hour to tea-time!

Lum. Exactly, sir.

Thr. An hour is a long period—do you find the time hang heavy on your hands, John?

Lum. Very; lauk, sir, I wishes we had never left Lunnun—but you quitted business, where I was your light porter—now I'm your footman, but the slang chaps down here, hearing my origin, they calls me "*London Porter*," and want to draw me out.

Thr. They are a terrible break-neck set here, altogether, John.

Lum. Ah! (*sighs.*) In Lunnun, what with the warehouse business, waiting at table, washing the Newfoundland, cleaning the knives and boots, and filling up my time by making matches for my own private emolument—there was something to think about....but here....

Thr. Ah! John. (*sighs.*)

Lum. When the table is cleared, all I have to do is to look out of window, and see the people pump pails of water, all day, over the way—

Thr. John, you are in my confidence: when it was settled that I should retire from the firm, I lost my nerve.—We were to decide where to go: Mrs. Threadneedle insisted on my taking a house here, at Melton Mowbray—and she would have it that Melton Mowbray was a fashionable watering place.

Lum. So it is—for horses.

Thr. Nothing would persuade her to the contrary, so here we came, bag and baggage.

Lum. (*aside.*) Old missus the bag—and the young ladies the baggage.

Thr. John: there's no amusement here.

Lum. No, sir; nothing but fox-hunting!—nothing to read, but Fox's Book of *Martyrs*!

Thr. Well, I don't set up for much discrimination; but what pleasure people can find in scampering after a nasty little animal for ever-so-many miles...

Lum. Yes; and when they've caught him, he is not very good to eat, I am told.

Thr. Ah! nothing to do. My wife objects to my smoking at home!

Lum. It drives the moths from the window curtains! one would have supposed that there would have been a nice little smoke-a-pipe evening society in a town like Melton Mowbray.

Thr. No, no; I am a retired tradesman, and having a fashionable female family, am above the tap-room, or the chandler's shop; the red coated gentlemen here are quite out of the question, they are called "*swells*, and *nobs*."

Lum. And with the falls they get in hunting, many of their *nobs* find *swells*. [Knock; exit LUMBER, L.]

Thr. (*looks off.*) Oh! Mrs. Threadneedle and the girls come in from a walk.

Enter MRS. THREADNEEDLE, EMILY, and JANE, L.

(Parody.) Air, "I've been roaming."

Jane. We've been shopping, we've been shopping,
Ribbons gay, and *chalis* neat,
And we've rummaged every counter,
High and low thro'out the street.

Emi. But, like other ladies, thinking,
The price too dear, the things so bad—
All unrolled are, all unpurchased—
And the shopmen, gone stark mad!
We've been shopping, &c. &c. &c.

Mrs. T. We have only been shopping, my dear.

Thr. In other words laying out my money, my dear.

Mrs. T. Don't be angry, Joseph, if I lay out a penny I will save you twopence—Joseph, you know—twopence and twopence make *fourpence*!

Jane. We have had a prodigious bargain, pa—

Emi. At the linendraper's—we've bought—

Mrs. T. Hush, dears—let me have the glory all to myself—Joseph Threadneedle, I have bought fourteen Welsh wigs for ninenpence!

Thr. Welsh wigs!—what for, I wonder?

Jane. Ma, naturally imagined it might be cold here, when the frost set in.

Emi. Yes—and that they would be comfortable for you and John—dear pa, there was perfect philanthropy in the thought.

Jane. Pa, you do not appreciate philanthropy!

Thr. Pooh, stuff—I saw that the charity boys of St. Botolph's, Billingsgate, had their bellies full every day and a new pair of leathers every year, and always hungry they were!

Mrs. T. Wolves in sheep's clothing!—goodness, dear Thread, don't give utterance to such vulgarities now, we have retired, genteelly, to the most fashionable town in England—Melton!

Thr. My love, you only came down here on account of your love of oysters, because you thought you would find the *real native oysters*, here—THE MELTONS!—a watering place! ha! ha! ha!—ha! ha! ha!—By Jove, the Meltons astonish the natives here, and they have not only *beards*, but *whiskers*, and I hope I shall see a few of them in their *shells*!

Jane. What do you mean, pa?

Thr. Nothing—the respected local authorities—the watchmen with whom I have conversed. Mrs. Thread, my love, what do you suppose they call the principal magistrate here?—they call the worthy personage a *beak*!

Mrs. T. Never mind, my love, what anybody is called, I wish to acquaint you that I have been introduced to two most delightful gentlemen.

Thr. Indeed?

Mrs. T. Two foreigners.

Thr. Foreigners!—button up your breeches-pocket!

Mrs. T. You are so prejudicial—two most elegant French noblemen.

Thr. Noblemen!—Oh, Lord!

Mrs. T. Yes, dear—accomplished noblemen—one is called *Mounseer Le Baron Consommy*—and the other *Mounseer Le Marquis de Redingote*!

Jane. (apart to her mother). *Monsieur, ma.*

Mrs. T. You may be correct, my dear, but I never heard yet of a Frenchman who was not called *Mounseer*, and I've lived longer in the world than you, child—support me, Thread. (to her husband.)

Thr. Never contradict your mother, girls; she has had an education. (tapping MRS. THREADNEEDLE's cheek playfully.) Where were you educated, dear?

Mrs. T. At Stratford le Bow, dear, on the borders of Essex, love. We sent you *gals*, certainly, to the other side of London, to Turnham Green, to Mrs. *Littlematter's* seminary.

Enter LUMBER, L.

Well, John?

Lum. Ma'am, I beg your pardon, but I don't mind mentioning family business.

Mrs. T. What is it?

Lum. Mr. Topps says as how he can't come to-morrow morning, as you ordered him, because he's going out with the hounds.

Thr. Going out with the hounds? Now, that is a part of the mystery of this town. Mr. Topps is a chimney-sweep. I send to him to sweep my chimney, and I am informed "he is going out with the hounds."

Lum. He will go to the dogs. Bless your soul, fox-hunting must be natural to him; he's accustomed to handle *the brush*. (a ring at the gate—looks off.) Ma'am, here's Baron *Consomma* and the Marquis de *Riding Goat* to call on you.

Thr. These are two French noblemen your mother has invited. (LUMBER introduces CONSOMME and REDINGOTE, L., well dressed.)

Mrs. T. Your most obedient, gentlemen, I am truly glad to see you. (they bow obsequiously.)

Th. (apart to MRS. THREAD.) They don't understand you; you must speak some of your Stratford le Bow French to them.

Jane. (apart to EMILY.) Ma will expose herself. You speak.

Emi. No—you!

Mrs. T. (introducing THREAD.) Monsieur Threadneedle mon Mari—(they bow to THREADNEEDLE.)—mes fillys—(they bow.) (to CONSOMME.) *Sittez vous down, s'il vous plait.* (to REDINGOTE.) *Mettez votre chapeau sur cet peg.*

Con. Vous êtes de bonne humeur, madame, et vous souriez à tout le monde.

Thr. What the devil does he say?

Réd. (to MRS. THREAD.) Je me suis fait l'honneur de vous venir voir.

Mrs. T. Much obliged to you, sir. (*apart.*) Don't know what he means. (to THREAD.) Ask them to speak English, my dear.

Thr. I can't speak French, my love; d—n it, this is having foreign visitors; you may talk yourself dry without being understood.

Con. (to EMILY.) Je suis charmé de vous rencontré, et voici comment j'ai pu achever ces petites offrandes de mon affection pour vous tous. (*offers a paper box, which THREADNEEDLE opens.*)

Thr. A box of sugar plums, I declare. The Frenchman is sweet on them!

Mrs. T. Now, suppose we have a little plain sailing. I vote that every body speaks English.

Thr. I second that motion.

Mrs. T. Gentlemen, if you please, you are to speak English—*understander vous?*

Thr. (to CONSOMME.) You have been out with the hounds!

Con. De nasty dog—non! (*takes snuff.*)

Thr. But you have seen a hunt?

Réd. A la distance. We are illustrious foreigners, and not care for de hunt.

Thr. But all our first gentlemen here make it their greatest delight, and enjoy what they call the sweet music of the cry.

Con. Musique! peste! ah, musique! "good *English* musique!" "Yow, yow!" go de dog.

Réd. And "yoik, yoik!" bawl de man of de hunt; and den you listen to de cry of de *vesper* in. I can no understand de gratification to fall in de ditch, to *scramble* out, to jump de cheval, and break de anatomie all to bits.

Thr. You have witnessed a steeple chase?

Con. Ah—oui!

Thr. What do you think of it?

Réd. By gar! a ver bad way of *going to church*!

Con. Angland is strange country—strange custom—steeple chase—church preferment—all de young clergymen put on jacket and cap and ride away pêle mêle. He who arrives at de steeple first, he become de parson of de church! Strange custom!

Thr. Ah! who told you that?

Réd. Notre bon ami—milord Ranksborough.

Thr. Ha! ha! ha!—ha! ha! ha! What *raws* these Frenchmen are. What an idea of a steeple chase—ha! ha! ha! ha!

[MR. and MRS. THREADNEEDLE, EMILY and JANE join in the laugh.]

Réd. I perceive ve pleasure you ver much Mr. Tread, ver much indeed—ha! ha! ha!

Con. Vive la bagatelle—c'est le motto Francais. Laugh, sing, smile—"Toujours gai."

Laughing Quintette. Air, "Vadasi via di qua."

Let's have a merry day,
Our motto "Toujours gai"—
And laugh dull care away!
Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!
Let's have a merry day, &c. &c.

Who wins the steeple chase?
He has the greatest grace,
Is parson of the place.
Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

In joyous mood the vein,
'Tis parting gives us pain,
We'll come and laugh again.
Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

[Exeunt severally.]

SCENE II.—*Apartment at Sir Charles Cover's house; Sir Charles on a sofa, his arm in a sling, his head tied up, red coat on chair; boots.*

Sir C. Cursed unfortunate! just the height of the season and this accident,—to be trundled off one's timber jumper:—a devil of a shake! I must send for somebody to tell me where they killed the fox.

[Rings handbell on table, calls "Sampson, Sampson."]

Enter SAMPSON, a very small tiger, in neat livery, and top boots.

Sam. You rung, sir.

Sir C. Sampson, go over to Mr. Fantail, beg him to be good enough to favour me with a call.

[Crosses, and exit SAMPSON, R.]

Now, to conceal from Lady Elizabeth my disaster, or I shall have to be nursed and gruelled by her fair hands for a month to come. Oh, my scone!

Enter LADY ELIZABETH, L.

Lady E. My dear Charles—what is this? why was I not apprized of it earlier?

Sir C. *(rising with difficulty, but swaggering to conceal his pain.)* Nothing the matter—it will blow over—oh!—ri-tol-de-rol-de-rido.

Lady E. Your looks alarm me seriously—I shall send for Doctor Mendhead.

Sir C. If you do, Lady Elizabeth, I'll hunt the doctor out of the house; bless you there's no harm done—I shall go out to-morrow, another tumble, and my horse rolling over me once or twice will set all straight again.

Enter SAMPSON, R.

Sam. Mr. Fantail, sir.

Enter FANTAIL. *(Melton costume.)*

Fan. Lady Elizabeth, I kiss your hand. *(crosses, c.)* Ah, Charles, my dear fellow, spilt,—in fact, I saw you down, couldn't wait to assist you, we were at too hard a pace.

Lady E. And the death of a fox is considered more interesting than the life of a friend?

Sir C. What can you expect in such a moment of excitement? and I had the lead.

Lady E. The lead?

Fan. Yes; fortunate creature: he had the privilege of breaking his neck first, and when he fell, of being rode over by sixty or seventy of the best fellows on earth—but Sir Charles had one bit of luck.

Lady E. Indeed?

Fan. He went souse into the ditch, covered with duckweed.

Sir C. And when lugged out almost lifeless.

Fan. You looked like the *Green Man and STILL!*

Lady E. Mr. Fantail, you are not endurable—my dear Charles, let me persuade you to take a little repose.

Sir C. Repose, my love!—I could not sleep until I knew something about the run.

Fan. We threw off at Bibury.

Lady E. Then you must have fallen early in the chase, dear.

Sir C. Nothing like it, my lady. (*impatiently*)

Fan. A brilliant burst up to Tilton—a death pace—there we headed the villain—he led us a dance over the brook—passed Galby and Norton—he swept on to Stretton Hall—a check for two minutes, this gave us an opportunity to see the damage.

Lady E. Damage? (*L.*)

Fan. Yes: to get some notion of our killed, wounded, and missing—there Charles, I saw your horse lying with his head stuck fast in a ploughed field—he was safe—I went over him—the fox took across, and on for Wigton and Ayleston, and stretched away like the devil for Enderby gorse—on we went at a slapping pace, skimming ridge and furrow, topped every flight of rails, came well into the next field, charged the ox fences, and bullfinches, swished at the raspers, and did all that kind of thing in style! “Yoicks!”

Sir C. Huzza—what an unlucky rascal am I to have lost such a run—but, to-morrow I’ll be out again.

Lady E. You must not think of it, my dear.

Sir C. My love, you must not contradict me—why the deuce do women interfere!

Lady E. Really, Sir Charles, you are not fit to be spoken to.

Sir C. (*bowing.*) I hope, my lady, you will continue in that opinion for the next six months to come.

Lady E. Heigho! there are a set of men who consider women only in two lights—formidable or contemptible—slaves to administer to their comforts and pleasures, or intolerable bores, and restraints upon their sports and occupations—to this set, I fear “*your fox-hunter proper*” belongs—adieu, gentlemen.

[Exit *LADY ELIZABETH, L.*

Fan. Now, was that meant for you, or for me?

Sir C. Curse me if I either know or care—until I get my head knocked off, I have the use of two ears—one of which admits her ladyship's lecture, and the other let's it out again, on the opposite side.

Enter SAMPSON, R.

Sam. Mr. Crash, sir.

Enter MR. CRASH. (Melton costume.)

Cra. Sir Charley, boy, what, you've been going your lengths. (*sings.*) "Down, down, down, derry down."

Sir C. Permit me, sir, in a persuasive and dignified manner, to request that you will "*stow your chaffing.*" There's a twinkle in your mad eye—what's the order of the day?

Cra. Revenge!

[*Crosses to centre; SAMPSON assists SIR CHARLES with red coat.*

Fan. Revenge?

Sir C. Revenge?

Cra. Yes; my bosom is fired with the exciting passion—insult has been heaped upon insult, until I can contain myself no longer—and if I don't *whap* the turnpike man—the turnpike man may cut up my tilbury for firewood.

Fan. Oh, ay, it is a new fellow there—

Cra. As surly a beggar as ever gave a bad sixpence; I offended him first, by winking at his little blue-eyed daughter—but what business had *she* to come out and take the toll—it is throwing temptation in the way—a pretty creature, the turnpike's daughter!

Fan. Yes; she has a very elegant gait.

Cra. That's the ticket! This morning old *Trustworthy* had his bit of malice—my groom is ill (too much drinky, or the cholera, or the rheumatism, I don't know which), I went out unattended—he always pays the gate. The toll-taker not seeing my treasurer behind me, stops me for the toll—I put my hand in my pocket, and the purse is at home in the hack-gammon board. "Dub up," says he, "Go to the devil," says I; "I've got no money, I'll pay next time." The infernal plebeian had the effrontery to say, "*No trust,*" whilst there was written on his gate that it was "*the Grantham trust.*" I offered to leave the rascal my watch—he said toll-takers took nothing on *tick*, and he shut the gate in my horse's face. This was beyond all bearing—so I turned back, rode my gallant hunter up, and over the gate I went—at the same moment giving the surly collector a new notion of natural history (in the fish way), with a cut of my whip.

Sir C. The fish way?....

Cra. Yes; he will find a plaguey large *wale* on his back, when he undresses himself! He has been and complained to the blessed beaks, and I am to be served with a warrant for the *assault*.

Fan. We must punish this refractory turnpike Cerberus—

Cra. How? propound? two heads are better than one.

Sir C. If he's a Cerberus, two heads would have no chance

against him—add my nob to your two, and we are a match for him.

Enter SAMPSON, R. H.

Sam. Lady Elizabeth has sent for Doctor Mendhead, sir.

Sir C. Then I'm off—is your barouche at the door, Fantail?

Fan. All ready, my boy.

Sir C. Then drive me where the doctor will not dare to follow me.

Fan. We'll drive to the devil! come along.

[Exeunt FANTAIL, SIR CHARLES COVER, and SAMPSON.]

Cra. Hark away my boys; staunch to the back bone; I will go and listen to the sweetest music on earth—the cry of the hounds.

Song. CRASH.*

The gray eye of morning was dear to my youth,
When I sprung like the roe from my bed,
With the glow of the passions, the feelings of truth,
And the light hand of time on my head;
For that 'twas my maxim thro' life to be free,
And so spent my short moments away,
The cry of the hounds was the music for me,
My glory the dawn of the day.

In yellow leav'd autumn, the haze of the morn
Gave promise of rapture to come,
Then melody woke in the sound of the horn
As we cheer'd the old fox from his home,
The breeze and the shout met the sun's early beam,
With the village response in full play;
All vigour my steed leap'd the fence or the stream,
And was foremost at dawn of the day.

The well tuned view halloo that shook the green wood,
And arrested the ploughman's gay song,
Gave nerve to the hunters, and fire to the blood
Of the hounds as they bounded along;
And shall I relinquish this joy of my heart,
While years with my strength roll away?
Hark! the horn, bring my horse, see they're ready to start,
Tally-ho at the dawn of the day!

[Exit CRASH.]

SCENE III.—*An outskirt of Melton-Mowbray—Small Public-House—Grooms—Helpers, seated drinking and smoking—GOOLD in attendance. SAMPSON and LONGBODY at a table with pipes, L.*

Solo and Chorus.

(Parody.) "Giovinetti."

MR. GOOLD.

Fill your glasses, the season remember,
The season remember,

* *The words by Robert Bloomfield, composed by Mr. Evans.*

Is not quite so warm as the spring,
 So drink, my lads, drink;
 You all look I think
 Like Guys on the fifth of November;
 But pri'thee remember,
 That "brown stout" is the very best thing—
 Of all beer—of all beer,
 Brown stout is the very best thing.

Chorus.

Landlord here—landlord here,
 Fill all our mugs up with some beer!
 Ri tol lol, de rol lol, &c. &c. &c.

1st Hel. (*pointing to SAMPSON and LONGBODY.*) Who are those great swells?

Go. Two of the Puorn tigers—

Sam. (*consequently.*) Hoy, potty? Mr. Goold? A mug of heavy, and two yards of clay.

Lon. We've a quarter of an hour to ourselves; let us enjoy it.

Lon. Sampson, good bacca, this?

Sam. Uncommon!

Lon. Now I'll go you four to one against your master, Sir Charles's *Mark Antony* next *Doncaster*!

Sam. Done—four to one. Hogs or bobs!

Lon. I don't care whether it's hogs, bobs, Joeys, or tizzys!

Sam. Well, that's spirited, considering the way we are gammoned now; only look at my book. (*produces it.*)

Lon. The times is altered—bless you, the money is not made by winning a race, but by losing it. (*drinks.*)

Sam. We don't bet on *four legs* now—but on two legs! I say old un, I'll trouble you for that mug—don't take all the malt to yourself. D—n it, that is so like Lord Guttlesworth.

Lon. Beg pardon for demeaning myself. Will you have another edition? (*holding up mug.*)

Sam. Yes; a *quarto*! Mr. Goold—chalk up, Potty,—another mug. (*they smoke in careless attitudes.*) Be alive, Potty!

1st Hel. (*apart to Groom.*) Those little buffers will be as frisky as Chloe, presently—they are new, down here.

Gro. They are a couple of Lunnon tigers! Did you ever see them dance?

1st Hel. Dance! No.

Gro. I'll set them jigging presently; bless ye, one of them lived tiger with Madame *Inferme*, the great *bally* dancer; and the other was tiger to the gentleman, a partickler friend of *hern*.

1st Hel. I'll be bound they're up to a hornpipe

Gro. There's a fiddler, a *base viol*, and a trombone man in the *tap*; fetch him out. (*comes forward and crosses to them.*) Now, I

dare say as how you young chaps forgets me? Now you've got into *swell* places, I'll take my davy you can't dance half so well as you did two year ago, at the *Horse and Leaping-bar*, in Berkeley Mews?

Sam. (*a little tipsy.*) Can't we though? I'll bet you a tanner of that.

Gro. Done! and here's some musicianers!

Enter three itinerant Musicians.

Lon. Sampson; let us show them the true Tallygoni touch- (*boys stagger against each other.*) Hold up, Sampson!

Sam. I am awake. (*to Trombone.*) Hey! you, with the stick of harley-sugar, there, play up. (*music.*)

[*The Tigers dance a burlesque, short pas-de-deux (rather elevated with their drinking)—at the conclusion, as they are in an attitude, enter NOKES with a whip in his hand.*

Nokes. Hallo! my little men. (*he cuts at SAMPSON and LONGBODY, who scamper off through gate.*)

Omnes. Mr. Nokes, the stud groom! (*all rise.*)

Nokes. Come, come, sharp, every man to his stable, your masters are returning—the horses will want you.

SCENE IV.—*The kitchen of LORD RANKSBOROUGH—servants carry across trays &c. as from his lordship's dinner-table. Painted on the flat—stoves with charcoal fires—stewpans on them.*

(*Two servants cross to R.*) Enter BARON CONSOMME, L., white cap and jacket.

Bar. (*sings.*) Vite, vite, mes amis: put every ting away—and den leave me in my solitaire cuisine—to make de grand prepare for de soupe—de ragout for to-morrow—(*sings.*) Ah, peste! vere is dat beast, de Anglish, vat dey call de kishhen maid? (*calls.*) Bettersey! Bettersey, nasty Anglish she cow! Bettersey!

Bet. (*within.*) Yes, sir. (*enters, L.*) What d'ye want, sir?

Con. Ah, sacre, peste, pourquoi, vy I not teach you French—you vils not understands my Anglish.

Bet. Don't be cross, sir.

Con. You are Bétise.

Bet. My name's Betsy, sir.

Con. Pah! you vil drive me to de bitch of passion. (*bell rings, L.*) Eh! demander, ask, who is vant? (*BETSY in to the door.*)

Enter, at the other side, REDINGOTE brushing a red coat, R.

Réd. Appelle-t'on, mon ami?

Con. Je ne sais pas, mon cher Marquis.

Re-enter BETSY, L.

Vel, vat is he?

Bet. It's a strange man come about some assault, he says.

Con. Salt! ve don't vant no salt. (*crosses back to R.*)

Bet. He has got a paper in his hand.

Réd. Pepper?

Con. Ve don't vant no pepper! peste, sacre!

Bet. Don't be in such a foreign passion, sir—the person who is waiting, said, sure enough, that the gentleman had been *peppering the turnpike-man*.

Con. Peppering de turnpike man? (*crosses to her.*)

Bet. The man comes from the town-hall and wants Mr. Crash, who, he says, dines with my lord—and he's got a warrant on him for the assault.

Réd. Vy you no say so fairst! he is vat you call varrant officer—Je vais—I go speak to de officer quel drôle—ha! ha!—pepper! salt! ha! ha! (*crosses to L., skips out.*) [*Exit BETSY, L.*]

Con. Hark!—I hear all de stew pan vobble—vobble—vobble—gentle music—bere I stand, de generalissimo of de table—I glory in my profession, grand cuisinier en chef!

Air, "Non piu Andrai."

Hark! now hark! how the simmer doth charm me,
Twenty dishes my person surrounding,
Blow the spark 'neath each stewpan to warm me,
While my fame as an artiste is sounding—

From my lord and his guests praise exciting,
With what rapture my bosom doth beat,
Invitations are here most inviting—
To dine with my lord is a treat.

Hark! now hark! &c., &c.

[*Goes up and listens to the various stewpans, stirs and tastes, during symphony.*]

Omelette frying, put veal pie in—
With sound reason, gently season—
Partridge roasting, sippets toasting—
Stewing, hashing, turnips smashing—
Stir your fire in—fame inspiring!
See the *rôti* nicely frothing—
Boil your chickens white—a cloth in!
Bouilli simmering—and no hurry,
Piquante make the lobster curry—
When the dinner-bell is sounding—
Then my heart's with transport bounding.
Hark! now hark! &c. &c.

[*Exit BARON CONSOMMEE, R. II.*]

SCENE V.—*Discovers dining-room at LORD RANKSBGROUGH'S;—table, with decanters, glasses and dessert; round which are seated LORD RANKSBGROUGH, SIR GREGORY GORSE, SIR CHARLES COVER, FANTAIL, CRASH, MANLY, and other Meltonians, sporting-prints and pictures on the walls.*

Omnes. Hip, hip, hip, hurrah! (round table.)

Fan. (*rising.*) For the honour you have done me permit me to—

Cra. (*pulling him down by the coat-tail.*) Seat yourself.

Sir C. The thanks of this society are due to Mr. Crash for preventing Tom Fantail from speaking.

Omnes. Hear, hear, hear!

Fan. If you were to treat all orators *tails* thus, how would you encourage your parliamentary eloquence or influence?

Lord R. D—n politics—a bumper—fill, noble Meltonians—the chase!—the glorious chase! one of the few things that has not deteriorated in this age. The chase, which has kept up our national character for valour, freedom, firmness, and independence—it presents no bad specimen of the physical strength of the nation!

Fan. Yes: especially when you get a tailor on horseback.

Cra. You invited your *Schneider* down here, and mounted him, in the hopes of breaking his neck.

Fan. That, would have brought his executor on me—a worse cut than himself.

Cra. What's the matter with you, Manly? You look like a clergyman out of place, are you thinking of the little dark-eyed Emily? (*apart.*)

Man. Eh—no—I was about to propose a good digestion to the Master of the Quorn Hounds.

Cra. Right, my boy, if the digestion of the Master of the Hounds is in bad order it is all up with our sport—but I saw him taking the proper medicine this morning, at breakfast.

Fan. Half a dozen devilled kidneys!—a glorious run we had: brings back the recollection of the golden age.

Cra. Ay, the golden age!

Lord R. You are a pretty fellow to talk about the *golden* age, you that have mortgaged every acre: it is barely the *silver* age with you.

Fan. From my observation with my friend Crash, instead of silver, I might add that it is much more like the age of *brass*!

Lord R. I'll bet you Five Thousand you have not sixpence in your pocket—or you would not have tried to bilk the turnpike-man.

Cra. Has your lordship been reading Joe Miller this morning?

Lord R. His lordship's reading went to the extent of the bill of fare for this day's dinner—but that cursed Baron (my cook), spelt his dishes so badly, that I was compelled to call in the rascally Count (my valet), as an interpreter—and I don't know what we have been eating at this moment.

Cra. Don't make any apology, Ranksborough, it wasn't a bad dinner for a peer though a Lord Mayor might have growled at it.

Sir C. Let us have a song.

Lord R. Give us a song, Manley, one of the old sort—come, up in your stirrups.

*Song.** MANLY.

Come, fill the cup, for wine was made
 To cheer up the hunter's soul,
 The grape would ne'er so brightly weep
 To fill another's bowl.
 When Bacchus bade the ruby streams
 On old Olympus gush,
 He took a cup from Dian's hand
 And fill'd, then drank "The brush."
 The brush! now fire with me
 Tally ho! tally ho!
 The brush! with three times three!
 Whoop! tally ho!
 (*Chorus.*) The brush, &c.

Come fill again, for soon the morn
 Will rouse the gallant hound,
 And by the leaf-strewn covert's side
 Each hunter must be found.
 Then as old Reynard takes away
 And each reins him for the rush
 Be this the motto of the field,
 No craving but the brush.
 (*Chorus.*) The brush, &c.

Omnes. Bravo! bravo! bravo!

Lord R. A good song; but curse your choristers. Fan-tail, you would get an engagement a farthing a week at the cathedral.

Cra. And in the present state of his affairs, I would advise him to take it.

Fan. My attorney attends to my affairs.

Cra. Attorney! the cat that settles differences between rats!

Man. No more wine.

Fan. No, no. No more wine—

Lord R. You are not drunk?

Fan. Oh, no. I wish I was; it takes such a devil of time to do it. Noble commander, what's to be the order of the night?

Cra. The turnpike.

Lord R. Ay, the turnpike!

Omnes. To the turnpike.

(*Parody.*) *Air, Hunting Chorus. (Der Freischutz.)*

CRASH.

Some sing of the lark that upsoars in the morning,
 The lark that so gaily to sky wings its flight,
 When yokels and snobs to their dwellings are gone in,
 Oh—ours is the sky-lark that keeps up all night!

* *The Music composed by Mr. T. Cooke, the words by Mark Lemon.*

Oh, this is a pleasure that's worthy of sportsmen,
 With wine warming frolic laughter and glee—
 So follow my jolly cocks, follow your leader,
 And hey for a turn-up—a regular spree.
 Hark follow, hark follow—hark, &c. &c. &c.

[*Exeunt, l.*]

SCENE VI.—*Grantham toll-gate (vide print)—Gas lantern burning—Moonlight. (HARDHINGE locking gate.)*

Har. Now I'll lock up for to-night: a toll-taker's work is never over; enough to make a man grumble. I'll be sworn, that when I'm just warm in bed, there'll be a flock of ten score and a half of sheep want to go through to market, and I shall have to count 'em. (*locks one gate and crosses to the other.*) To-morrow I have up that there jockey Muster Crash, for the assault and battery; he had better ha' kept his whip to himself. (*calls.*) Mary are you gone to bed? Mary, I say! (*MARY looks from the turnpike window.*)

Mary. What do you want, father?

Har. Have you locked up the hen-house?

Mary. Yes, father.

Har. Did you see that the pigs were safe?

Mary. Yes, father.

Har. Have you cut up to-morrow's tickets for the gate?

Mary. Yes, father.

Har. Did you sort the bad Brummagem halfpence for change?

Mary. Yes, father.

Har. Then say your prayers, and go to bed. (*MARY retires.*) Plague take the hunting genl'men; I'll do 'em a mischief yet; for my part, I don't know what use genl'men are, except to spend money, and ill-treat honest hard-working people like myself. Now I'll just turn over my collection of bad sixpences, and make myself comfortable for the night.

[*Exit at door, which he bolts*

Symphony. Air, (Piano). 2d Act. La Somnambula.

Enter SIR GREGORY GORSE, TOM FANTAIL, CRASH, LORD RANKSBOROUGH, MANLY, SIR CHARLES COVER, GRASSLAND, and the other Meltonians, with pails of red paint and brushes.

Chorus.

Nothing fearing—let us enter
 Cautious—lightly step—silence keep—
 He is sleeping—say—shall we venture
 Him to rouse, or let him sleep—
 Stay, boys, stay, we are SWELL PAINTERS!
 Now advance and work away;
 Now he'll stare to-morrow morning,
 He'll not know what to do or say—

When awaking, stretching, yawning,
 He sees the toll-house adorning.
 Bring the pails—brush away now,
 Paint the window—paint the pent-house,
 Paint the pigsty—paint the hen-house ;
 'Tis a SKYLARK—a SKYLARK—yes !

[*During the above, the characters assume the positions as represented in the print. Tune changes to "The Devil among the Tailors," played rapidly—the Meltonians paint every thing, gates and all, red—HARDHINGE opens upper window—LORD RANKSBOROUGH paints his face and nightcap—MARY appears at another window—CRASH kisses her—FANTAIL lifts a live pig out of the sty, and commences painting it, terrific squalling—at the same moment, SIR G. GORSE turns out a parcel of live fowls, painting them, who fly about the stage—HARDHINGE fires a brace of pistols out of the window—MARY shrieks, pig squeaks,—Meltonians "huzza."*]

ACT DROP FALLS.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Room in MR. THREADNEEDLE'S house.

Enter EMILY.

Emi. The old adage says, "Two strings to your bow ;" the new school would advise "Two beaux to your string." My sister and I, the prettiest girls in Melton, are fortunately thus provided. Should Henry Manly prove a traitor, have I not then a noble foreigner at my beck ? Let mamma and the prudes abuse me, I will enjoy the present day !

*Air. (EMILY.) (German Air.)**

True it is that beauty goes
 Very soon, and more's the pity ;
 But is that a reason why
 One would wish to be less pretty ?
 It is well enough for those,
 Who have got none, to despise it ;
 But for those that have it, I
 Think for one they ought to prize it.

When you wear a full-blown rose,
 Does it seem to smell less sweetly,
 That you know, beneath your eye,
 It must fade away so fleetly ?

* Marschner and T. Arnold.

Then, since beauty fades, so those
 Who have any ought to prize it;
 And for one, I own that I
 Do not in the least despise it.

Enter JANE.

Jane. Oh, Emily, I have such a secret to tell you—nobody can overhear us! To-night, after ma and pa have retired to rest, somebody—you know who—will be outside of our window to serenade us!

Emi. Who do you mean?

Jane. The baron and the marquis; I met them. I understand they sing charmingly.

Emi. Then, my love, that is most unlucky, for Mr. Manly has promised to be here punctually at ten, to receive this billet from me . . . they will all meet each other, and the poor French noblemen will be exterminated.

Thr. (*without.*) This way, sir!

Emi. Papa—come hither, Jane!

[*Exeunt.*]

Thr. (*without.*) Walk in this room, sir.

Enter THREADNEEDLE, followed by HARDHINGE.

Thr. You were quite right—and I agree with the authorities here, that a more gross violation of propriety has never been committed. I enrol myself a volunteer with the quiet residents of the town, to repel the nightly annoyances committed by those whose rank ought to cause them to set an example to others. A man's house is his castle!

Har. Mine be only a gate-house—that be no reason why it should be daubed all over with red paint in the night. They went and painted my pigs!

Thr. This is a highly-coloured story of yours. What names did you mention as ringleaders?

Har. Muster Crash—but I've got a warrant against *he*—Lord Ranksborough was one—he shoved the paint-brush into my mouth!

Thr. I shall make it a point to call on his lordship, and remonstrate with him.

Har. Remonstrate! If you could give *he* a dom'd good licking, it would be more likely to answer.

Thr. Licking!—yes; but some of the noble Meltonians can lick again, as you call it. No; I shall impress his lordship by the mild dignity of my deportment—good morning, Mr. Hardhinge, retire satisfied to your turnpike; your case shall be remedied.

[*Exit HARDHINGE.*]

I have had the honour to be associated with the parish authorities. Gad, I suppose they will dare to come and paint *my* house next, perhaps paint Mrs. Threadneedle—I should like to catch them at it.

Enter LUMBER.

Well, John!

Lum. Sir, we are marked out.

Thr. What do you mean?

Lum. Sir, we are marked out for victims—some of the maddest Meltonians are at work.

Thr. Do you know I have strenuously taken up the cudgels against them?

Lum. That's the cause then—our knocker was tied last night to the knocker over the way—your favourite Tom cat came home with his head and tail painted red—when I washed the four-wheeled chaise yesterday, it was dark green—this afternoon it is deep red!

Thr. Indeed?

Lum. The wet clothes on the lines are cut down in the laundry yard—and the depredators have been swishing off the medlars, the only fruit, that now remains in the garden—there's a scarecrow in the tree, too—but that only frightens the birds.

Thr. A scarecrow, you say?

Lum. Yes—an old coat and *unmentionables* of mine stuffed with straw.

Thr. (*ponders.*) I have it—I have it—never was there so profound a thought. (*SAMPSON peeps from under the table and listens.*) At what hour, do you expect the depredators in the garden?

Lum. About dusk it is most likely.

Thr. Lord Bacon never conceived a finer idea! John, you are my faithful servant—you must go a little out of the way to assist me—and we will discover which of the gentlemen it is that annoys us—you shall dress yourself as the scarecrow, and get up into the medlar tree for half an hour.

Lum. And so see which of them it is. Lauk, sir, what a bright thought! you ought to take out a patent for it.

Thr. Now, do this well—and find out the trespassers—and I will give you a sovereign. Thus I shall go on by degrees—I'll root the rogues out, I shall not be easy until I am made mayor of Melton.

[*Exit THREADNEEDLE.*]

Enter MRS. THREADNEEDLE, and JANE.

Mrs. T. John get the tray ready, the jam bon and the cold ding dong.

Lum. Marim, what do you mean?

Mrs. T. Jam bon is ham—ding dong is turkey—we shall be back toot sweet.

Lum. Sweet!

Mrs. T. Tell your master, I am just running into Mrs. Know-all's to hear the gossip of the day—I hope I shall see the dear foreign noblemen—I must pluck up my best French—Monsieur le Baron voulez vous prenez un pinch de tobaccky?

Lum. Shan't I go with you, ma'am?

Mrs. T. No. Donnez moi the lamprey—give me the light, your master is gone to the constables about the outrage last night—we shan't be safe in our beds next—we shall positively be disturbed in our very cushions de lay.

[*Exit.*]

Lum. This is master's scheme, not mine—but as I've taken his wages and eaten his bread and cheese for thirty year, why a little tom-foolery of this here sort needn't matter—I shall make myself a precious guy: ha! ha! how often I think of that celebrated hero:—a hero who has never been equalled though he has been so often *matched*—I frequently ponder on the reasons why he failed in his diabolical plot—they were werry simple! I once made a song of them.

Song. LUMBER.

Tune, "Bow, wow, wow."

I'll sing a doleful tragedy, Guy Fawkes, the prince of sinisters,
Who once blew up the house, the lords, the king, and all his
ministers;

THAT is he *would* have blown them up, and folks will ne'er for-
get him,

His will was good to do the deed, THAT is, if they had let him.

He straightway came from Lambeth Marsh and wish'd the state
was undone,

Then crossing over Vauxhall bridge, that way came into Lon-
don;

THAT is he *would* have come that way to perpetrate his guilt, sir,
But a little thing prewented him—the bridge it wasn't built, sir.

Then searching thro' the dreary vaults at witching hour of
night, sir,

About to touch the powder train with portable gas light, sir;

THAT is, I mean, he *would* have used the gas, but was prewented,
'Cause gas, you see, in James's time, it hadn't been invented.

King James was down at Greenwich Park, a hunting in his
hale way,

So quick they straight despatched to him old Townshend by the
railway;

THAT is old Townshend wasn't born, (who all king's favour
courted,)

And at that time, I grieve to say, no railway was supported.

And when they caught him in the act and saw what he was
bent for,

Immediately to Scotland-yard, the new police was sent for;

THAT is, they *would* have sent for them, for fear of Guy's resist-
ance,

Only that the new police, they were not in existence.

So Guy they seized and tied up fast, in that eventful hour,

They put him in a steamer and took him to the Tower;

THAT is, they would have taken him thus, to stop his wicked
ways, sir,

But *steam* in London, only then was seen on "washing days,"
sir.

So then they put poor Guy to death, for ages to remember,
And boys now kill him once a year in dreary dark November—

THAT IS, I mean his effigy, for truth is strong and steady,
 Poor Guy they cannot kill again, because he's dead already.

That Mr. Fawkes was ill advised, there cannot be a doubt, sir,
 For if he'd left them to themselves, his wish might come about,
 sir;

THAT IS, if he'd gone in the house, and listened to the potter—
 He'd soon have seen the members try—to blow up one another!
 [Exit LUMBER.

SCENE II.—*Ante-room at LORD RANESBOROUGH'S.*

Enter FOOTMAN.

Foot. And they call these country hours? his lordship not up yet!

Enter REDINGOTE.

Réd. Ah! (*stretching.*) Je suis fatigué—Benjamin.

Foot. Sir.

Réd. Bring a chaise.

Foot. A chaise, sir?

Réd. A chair: peste-stupidité. (*FOOTMAN brings chair, REDINGOTE sits and gapes.*) I am dead, I lose all my slips!

Foot. Our masters think that we can do without sleep.

Réd. A good servant should accustom himself to do without any thing, and den he will answer his master's expectation! go, Benjamin, go, fetch a chaise for you self.

[*FOOTMAN brings a chair, and seats himself.*

Foot. My lord, last night, was in pretty deep for it at hazard, I reckon?

Réd. Oh, no; leetle—noting—tree tousand to Fantail—eight hundred to Sir Gregory—ha! ha! Now, you not distarb me—I take forty vink naps—if my lord ring, I shall jump up like de grass hoppare. (*reclines on chair, and goes to sleep.*)

Foot. Well, if the walet sets a good example, why surely a footman may follow it. (*leans back, and goes to sleep.*) Heigh-ho, hum.

Enter NOKES, stud groom.

Nok. My cap and boots: two of 'em fast asleep—well, I don't wonder at it—they sit up all night—and I dare say they were drunk, poor fellows—I've been up all night too, with my lord's best horse, Trumpeter, ill—somebody has been trying to hocuss him. I am as tired as any of them. (*pulls on chair.*) A nap will refresh me too. (*sits, and nods off to sleep.*)

(*A knock without.*)

Voice. (*without.*) Walk into that room, sir.

Thr. (*without.*) Eh! oh! in here. (*enters.*) This is the first time I ever called on a peer—there is something dazzling about rank—every wish gratified, surrounded by watchful servants anticipating all one's desires. (*turns and sees them.*) Hey! watchful indeed—every man Jack as sound as a roach—and it is quite late in the day—a snoring trio! Which gentleman, I wonder, may I venture to wake? (*crosses to NOKES.*) Hark ye, young man? (*shakes him,*) this must be one of the huntsmen, for how

just he is. (*shakes him, NOKES looks up, and stares at him.*) I beg your pardon, sir, but I have particular business with Lord Ranksborough! (*NOKES points to the FOOTMAN, and turns his head to sleep again.*) Oh! I am to speak to this domestic. (*crosses.*) Hey, my good fellow. (*touches the FOOTMAN's elbow, but cannot wake him, rubs his nose with his cane.*) He opens his eyes—I beg your pardon, but I have most particular business with Lord Ranksborough! (*FOOTMAN quietly points to REDINGOTE, and composes himself to sleep again.*) Oh! another reference, who is the referee? this brings me back to my school days, and I am trying to do a sum in the rule of three. (*crosses to REDINGOTE, shakes him.*)

Réd. (*mutters.*) Sacre! peste!

Thr. By Jupiter, it is my new friend, the French marquis—Marquis Riding Goat—oh! I will get him to introduce me to his lordship in a twinkling! Marquis—I beg your pardon! (*wakes him.*)

Réd. Vat is de matter? (*sees THREAD.*) Ah! it is dat Monsieur Thread-and-needle—I am discover! (*apart.*)

Thr. I beg your lordship's pardon, but I am surprised to find you sleeping here; I am delighted to see you—(*shakes hands with REDINGOTE*)—awake!

Réd. A—yes—I come to mi lord's antichambre—and de heat of de day send—a—me—to slip—

Thr. The heat of the day! and the thermometer is below Nero! You, Marquis, I suppose, are waiting to see his lordship!

Réd. Ah, yes—I wait on his lor'ship—

Thr. Couldn't you get one of those idle, rascally servants to carry a message in? Exert your influence.

Réd. (*aside.*) He must not discover.—(*to him.*)—To serve you, Mon Ami—Père to de charmant Emilé et la petite Janette—I go to Milor myself, and tell him you are here. (*aside.*) I sal get out of de vay. [*Exit, c.*]

Thr. Now that is a positive bit of luck meeting with the French marquis, because one man of rank can so readily introduce me to another. Threadneedle, you are on velvet—

Enter LORD RANKSBOROUGH, in an elegant morning gown, with a pipe, smoking, FANTAIL, and CRASH.

Thr. Now I shall have an excellent opportunity of observing the high tone and manner of the aristocracy.

Cra. Why, curse the fellows, they are asleep!

[*CRASH and FANTAIL go forward, and overturn NOKES and FOOTMAN.*]

Fan. Hope we don't keep you up, gentlemen?

[*FOOTMAN retreats, NOKES retires up.*]

Lord R. Gentlemen, you appear to be amusing yourselves. Here, you sir, (*to NOKES,*) mind that I ride Trumpeter to-morrow!

Nok. Your lordship can't ride Trumpeter to-morrow.

Lord R. But I insist on going out on Trumpepter to-morrow!

Nok. Then you shan't go out on Trumpeter to-morrow! I am your lordship's stud groom, and your lordship will go out on the *hoss* that I choose.—Do without a *hoss*, if you please.—Your lordship must ride *Aggravator*! [Exit NOKES.]

Lord R. *Aggravator*! I ought then to ride *you*, you scoundrel . . . I am in his hands, and can't say my soul's my own—the fellow is my master—and, if it was not for my stud groom, what would become of me and my book?—eh? Didn't somebody say that somebody was waiting to speak to me—eh? (*sees THREADNEEDLE.*) Mister—mister!

Thr. (*approaching, bowing.*) My name is Threadneedle, my lord.

Fan. An exceedingly pretty name.

Lord R. Be seated, Mr. Threadneedle.

Thr. Your lordship is very good.

Fan. (*apart, to CRASH.*) Threadneedle, he'll sit cross-legged for a five-pound note!

Cra. Done—he won't! (*sits.*)

[FANTAIL hands a bank note over to CRASH from pocket-book.]

Lord R. Your business, sir?

Thr. Is a very painful one.

Lord R. Painful!—A surgeon? . . .

Thr. No, my lord—I am a respectable inhabitant of this town.

Fan. Quite delighted to find that there is any respectability in it.

Lord R. Proceed, sir.

Thr. I perhaps am taking up a matter in which I have no right to interfere.

Cra. Then it is unwarrantable in you to do so.

Thr. Probably—but somebody must speak.

Lord R. Allez-vous en, s'il vous plait!

Thr. (*aside.*) French—I wish the Marquis of Riding Goat was here!

Lord R. Come, come, come—what is it you have to say, sir?

Thr. An outrage was committed last night at the turnpike.

Lord R. Indeed, dear *me*! eh, what is a turnpike?—Sir, I am sure you will excuse me, (as you favour me with a call in my dressing room,) if the little necessary avocations proceed. (THREADNEEDLE bows,) call Rédingote—let us have the Marquis.

Thr. (*aside.*) The Marquis comes—all right—(*voices without,*) “Rédingote.”

Enter REDINGOTE—THREADNEEDLE rises to shake hands with him, REDINGOTE embarrassed.

Lord R. (*to THREADNEEDLE.*) Be seated, sir—(*to REDINGOTE.*) Turn my hair, you French scoundrel.

[REDINGOTE takes his coat off—hairdresser's jacket beneath—puts on apron, from his pocket—THREADNEEDLE in the utmost astonishment—REDINGOTE produces curling-irons and heats them in the grate.]

Lord R. (to THREADNEEDLE.) Now, sir, to your business.

Thr. My lord, last night an outrage was committed at the turnpike.

Lord R. (to REDINGOTE.) Do you intend to pull my head off, you villain? I tell you to turn my hair and you are rooting me up wholesale. *(to THREADNEEDLE, coolly.)* My dear sir, if the turnpike-man misbehaved himself, why not take his name, and complain of him to the magistrates.

Thr. The turnpike man did not misbehave himself—and I regret to say that—

Lord R. I never met with any thing so tedious: tell the cook I want him. *[Exit FOOTMAN,*

Pray, sir, proceed—I am all attention—those irons are cold—(to REDINGOTE.) What the devil's the matter with you?

Réd. Soyez tranquille, mi lord—*(coughs with the tobacco fume.)*

Thr. Last night about twelve o'clock—the turnpike was assailed by—

Enter CONSOMME in white jacket—apron and cap, with a bill of fare in his hand.

There's the Baron—or his ghost!!

Con. (seeing THREADNEEDLE.) Ah! sacre—Monsieur Tred and niddle! *(pulls his cap down to disguise himself.)*

Lord R. Monsieur Le Baron Consommé—your dinner yesterday was uneatable—execrable!

Con. Mi lor!

Lord R. The principal ingredient in the soup was soot—your fish was black—your roasts red—your macaroni was a door mat, and your omelettes were kettle holders!!

Con. Je suis fâché, mi lord, mais.

Lord R. Now don't jabber, and show your teeth—what do I pay you 200*l.* a year for? to prove the adage that “the devil sends cooks?”

Réd. (apart.) Pauvre Baron!

Lord R. (turning to REDINGOTE.) And you, coxcomb—if I have to complain again, I'll send you both packing to the place from whence you obtained your titles—vanish—vite—bêtes!

[Exeunt CONSOMME, and REDINGOTE.]

Lord R. (rising.) I am really sorry, Mr. Cottonpins (what's your name), that the turnpike man has behaved so ill—I wish you good morning, sir! *(bowing him out.)*

Fan. (following THREADNEEDLE up.) Good day, sir.

Cra. Good day, sir. *(bows THREADNEEDLE quite out of the room.)*

Omnes. Ha! ha! ha!—ha! ha! ha!—ha! ha! ha!

Cra. Settled old dot and go one....

Fan. Now, there's a spirited old bantam; that fellow would go and pull the linchpin out of the globe!

Cra. The only way to serve out that old gentleman will be again to summon the PAINTERS to-night—and, ha! ha! ha! decorate the outside of his establishment as we did the turnpike.

Lord R. Bravo! glorious fun—agreed.

Fan. Pray, is that little ceremony to take place before or after your lordship's wager this evening?

Lord R. Which of my lordship's wagers?

Fan. A hundred guineas, that your favourite hunter will jump a five-barred gate in your drawing-room, on the carpet, at half-past ten to-night, with a *blazing fire staring him in the face!*

Lord R. My dear fellows, we'll settle the wager first, and do the *painting job* afterwards—that hundred guineas shall be mine. Come, my boys. [*Exeunt, O. P.*

SCENE III.—*Drawing-room at LORD RANKSBOROUGH'S; sofa, chairs, fireplace, table, with wine, &c.; LORD RANKSBOROUGH, FANTAIL, SIR GREGORY, MANLY, CRASH, and other Meltonians, discovered.*

Fan. (*filling glass.*) Hurrah! success to the *swell painters!*

Lord R. Fy, fy, for shame, gentlemen. We have had our frolic, a mischievous frolic, I allow, and doubtless we shall have to pay damages—should a true jolly fox-hunter dash a little too much, let the bigwigs and sobersides of the place reflect on the money we distribute in their town and country.

Cra. Yes, if we are a little too gay—

Sir C. Why, we pay. . . .

Fan. Come, my lord, it is just on the point of ten; there is a little more distribution of money to night—your wager.

Enter FOOTMAN.

Lord R. (*rings.*) Are Nokes and the grooms in attendance?

Foot. Yes, my lord.

Lord R. Now, as some expiation for our fantasies, I beg to propose that the winner of the hundred guineas shall present them to-morrow, a free gift to the county hospital!

Fan. Agreed.

Lord R. Ask the horse to be good enough to walk up stairs!

[*Grooms, helpers, bring in a five-barred gate, which they place upright, supported by two chairs, the Meltonians take their positions, as represented in the print, the hunter gallops on, mounted by a groom, and takes the gate.*

Chorus.

Air, "Jolly Bacchus."

With the cheering cry of hounds, and the ardent chase,

O! merry is our morn at Melton!

With a row and a *sprees* now, to keep alive the place,

O! merry is our night at Melton!

We've painted every door, we've painted every shed,

We've painted every shopkeeper, while snoring in his bed,

We're painted at the library, till all are *deep red!*

O! joyous is our sport at Melton!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The street at Melton (vide print)—Moonlight—Lamps lighted—THREADNEEDLE'S house on one side.*

Enter MANLY.

Man. Not yet ten; I have escaped our party, and if ever they were in a joyous mood, it is this night—I know not what mad-headed scheme they may concoct. Now to endeavour to let pretty Emily know that I am here to my appointment.

*Air, "The Watchman."**

Wat. (without.) "Past ten."

Man. "Good night, my dearest!"

Emi. (at window.) "How fast the minutes fly!

Ah, pray depart, thou hearest

That hateful watchman's cry;"—

Wat. "Past ten."

Emi. and Man. "Good night."

Wat. (enters down the street.) "Past ten."

Emi. Yet stay a moment longer,

Man. Alas, why is it so?

My wish to stay grows stronger,

The more 'tis time to go.

Wat. "Past ten."

Emi. and Man. "Good night."

[*MANLY retires, EMILY closes her window, after dropping a note to MANLY.*

Wat. "Past ten."

Enter LORD RANKSBOROUGH, SIR GREGORY, GORSE MANLY, FAN-TAIL, CRASH, GRASSLAND, SIR CHARLES COVER, and other Meltonians, with pails and brushes.

The Painters.—Air (Opening Music), "Il Barbiere di Siviglia."

Watchman. Past ten!

Manly. Come this way—come this way.

Watchman. Now, begone, sirs—must keep quiet—

Manly. Hold your tongue!

Painters } There's money—be silent—

surrounding } No more calling—no more bawling—

Watchman. } We'll let you know the time of day—

Watchman. Are you deaf, sirs?—begone there quickly—

You'll repent it, if you stay.

[*He springs his rattle.*

Four more watchmen run on—the swell painters are assisted by their companions to the several destinations—(vide print)—those who are below remain on guard, to repel the watchmen.

Painters.

Now to work, sirs—bring the brushes,

Care not for the *Beaks* two rushes;

* T. Moore.

We're the lads that never luses,—
Curse the Charlies—stop their throats!

[Complete row on the stage between the watchmen and
the gentlemen—general milling.

Watchmen and Meltonians—(during *mélée*.)

Silence, silence, cease your bawling,
Nor like cats, with caterwauling,
Wake the neighbours, stop your squalling,
Rascals, or we'll dust your coats.

{ Fight as represented in print, THREADNEEDLE appears at
window with MRS. THREADNEEDLE—THREADNEEDLE
gets painted. At every window males and females ap-
pear in nightcaps, some with lights—LUMBER comes
out, and is knocked about in the row and striped down the
back—the MELTONIANS beat off the WATCHMEN—and
ezeunt in good order, arm in arm—after a pause.

Enter BARON CONSOMME and MARQUIS DE REDINGOTE in red
hunting-coats—guitars in their hands, to serenade the ladies—
they commence singing.

(Duetto.) “O pescator del' onda fidelin,
— fidelin.”

MR. THREADNEEDLE opens window, and throws out a
water-jug at them.

Thr. Curse your fiddling—take that.

Re-enter the WATCHMEN—they seize CONSOMME and REDINGOTE—
and after a struggle hurry them off.

Re-enter the MELTONIANS, at the end of the row.

Lord R. Huzza! triumphant.

Finale.

Chorus—MELTONIANS.

(Opening of *Der Freischutz*.)

Victoria, Victoria, Victoria!

Our fun and frolic is ended,
And mirth our rambles befriended,
Come, come, what may,
We'll still be gay,
Victoria, Victoria, Victoria!

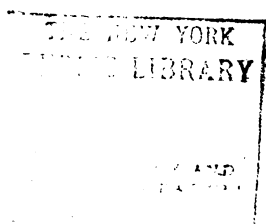
DISPOSITION OF CHARACTERS.

R.

MELTONIANS.

L.

(-29)





7057

WEAK POINTS.

A FARCE,

In Two Acts.

BY

JOHN BALDWIN BUCKSTONE, Esq.

MEMBER OF THE DRAMATIC AUTHORS' SOCIETY.

As performed at

THE THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.

CORRECTLY PRINTED FROM THE PROMPTER'S COPY, WITH THE CAST
OF CHARACTERS, COSTUME, SCENIC ARRANGEMENT, SIDES OF
ENTRANCE AND EXIT, AND RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ILLUSTRATED WITH AN ETCHING, BY
PIERCE EGAN THE YOUNGER, FROM A DRAWING TAKEN DURING THE
REPRESENTATION.

LONDON:

CHAPMAN AND HALL, 186, STRAND.

1888
448

1. 100 mg

WHITING, BEAUFORT HOUSE, STRAND.

Dramatis Personae and Costume.

First performed April 28, 1838.

MR. DOCKER. Brown coat, buttoned to the throat, black trousers, shoes, white stockings, dark bald wig	Mr. WEBSTER.
MR. JOLLY. Pepper and salt coat, white buttons, white double-breasted waistcoat, white corded breeches, large topped boots, light brown wig, and large whiskers, white large neckcloth	Mr. STRICKLAND.
JEMMY WHEEDLE. Military blue frock-coat, stock, collar turned down, white duck trousers, arched over the instep, wig, extreme of the present fashion, foraging-cap	Mr. BUCKSTONE.
THOMAS VERNON. Dark frock-coat, silk waistcoat, light trousers	Mr. HEMMING.
AMOS HUXTER. Dark coat, light waistcoat, double-breasted, white apron, drab breeches, and gaiters, brown George	Mr. T. F. MATTHEWS.
Two Bow-street Officers	Mr. BISHOP. Mr. GREEN.
MRS. DOCKER. Brown silk dress, cap. Last scene. White wrapper, and nightcap	Madame SALA.
MISS PENELOPE PUMP. Dark silk dress, habit-shirt, neat cap. Last dress. A calash and cloak	Mrs. GLOVER.
AGNES. White muslin dress	Miss COOPER.
SALLY PYBUS. 1st dress. A dark spotted cotton dress, coloured handkerchief, over the shoulders, apron, old black velvet bonnet, cap, and (in the first scene only, the hair in papers.) 2d dress. Crimson silk dress, coloured sash, large laced cap, trimmed with flowers	Mrs. FITZWILLIAM.
MRS. HUXTER. Plain cotton gown, shawl, and cap	Mrs. GALLET.

EXPLANATION OF THE STAGE DIRECTIONS.

L. means first entrance, left. R. first entrance, right. S. E. L. second entrance, left. S. E. R. second entrance, right. U. E. L. upper entrance, left. U. E. R. upper entrance, right. C. centre. L. C. left centre. R. C. right centre. T. E. L. third entrance, left. T. E. R. third entrance, right. Observing you are supposed to face the audience.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following is an original farce—that is to say—it is neither translated nor adapted from the French; though where an amusing vaudeville is successfully produced at a foreign Theatre the sneers at the poor scribe, who with materials drawn from the same source, may venture to make an English audience laugh, partake marvellously of small cant, and is usually found to emanate from a quarter, that writes itself, and is either wanting in the tact necessary for the transformation of a French farce into an English one, or that looks upon its own very original bantlings, as the wonders of the earth, and has not the common charity to introduce the child of a stranger, to the notice of a coveted public.

As to **WEAK POINTS**, where is the human being without his Weak Point? A question that will shortly be answered, it is hoped, by the words “not one;” more especially if it relates to the possession of a copy of this Number.

The quaker’s advice to his son, applies to all Farce writers: “Aminadab get money—honestly if you can—but get money.”—The motto of the interlude scribbler should be, “Make your audience laugh—legitimately if you can—but make them laugh.” In the present instance the audience laughed merrily, and as the legitimate end of Farce is to create laughter, the conclusion is that the author of “**Weak Points**” made his audience laugh *very* legitimately.

WEAK POINTS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A room close to the shop of AMOS HUXTER; AMOS and MRS. HUXTER discovered—table, two chairs.*

Amos. (reading a letter.) "I dare say, my dear uncle, you wonder that you've not heard from me lately, the fact is I've been on a tower."

Mrs. H. On a tower! what has the boy been doing there?

Amos. "A tower through Bullen and Belgium—I have exhausted the three hundred pounds left me by my late worthy missus, but the annuity of fifty pounds per Anno Domini will enable me to appear as a gentleman till such time as I can form some good connexion."

Mrs. H. A good connexion means a wife—of course.

Amos. It don't always follow of course, my dear.

Mrs. H. You've no reason to contradict me I'm sure—as for *Jemmy*, how the lad has got on in the world to be sure—what was he? a poor boy running about the streets, with scarcely a shoe to his feet, till he became errand-boy in a shop, where an old maiden lady took to him, who hired him as her footman.

Amos. And when she died left him three hundred pounds in cash, and fifty pounds a year for life—and all through his studying what he called her weak points—but let me finish the letter. "I have heard from a friend that I met on the Bullywards, that a lady is living in your neighbourhood with five thousand pounds in the bank—I wish to get introduced into the family where she resides—but you must not betray my relationship to *you*, because I'm now quite the gentleman." Umph! that's as much as to say that I'm not!—

Mrs. H. Oh, *Jemmy*, you're a deep un.

Amos. (reading.) "The lady in question is the cousin of Mr. Docker."—

Mrs. H. Docker! that's the mean man at the old house—near the end of the town.

Amos. The stingiest old fellow that ever lived.

Mrs. H. *Jemmy* will stand no chance there—there's somebody in the shop (*looking off, L. II.*) as I live it's *Sally Pybus*, Mr. Docker's maid—suppose I ask her in here, and get some information from her for *Jemmy*.

Amos. Do.

Mrs. H. I will—because if *Jemmy* should marry Mr. Docker's

cousin through our means, I'm sure he won't forget his poor uncle and aunt.

[Exit, L. H. 1 &.

Amos. Deep fellow, my nevvv—how he contrived to get the old lady to leave him all her money I can't divine. Jemmy must have wheedled her nicely—with his studying human nature's weak points as he calls it—poor old lady, she always suspected that every body wanted to rob her, so my nevvv made all her relations out as so many thieves and murderers, and she believed him—ha ! ha ! Deep fellow, Jemmy.

Mrs. H. (without.) Pray walk in, Sally, no one here but my husband.

Enter MRS. HUXTER and SALLY.

Sal. Ah, Mr. Huxter, good morning—'stonished to see me no doubt—coming of vulgar errands, but Mr. Docker sent away the footboy yesterday.

Amos. What, Thomas ?

Sal. Yes.

Amos. For what ?

Sal. For the sake of economy, as he calls it ; says, as he only cleaned boots, and went errands, that he should save three pounds a year, besides the boy's keep, by my putting his work to mine.

Mrs. H. How mean !

Amos. Very shabby—very !

Sal. How can he expect a genteel young person like me, to fetch every vulgar article that's wanted for the house—and polish clumsy Wellingtons. Now, I'm obliged to leave my work to fetch some common candles, for Miss Agnes to burn at night. Mr. Docker won't allow wax any longer—thinks dips quite good enough for miss to let gutter away, while she sits thinking of what she calls the unaccountable agony of human existence.

Amos. The young lady is in love, I suppose.

Sal. She has a beau, to be sure, but as to her being in love, I can't be bound to say, for she seems never so happy as when she's quite miserable.

Amos. Ah ! like my wife, here, delighted if she can only find something to fret about.

Mrs. H. Well, I'm sure.

Amos. Silence !

Sal. Then Miss Docker tells Mr. Vernon, her lover, that his heart is *gallows* to every feeling of sentiment—sometimes won't allow him to go near her, but sits alone for hours in the nursery, talking of a form of light that comes to see her in her dreams.

Amos. (looking off, L. H.) There's the omnibus at the door.

Mrs. H. What young gentleman is that coming in here ?

Amos. (aside to MRS. HUXTER.) As I live, it's Jemmy.

Mrs. H. Who shall we say he is to Sally ?

Amos. I'll manage it ; first let me put him on his guard. Don't go, Sally, there's only somebody in the shop.

[Exit Amos, L.

Mrs. H. (looking off, L. H.) Bless me, what a genteel young man!

Sal. Young man!—where?

Mrs. H. Talking to my husband.

Sal. Dear me, he is a duck!

Jem. (without, L. H. 1 E.) Won't give more than sixpence.

A Voice. Shilling, sir—it's my fare.

Jem. A shilling fare—in an omnibus—never!

Mrs. H. I declare my husband's bringing him in here.

Sal. Oh, dear! and I'm such a fright—how's my hair—oh! my cap.

[SALLY runs to a looking-glass, and arranges her cap.

Enter AMOS HUXTER, followed by JEMMY, AMOS carrying his carpet-bag.

Jem. Never heard of such a thing—how many miles from the Bank to here?

Amos. Five and a half.

Jem. Sixpence, of course.

Amos. He took it?

Jem. Yes, yes; I addressed him as the proprietor of the bus—and he took the compliment and the sixpence.

Amos. (aside.) Don't notice your aunt yet.

Jem. (aside.) No, no!

Amos. That's the maid at Docker's.

Jem. Oh! I'll be a gentleman looking for lodgings. (*aloud.*) Perhaps your good lady can inform me of some genteel first floor to let.

Mrs. H. If you'll take a seat, sir, I've no doubt we shall hear of something that will suit you. (*aside.*) How he has grown!

[JEMMY and MRS. HUXTER exchange looks. He regards SALLY as she comes down on his R. H.]

Jem. Bless me!

Mrs. H. What's the matter?

Jem. (beckons Amos, and whispers.)

Mrs. H. Lord, Huxter, how rude to whisper!

Amos. The young gentleman was merely admiring our friend's figure.

Jem. Never saw any thing so lady-like.

Sal. Oh, sir, you quite dash me; I don't know where to look.

Jem. Wish I had the honour of knowing your pa!

Sal. (sighing.) Ah, sir.

Jem. Or, your ma?

Sal. Oh, sir, I'll not delude you, though by my looks and figure you may take me for a lady; I am sorry to say, I'm nothing of the sort.

Jem. Really!

Amos. The young woman is a servant at a Mr. Docker's, in the neighbourhood.

Jem. A servant! now you do astonish me—I've seen the world—I've mixed in the first circles on the Boulevards and in the

Borough; I've seen the aristocracy of every nation, both black and white—and I never—

Amos. What?

Jem. Saw such a ladylike-looking person. Surely, miss, excuse my calling you miss—your father is some reduced nobleman; must be, lost his fortune on the turf, and now he's obliged to cut it.

Sal. No, sir; my father has had the honour to be the Hampstead milkman for the last twenty years.

Jem. Well, one of nature's dreadful mistakes—you *ought* to have been born a lady.

Sal. (aside.) What a very nice gentleman!

Jem. Docker, Docker! how strange!

Sal. What's strange, sir?

Jem. Can I admit you into my confidence?

Sal. Certainly, sir!

Jem. That family where you reside, I am most anxious to be introduced into; is there not a relative of Mr. Docker's living with him?

Sal. Master's cousin you mean?

Jem. Miss Penelope.

Sal. Pump!

Jem. Ah, Pump! a single lady!

Sal. Yes, sir, but she's only single at present; she has a beau, who I believe has popped.

Jem. O-ho! popped has he! and with effect?

Sal. I hardly know; sometimes she's making up her things to be married in, and then she puts them away again, and says she never shall have nerves for the wonderful change.

Jem. And the gentleman's name is—

Sal. Jolly. Such a nice old fellow! always giving me half-crowns, and so merry, only make him laugh, and he'll do anything for you.

Jem. And she is quite as generous with her money; she *has* money of course.

Sal. Hundreds, sir; but as for being generous, she takes after her cousin, stingy to a degree—and so suspisheerous, the house rings from morning till night with her false charges against people, as the young policeman says.

Jem. Suspicious, eh?

Sal. Oh, dreadful! Think's ill of every body; and if Mr. Docker didn't make a profit by her board and lodging, he would never put up with her—and he is such a man for buying bargains—let him have one or two, and show him where he can save a few farthings in his house bills; and he'll be your friend for ever.

Jem. Bless me; I've the very thing for him. Does he want a telescope?

Sal. If it's very cheap, and a great bargain, he'll buy it without minding if he *wants* the article.

Jem. I'll call on him with it—an admirable telescope—cost

me a fortune. If you take it to the Cape of Good Hope, you can—not only see the moon, but its inhabitants, and almost hear their conversation.

Sal. La, sir!

Jem. Fact. I'll be at your house in half-an-hour, or less.

Sal. Very well; good day, sir! [SALLY crosses to L. H.

Jem. Wish you good day; 'pon my life, Mr. Huxter, I don't mean any nonsense, but really more natural grace I never beheld.

Sal. Oh, sir!

Jem. Her head is put so finely on her shoulders, and the cap on the head, and the bonnet on the cap—splendid!

Sal. Oh, I'm sure it's quite a fright!

Jem. And the more I look at you—the more—I—never!

Sal. Oh, sir! you do so diffuse me all over, I shan't be able to find my way home. What can he want with that odorous Miss Pump? [Aside and exit, curtsying, L. H. 1 E.

Jem. Ha! ha! Wasn't that well done, uncle? Now aunt how d'ye do? long time since I have seen you; don't you think I've improved? Haven't I quite a foreign air with me?

Mrs. H. Quite! Never saw anybody look so outlandish.

Jem. Yes; what we call *distanty*,—and *commy fo*, in the society I've been used to lately. Now for my visit to Mr. Docker.

Amos. And have you a telescope so valuable?

Jem. It's in my carpet-bag; it belonged to an old fisherman at Boulogney; it's worth a guinea; I'll offer it for half-a-crown—only let me fairly get into the house, they shan't get me out again in a hurry—somebody in the shop, don't say I'm your neevy to anybody.

Amos. Not a word.

[Exit, L. H. 1 E.

Mrs. H. You can lodge here if you like; we have a spare bed to let.

Jem. I'm quite incog, you know.

Mrs. H. Three and sixpence a week.

Jem. No; three shillings.

Mrs. H. Can't afford less.

Jem. Not to your dear neevy?

Mrs. H. Can't indeed!

Jem. Upon my honour, aunt, you look younger and younger every time I see you.

Mrs. H. Oh, Jemmy!

Jem. You do, indeed aunt.

Mrs. H. Do you think so?

Jem. Upon my honour.

Mrs. H. Oh, Jemmy!

Jem. Three shillings?

Mrs. H. Ah, well, I can't refuse you.

Jem. Oh, you nice old lady.

[Exit, R. H. 1 E.

SCENE II.—*An apartment of Mr. DOCKER's, folding doors at the back—MR. DOCKER at table on the R. H., examining some tradesmen's bills, an account book, and money by the side of him—MRS. DOCKER sitting opposite to him with papers in her hand—AGNES is reclining in the corner, L. H., in an easy chair, in melancholy contemplation.*

Doc. What's this? Lamb tenpence per pound, I won't pay it; can get the best in the market for ninepence-halfpenny.

Mrs. D. It's the regular price, my dear.

Doc. I won't pay it—six pounds—deduct a halfpenny from every pound—take off the odd farthings, and that reduces the bill; threepence farthing in the sum tottles of the whole.

Mrs. D. Oh, Joseph, my dear!

Doc. If the man won't take it, I shan't deal with him.

Mrs. D. Now about a new bonnet for Agnes.

Doc. What! a new bonnet again!

Mrs. D. Again! it's a year since she had one.

Agn. Look at it, pa! (*showing a dirty white misshapen bonnet, that hangs on her chair back.*) Utterly impossible to be seen in it.

Doc. A very handsome bonnet still—you must take it to pieces—turn it—and iron out the ribbons—it will then look as good as new—cost you only a little trouble, and save me five-and-twenty shillings.

Agn. Oh! the misery of life; when one's nearest relative—he to whom one owes one's blank existence, can sternly deny to a desolate heart, the fast fading joy of a new bonnet!

Doc. I can't afford it—I'm going to the Haymarket next week, and I may pick up a cheap straw.

Mrs. D. Oh, Joseph! we shall both be ashamed to be seen in the public streets.

Enter MISS PENELOPE PUMP, C. D., a newspaper in her hand.

Miss P. There's no knowing any one—who would have thought it? that dashing gentleman at the end of the town—Mr. Alfred Tufton, he who kept his hunters, and admired me so at the races.

Doc. Admired you at the races! the day of the oaks—I know—what of him?

Miss P. Applying to be discharged from the Fleet Prison!

Doc. Always paid his bills without casting them; never was sure that his sum tottles was correct—see what it has brought him to. If I were not to contrive, and economize, and scrutinize, where would my family be? Eh! there's a penny too muc in the fishmonger's bill—cast it up yourself.

[*Giving the bill to MRS. DOCKER.*]

SALLY enters at the back.

Sal. Oh, sir!

Doc. What now?

Sal. Such a bargain!

Doc. A bargain!

Sal. Yes, sir; a telescope—you remember, sir, during the last eclipse of the sun, how you wanted one.

Doc. I did!

Sal. And how we all blacked our eyes in looking through your smoked glass, and missis had such a dark rim round here, that it got about you had been beating her, and all the people in the town have called you a brute ever since!

Doc. Well, well, the bargain.

Sal. A gentleman with a telescope, worth twenty guineas, come from the Cape of Good Hope, where the people in the moon are to be seen.

Doc. What does he want for it?

Sal. Only half-a-crown!

Doc. That's cheap, if it's a Dollond—let me see him.

[JEMMY and JOLLY heard laughing without.

MR. JOLLY enters from the back, down c.

Jol. Ha! ha! the pleasantest fellow I ever met with in all my life. Ha! ha! ha! such an odd story—never saw him before—met him on the mat in the passage—told me the drollest joke—shall laugh as long as I live, whenever I think of it—ha! ha! ha!

Miss P. Mr. Jolly—I'm ashamed of you—rude laughter is excessively vulgar—read Chesterfield.

Jol. Never! never! while there's a Joe Miller left in the world—ha! ha! ha! man in bed—wooden leg—left out at the bottom—maid took it for the handle of the warming-pan—pulled man on the floor—maid in fits—ha! ha! never heard such a thing—never.

Sal. It's the gentleman with the telescope.

Doc. (to SALLY.) Tell him to come in.

Miss P. No, no; he may be some improper character.

Agn. If he indulges in any levity while I am in the room—I shall leave it instantly.

[JOLLY takes a seat on the L. H. of the table at which MISS PENELOPE is sitting.

Jol. Ha! ha! ha! have him by all means!

Sal. (at back.) Walk in, if you please, sir.

[JEMMY appears at the back; a large telescope in his hand; he bows profoundly to MR. DOCKER, looks demurely at MISS DIANA, winks at JOLLY, and sighs deeply as he regards AGNES.

Doc. Is that the article you have for sale?

Jem. Yes, sir, a splendid glass! I would not have parted with it—but hearing that you were in want of such a thing—I made bold to call—my only motive for disposing of it is—that I am travelling, and—and—am now so well acquainted with astronomy, that I've no further occasion for a telescope.

Doc. (examining it.) Half-a-crown, eh?

Jem. I merely put that sum on it because I don't wish to give it away entirely.

Doc. Two shillings?

Jem. Really sir!

Doc. Though I don't want it, I'll have it—if you say two shillings.

Jem. Well, sir,—well—as you please.

[The chair in which MISS PENLOPE is sitting, breaks down with her—she screams.]

All. What's the matter?

Miss P. One of your cheap chairs, Mr. Docker—we shall all break our necks, I know we shall.

Jol. Ha! ha! ha! this is the fourth gone out of the new half-dozen—three in the next room, backs, arms, and legs all dislocated—broke down in one myself yesterday—thought I should have died with laughing, ha, ha!

Miss P. I think you might hand me another, Mr. Jolly—and not stand there laughing.

Jol. I beg your pardon—*(he hands MISS PENLOPE to his own chair—and takes another for himself in the centre.)*

Doc. *(looking at chair.)* Never was so taken in, in all my life—gave one pound for the half-dozen.

Jem. A pound! not worth half the money—take me with you when you want to get a bargain. Bless you, at my villa at Fulham, I could show you wonders in that way—fifty-guinea pier-glasses picked up for nothing.

Doc. Indeed!—where?

Jem. You shall know by-and-by.

Doc. Attend sales, I suppose?

Jem. No, no—when we are better acquainted, I'll put you in a way to spend your money in a manner that shall delight you.

Doc. Will you take a glass of sherry, sir?

Jol. Oh, oh, oh—the first time I ever heard such a question put by Joseph—oh, oh, oh!

Jem. You're very kind.

Doc. Sally place two glasses.

Sal. Sir, are you serious?

Doc. Do as I bid you!

Sal. Going to give away his wine, oh my—

[SALLY places two glasses from a sideboard on DOCKER's table—DOCKER goes out at the back—JEMMY crosses behind to JOLLY and whispers.]

Jol. *(in centre.)* Oh, don't—I shall die—ha, ha!

Jem. 'Pon my life it's a fact.

Jol. No!

Jem. Yes!

Jol. Ha, ha, ha!

Jem. Droll, an't it!

Jol. Fine fun! Fine fun!

Jem. *(crossing to MISS PENLOPE, L. H.)* Mr. Docker has been dreadfully deceived in his purchase of the chairs—thought the seller a fair dealer no doubt—it's awful to think how people

are deceived by appearances, I've been a severe sufferer in my time—smiling faces—hollow hearts—fair outsides—black insides—dreadful—dreadful!

Miss P. Ah, sir—it's a false world.

Jem. No knowing any one.

Miss P. Indeed there is not, sir.

Jem. Do you know Mrs. — Mrs. — the lady opposite?

Miss P. Tudway.

Jem. Yes. Mrs. Tudway.

Miss P. What of her?

(JEMMY whispers in PENELOPE'S ear.)

Miss P. No!

Jem. Yes!

Miss P. Not married!

Jem. True! ask Lord Cabbinger's butler.

Miss P. Lord who?

Jem. Cabbinger—Harley-street, Portman-square—he knows—tell you the particulars—when we are better acquainted—not prudent at present.

Miss P. Certainly not. (*aside.*) A very prepossessing young man.

Jol. What's that? something droll?

Jem. (*aside to JOLLY.*) Yes, tell you by-and-by.

Jol. Oh! ha! ha! ha! fine fellow that!

Jem. (*to AGNES, who is reading in the L. H. corner.*) Reading, miss?

Agn. I am, sir!

Jem. Poems?

Agn. Yes, sir!

Jem. Melancholy?

Agn. Yes, sir!

Jem. Ah! you should read Mrs. Grunts.

Agn. Whose sir?

Jem. Mrs. Grunts! oh, charming!

"Mine is the bosom seared with sorrow—
Mine is the—"

Oh, delicious—delicious—ah, miss—when one looks at the hollowness of the human heart, when one feels the emptiness of the—the—one turns away disgusted with life.

Agn. Do you sir? Are you indeed a congenial spirit?

Jem. Ah! Miss—young affections—blighted hopes—spring of life—fair blossoms—dead—gone—ah—(*groans and crosses with a sentimental air to JOLLY.*) Got another for you, such a rum un.

Jol. Oh, don't, I shall fall off the chair.

(JEMMY whispers JOLLY.)

Jol. Ha! ha! ha! well that's good—that's good—capital by Jove!

DOCKER re-enters with a large decanter containing about two glasses of wine.

Doc. Now—sir—taste this sherry!

Jem. With pleasure, sir!

[*JEMMY takes his seat opposite DOCKER on MRS. DOCKER'S leaving it to talk to AGNES—DOCKER pours him out a glass—then fills one for himself—JEMMY sips his wine with the air of a connoisseur.*

Doc. What do you think of that, sir?

Jem. Fair—what vintage?

Doc. I don't exactly know—picked it up at a sale—five-and-twenty.

Jem. You've been deceived, sir.

Doc. Have I?

Jem. Taken in.

Doc. You don't say so!

Jem. (*sipping and making a face.*) Five-and-twenty for that vinegar?

Doc. Vinegar!

Mrs. D. I told you it made us all ill!

Jem. (*to Miss PENELOPE.*) Allow me to offer you a glass.

Miss P. No thank you—I tasted it once—that was sufficient!

Jem. My dear sir, for three-and-twenty you shall drink hock—dreadful world, madam, the tricks in trade are shocking.

Miss P. Shocking, sir—shocking!

Jem. (*to DOCKER.*) What d'ye pay for coals?

Doc. Thirty a ton.

Mrs. D. And all slates, sir.

Jem. Dear, dear—you are imposed on by everybody.

Mrs. D. I always said so, Joseph, but you never mind me.

Jem. Put on your hat, (*to DOCKER,*) and come with me—shall fill your cellar—the very best—how much d'ye think?

Doc. Nine-and-twenty.

Jem. Eight-and-twenty and tenpence!

Doc. No!

Jem. Fact!

Doc. The best!

Jem. Finest in the world—take my arm, we'll go directly.

Doc. You'll dine with us to-day, I hope?

Jem. Certainly—certainly! [*He goes up the stage.*

Doc. You hear, Mrs. Docker.

Mrs. D. (*who has crossed behind, and come down on the R. of DOCKER.*) Then the joint must be cooked to-day.

Doc. And you and Agnes can dine first on the cold meat.

Agn. (*aside.*) Oh, agony!

[*JEMMY goes to Miss PENELOPE, and whispers in her ear.*

Jem. Mr. Jolly's not what he seems.

Miss P. (*starting.*) No!

Jem. Hush!

Miss P. Bless me!

Jem. Tell you by-and-by—(*aside to JOLLY.*) Did you never hear it before?

Jol. Never! ha, ha, ha!

Jem. Hush! don't laugh.

Jol. Who can help it?

Jem. (*crossing to Mrs. DOCKER, L. H.*) Madam, I—

Mrs. D. Don't talk to me, sir—I'm looking over my accounts, and you interrupt me. (*going up the stage.*)

Jem. (*aside.*) Not right there, yet. Now, sir, (*to DOCKER,*) I'll save you two hundred a year.

Doc. In the sum tottles.

Jem. In the sum tottles.

Doc. You're a valuable acquaintance.

Jem. I'll prove myself so,—come sir, come.

[*He takes DOCKER's arm, and hurries him off at the back.*]

Mrs. D. I don't like that young man, there's something about him very strange.

Agn. He but looks upon the world in its true colours, ma.

Miss P. I think him a very nice young person—and very properly suspects every one as I do. (*looking at JOLLY.*)

Jol. For my part, when I'm married, there shall always be a knife and fork for him at my table—haven't laughed so much for months. My dear Penny—

Miss P. (*rising.*) Sir!

Jol. I want to see you alone.

Miss P. I don't know that I shall grant your request.

Jol. Nonsense—you must—I want to settle the day—oh, ha, ha! we've neither of us too much time to lose.

Miss P. Calculate for yourself, sir.

Jol. Come—come, you're fifty.

Miss P. Mr. Jolly!

Jol. So am I—and we both know it—and the sooner we make up our minds to nurse one another the better—don't be angry—laugh as I do—ha! ha! I shall pop back again presently, and talk the matter over—now, none of your prim looks—you know I don't like them—be merry and jolly, and when I see you again, skip into my arms as well as you can, my dear, and what deficiency there may be in youth and beauty, we'll make up for in sincerity and cheerfulness. Ah, now don't look like a female Saracen. I shall expect a smile when I return—and if you are still such a confounded lump of acid—I must sweeten you up with a kiss. I will, ha! ha! I will!

[*Exit, R. H. 1 E.*]

Miss P. The more I look at Mr. Jolly the more I feel convinced he is not what he seems—how I long for the return of that interesting stranger! (*goes up the stage.*)

Mrs. D. Spiteful fate could not have sent a more mischievous person to the house than that odd-looking young man; Docker will now be meaner than ever—no going to Ramsgate this summer, that I can clearly foresee.

[*Exit, R. H. 1 E.*]

Enter THOMAS VERNON at the back.

Ver. Good morning, Agnes; pardon my being quite unable to sympathize with you to-day—I have heard some good news—and am in excellent spirits—my father will return to England next week—by that time I shall have passed my examina-

tion at the college, and a month or two will see me installed as the new surgeon at Hampstead. There, Agnes!

Agn. Nay, Thomas, talk not of hopes to a heart like mine; they are but as the colours of the rainbow, beautiful to gaze upon; but ah! how fleeting!—you will meet a gentleman here to-day, that appears to me the beau ideal of every thing poetic—the incarnation of subdued agony.

Ver. This praise speaks of a rival—I trust, Agnes, that you will not be the first to offer any obstacle to my happiness—our marriage was to have followed my establishment in my profession.

Agn. I offer an obstacle! Thomas, I respect you much—I look upon you as a most deserving young man—but, alas! I am not the person to make you happy—look around you in the world—select from it some more congenial partner for your days than your unhappy Agnes—for alas! I—I cannot explain—I cannot yet open my heart to you—but if you knew, Thomas if—you knew—oh! agony! [*She rushes out, L. H. 1 E.*]

Ver. Agnes! why is this? are you mad? Agnes! listen to me—I have a sonnet to the moon for you.

[*Exit, following AGNES.*]

Miss P. Umph! There is something very strange in the conduct of Mr. Vernon—and the continual sighing of Agnes is very suspicious;—indeed, as that young man justly observed, there is no knowing any one. What can he have learnt respecting Mr. Jolly? I am in a fever to know—I always thought there was something very peculiar in his manner—what can he be? what has he done? How fortunate that I have been put upon my guard in time, or I might have fallen a sacrifice to the artifices of a villain. Here is my gentleman—I'll not let him see that my suspicions have been roused.

Enter JOLLY, R. H. 1 E.; seeing MISS PENELOPE, he goes up the stage, and closes the door.

Miss P. Bless me! what can be the meaning of this caution? I begin to be alarmed—if there should be a dagger in his waistcoat-pocket.

[*JOLLY advances to MISS PENELOPE, draws a chair, and sits beside her; she retreats a little, he follows her.*]

Miss P. Mr. Jolly—where are you coming to?

Jol. To a point, my dear.

Miss P. Oh! he refers to some murderous instrument. Mr. Jolly, if you mean assassination, say so, that I may know how to act.

Jol. Ha! ha! ha! assassination! what are you dreaming of, my dear Penny?

Miss P. Penny! I beg, sir, you will not abbreviate my name in that vulgar manner.

Jol. What is the matter with the old girl?

Miss P. (*starting up.*) Sir—do you wish to add insult to atrocity?

Jol. (looking at her with astonishment, and beckoning her towards him.) Come close to me, my dear.

Miss P. No, sir; I wish to keep at a proper distance.

Jol. Have you *only* had coffee for your breakfast this morning?

Miss P. You base man! What do you mean by that?—that fiend-like insinuation!—I understand your gross allusion—now, sir, you have completely removed the veil from your black heart—and at last show yourself in your true colours. (*crosses in a rage to R. H.*) For the man, who can so brutally wound the feelings of a female in the manner that *you* have done, *must* be a villain—and—and—(*sobbing*)—I desire, sir, you'll return me all my letters.

Jol. (aside.) Zounds, I've lit my pipe with 'em!

Miss P. And—and—the silver tobacco-stopper I gave you—I have done with you for ever.

[*She falls almost fainting into a chair in the centre of the stage—first trying that it will support her.*]

Jol. Really my dear, I—I—beg your pardon, my question was merely put in the jocularly of the moment. And if I *have* hurt your feelings, I assure you it was not intentionally, but your manner towards me was so odd, that I thought—I thought, ha! ha! (*is about to laugh, but checks himself.*) Hem! mustn't laugh at a moment like this—she must be coaxed. (*he draws a chair, and by degrees approaches her.*) My dear—

Miss P. Don't come near me, sir!

Jol. My love—

Miss P. Your love!

JEMMY gently enters from the back.

Jol. My everlasting, don't bear malice—make it up, the quarrels of lovers are the renewal of love, *you* know that by this time—come—come, when shall it be? when shall I look around me and see our mischievous boys and romping girls, eight or ten of 'em, all kissing you at once—little rogues, eh, my love?—ha, ha, ha! come, come, don't be so dam'd dignified. (*he whispers.*) Say Saturday next, and I'll go for the licence at once, eh, eh?

[*He suddenly gives her a hearty kiss—she screams and jumps up—JEMMY comes down L. H. MISS PENELOPE is overpowered with confusion—JOLLY tries to whistle.*]

Jem. O-ho!

Miss P. I would rather have died than this should have happened.

[*She rushes off, R. H. 1 E.—JOLLY tries to whistle.*]

Jem. You think that's a whistle—but it ain't.

Jol. Ha, ha, delightful moments, arn't they, sir?

Jem. Delicious! oh delicious! as kissing goes by favour, Mr.

Jolly. I conclude you must be all right in that quarter—eh?

Jol. To tell you the truth I hardly know—the fact is I want a wife—I'm too far down the wrong side of the hill of life to dream of violent affection—youth and beauty—and all that.

Jem. You merely want comfort.

Jol. Yes—yes.

Jem. And fun.

Jol. That's all—a kind wife and a hearty laugh now and then, and I should be as happy as a king.

Jem. What d'ye think? Docker don't want his cousin to marry—told me so just now—ha, ha—her board and lodging is too good a thing for him to lose, that's it—and it strikes me—this is entirely between ourselves you know—

Jol. Yes, yes!

Jem. That Docker has been poisoning her mind against you.

Jol. O—ho—that accounts for her queer vagaries just now.

Jem. Take my advice, don't notice her for a few days—make faces at her behind her back, and let Docker see you—he'll think there's a rupture—tell no more lies about you—and the effect of his insinuations will die away. Then renew your attentions on the sly.

Jol. I see—I see—Docker never did seem very anxious to have the day fixed.

Jem. Of course not!

Jol. Mean old fellow.

Jem. Shocking—shocking—mind what I say.

Jol. I will.

Jem. If you were to insult Miss Pump, it would do no harm—make some appointment on a very cold night, and don't go.

Jol. That will be fun.

Jem. Won't it? Hush some one's coming—now mum!—I'm your friend.

Jol. You shall be my father, and give me away—

Jem. I will. (*putting him off at the back.*)

Jol. And dine with me every day of the honeymoon.

Jem. I will, and stand godfather to the first, eh?

Jol. Ha, ha, ha! oh, you rogue!

Jem. Ha! ha! now go. (*puts him out at the back, and shuts the door, Miss PENELOPE peeps on R. H.*)

Miss P. Are you alone, sir?

Jem. Quite, madam!

Miss P. Oh, sir! I've been so anxious to see you, ever since your hint about Mr. Jolly. What did you mean?

Jem. Will you be secret!

Miss P. Certainly.

Jem. Jolly's a very dangerous man.

Miss P. I guessed as much.

Jem. You have known him how long?

Miss P. Ten years.

Jem. But you don't know his eldest daughter?

Miss P. Eldest daughter! Was he ever married?

Jem. Tizzy vous—don't talk so loud—very fine girl his eldest daughter—as for his poor wife—

Miss P. His poor wife!—

Jem. That he has been separated from fifteen years.

Miss P. You don't say so?

Jem. She can scarcely keep herself and her family, on the four and sixpence per week he allows her.

Miss P. And the wretch proposes to marry me!

Jem. If you accept him her allowance is to be raised to ten shillings to keep her silent.

Miss P. What unheard of villany!

Jem. There's one thing I cannot make out.

Miss P. What is that?

Jem. How he has contrived to live since he failed in the coal and potato line.

Miss P. Was he ever in such a calling as that? Bless me!

Jem. There's no knowing any one, is there ma'am?

Miss P. There is not indeed!

Jem. Don't take any notice of him for a few days at least—by that time I may learn more.

Miss P. Oh, sir—how can I be sufficiently grateful? you have saved me from a precipice.

Jem. I have but done the duty of an honest man. Oh, Miss—oh! (he looks at her for a moment, utters a deep sigh and turns away.)

Miss P. There is something very interesting about that young man.

Jem. I was going to tell you of Mrs. Tudway opposite.

Miss P. Ah! you did mention her.

Jem. Would you believe it!

Miss P. Dear me—no!

Jem. Hush—somebody comes.

Miss P. Pray see me again after dinner in the arbour in the garden.

Jem. Yes—yes.

[JEMMY snatches her hand, kisses it—she looks tenderly at him, MISS PENELOPE going up the stage.]

What a superior creature to that Jolly!

Enter VERNON followed by AGNES, L. H. 1 E.

Ver. Who is the fellow? I must and will see him.

Agn. Thomas, restrain your violence—you shock me.

Ver. As you are a stranger here, it is rather necessary we should be acquainted with your name.

Jem. My card, sir. (giving card.)

Ver. (reading.) “Horace Albemarle, Kensington.”

Jem. (aside.) My travelling *nom de ger*.

Miss P. (aside, U. E. R. H.) Horace Albemarle—he's somebody of high birth.

Ver. (to AGNES.) Is this the person who has changed your sentiments?

Agn. I shall not condescend to explain any further, that gentleman is here by pa's invitation.

Ver. (aside to JEMMY.) You and I must have some conversation, sir.

Jem. When you please, sir!

Ver. After dinner!

Jem. Shall be delighted.

Enter MRS. DOCKER, R. H. 1 L.

Mrs. D. Mr. Vernon.

Ver. Madam!

Mrs. D. Pray get that creature, (*pointing to JEMMY,*) out of the house—he will encourage my husband in every meanness.

Ver. I will, Mrs. Docker!

Enter SALLY at the back.

Sal. Dinner's on table.

Jem. (*to MISS PENELOPE.*) Allow me, madam, to offer you my arm.

Miss P. Thank you, sir!

Enter JOLLY at the back.

Jol. (*making faces at MISS PENELOPE, and passing to MRS. DOCKER on the R. H.*) Docker says you are to take your place at the table.

Mrs. D. I beg to be excused—Agnes and I have dined as he desired.

Jol. Pooh—pooh—nonsense—come—come for the sake of appearances.

Miss P. How I long to give him a hint!

Jem. No! no!

Miss P. Yes! yes!

Mrs. D. (*to JOLLY.*) Offer your arm to Agnes—I wish to speak to Mr. Vernon!

Jol. Certainly—come Agnes, my dear!

JOLLY crosses to AGNES on the L. H.

Miss P. (*to JOLLY, on his R. H.*) Coal and potatoes.

Jol. What d'ye say?

Miss P. Four and sixpence.

Jol. (*astonished.*) For what?

Jem. Come, my dear madam, come.

Miss P. How is your eldest daughter?

Jem. Hush! come! [*Hurries MISS PENELOPE off at the back.*]

Jol. Poor woman—poor woman—a sad thing, my dear, (*to AGNES,*) when one gives one's mind to exciting stimulants.

Agn. Mr. Jolly!

Jol. Only my fun, my dear—ha, ha, though affairs seem a little wrong now—we shall all come right in time—now to dinner—to dinner. [*Leads AGNES off at the back.*]

Mrs. D. My dear Mr. Vernon, if you love Agnes you will rid the house of that young man—he will involve the whole family in dissension. I can see it clearly.

Ver. I'll insult him, and kick him out.

Mrs. D. You ought really, for Agnes has confessed—

Ver. What!

Mrs. D. I'm afraid to tell you.

Ver. Pray let me know the worst.

Mrs. D. She has been raving lately of a form of light that visits her in her dreams.

Ver. Well!

Mrs. D. And she is convinced it's that creature.

Ver. Is it possible?

Mrs. D. Now pray rid us of him—he has put such mean notions in my husband's head, that it's frightful to think of.

Ver. I'll talk to him, and find out who he really is.

Mrs. D. Pray do!

Ver. Come to the dining-room and watch him.

Mrs. D. I will. (*taking VERNON's arm.*) And if you can pick a quarrel with him, do.

Ver. I will.

Mrs. D. And get him out of the house.

Ver. I will—he shall go!

Mrs. D. He shall, I'm determined! Sally.

Re-enter SALLY.

Sal. Ma'am!

Mrs. D. You must wait at dinner, as the boy has gone away.
[*Exit with VERNON at back.*]

Sal. Wait at dinner—that I'm sure I shan't; they may wait on themselves—a lady like me to bemean myself in that way—quite enough I think to have to do the work of the house, run of all the errands, and make eight beds every morning, without letting myself down to hand plates to a parcel of people at dinner. Beside I'm not dressed yet; wait till that gentleman sees me, I've got a pound and more in my box. While they're at dinner, I'll run to the second-hand clothes *depot*, and buy some dresses fit for a person like me to be seen in, and then what will they say? Oh dear, what a pity that I'm only a natural lady—ah, if I were a lady now in downright earnest—lots of money as well as lots of nature. Oh, I wish I was!

[*Exit at the back.*]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE (*Same as Act I.*) *Table at back, on which two candles are burning.*

VERNON and JEMMY heard at the back, in altercation.

Ver. (*without.*) Don't talk to me, sir!

Jem. But, my dear sir.

Ver. Answer me one question.

Jem. With pleasure—with pleasure.

Enter VERNON and JEMMY.

Ver. Answer me one question, sir; the family are walking in the garden—in an hour they will retire to rest, and before I sleep, I must and will be satisfied as to the nature of your views in this house—do they point at Miss Agnes?

Jem. Dear me, no.

Ver. You have been perpetually whispering to her during the evening, and she has appeared gratified at the subject of your observations.

Jem. Merely slight remarks on human nature.

Ver. Well, sir—that young lady is about to become my wife—but since your appearance here I am at a loss to guess the meaning of certain expressions she has used.

Jem. Mere flights of fancy; she has imagined a being of human perfection—a form of light; she has dreamt of it—and on seeing me was struck with my resemblance to that form—that's all, sir. And you, as a poet, and a very charming poet too, ought to understand and allow for such eccentricity of intellect.

Ver. (*aside.*) Zounds! she never can have permitted a thought of this vulgar little fellow to occupy her mind—no—no—impossible. Now to fulfil my promise to Mrs. Docker, and get him out of the house.

Jem. Have you done with me, sir? I wish to return to the ladies.

Ver. No, sir. (*aside.*) I must pick a quarrel with him. He is to sleep here it seems, and Mrs. Docker and her husband are quite squabbling about it; she has begged of me to insult him, and make him leave the house; and for my own sake—I must and will. Sir! Mr. Albermarle.

Jem. Sir, to you.

Ver. Allow me, in the first place to tell you that Mrs. Docker don't like you—now that's plainly spoken.

Jem. What have I done to the dear lady?

Ver. You have encouraged Mr. Docker in his meanness—you have caused—

Jem. I encourage Mr. Docker in his meanness! Good Heavens! during the happy day that I have passed here—I have observed the worthy gentleman's propensity, and how wretched it makes dear Mrs. Docker and her daughter—and I am merely leading him into extremes—that he may see his fault through a magnifying glass.

Ver. Ah!—well—

Jem. And you, sir—you as a poet—ought to have more human charity in your heart than to think so badly of me without knowing me. By the by, I have a sonnet or two of my own on illiberality. (*searching his pockets.*) They're in my trunk—I should like your opinion of them—especially as you are a kindred soul. Ah! sir, charming solace is poesy—isn't it—eh! when one is at outs with the world—to roll one's eye in a fine phrensy, and pour out one's thoughts on paper—delicious isn't it? *We, sir—souls like ours—you and I, eh! we only know—we only can comprehend such feelings.*

Ver. Yes; I confess there is a—a—

Jem. There is, indeed—I understand you. Do you intend to publish?

Ver. I have wished to do so for some time.

Jem. I thought so. Now, if you *do*, I can be of service to you—a friend of mine is the critic of the Weekly Tommyhawk—a hint from me—that's all—quite enough.

Ver. I certainly should wish my last attempt in the Miscellany—

Jem. The Miscellany! Oh! ah!—let me see, your signature is—X Y—or Gammon?

Ver. Sir—

Jem. (*aside.*) Eh! (*aside.*) I've made a slip—Alpha—Beta—Gamma. Ah! that's it—Gamma, sir—the third Greek letter—Greek you know.

Ver. Oh yes, of course—I understand. I thought you said—

Jem. Oh dear no—then your signature is—

Ver. Merely the letter V.

Jem. Is it possible?—is that your signature?—Is it indeed? Well I never—good gracious—are those delightful lines yours? Give me your hand, I have long wished to meet you. You are an ornament to society. (*taking VERNON's hand.*) Is it possible? Oh! that delicious passage describing the—the—

Ver. Moon in a mist.

Jem. Ah! (*aside.*) Of course he has a pet passage—I must say—no, really now—beautiful—delightful.

Ver. Oh, sir, you—

Jem. Not at all—Well, I'll not distress you by complimenting you to your face, but really—give me your hand again, I hope we shall be better acquainted—we must have half an hour's talk together to-morrow. I'm delighted at meeting you—charmed—charmed!

[As JEMMY is shaking VERNON's hand, MRS. DOCKER appears at the back.

Mrs. D. What! shaking hands—(*she comes down on the R. H. of VERNON.*) I asked you to get him out of the house.

Ver. Why, yes—but the fact is, now I know him better, he really is not such a bad fellow. Odd at first I confess—talk to him yourself.

Jem. (*crosses to MRS. DOCKER.*) Ah, Mrs. D. quite delighted with our friend here, and as for your husband—may I express an opinion?

Mrs. D. Yes, sir.

Jem. Is one of the most liberal men living.

Mrs. D. You are the first that ever said so.

Jem. You don't go the right way to arrive at his truly noble heart—hasn't his conduct to me been generous and hospitable in the extreme, to me a perfect stranger!

Mrs. D. We are all surprised at that.

Jem. No doubt; but how did I extract his better nature—I'll tell you—by humouring his other one. Now, you wish I hear to go to Ramsgate and ride donkeys. You wish for a new bonnet; in short you wish to enjoy yourself as a lady in your circumstances ought.

Mrs. D. You've guessed me to a T.

Jem. Leave it to me, and you shall not only go to Ramsgate but to *Bulloney*, and Brussels, where the carpets are—and in new bonnets too.

Mrs. D. If you accomplish this, you will be the best friend we have known for many a day.

Jem. Trust to me, and observe my method ; it will be a lesson for you. (*aside.*) I'm all right there I see. [*Goes up the stage.*]

Mrs. D. (*aside to VERNON.*) Well, really he is not so disagreeable.

Ver. I must say there is an air of intelligence in his manner, that at first I did not observe.

Jem. (*coming down on the L. H.*) Now, my dear madam, I hope we are friends. (*crossing to centre.*)

Mrs. D. Well, sir, as you really seem to have an anxiety for our comforts, I shall ever be happy to see you.

Jem. Give me your hand.

Mrs. D. There, sir. (*giving her hand to JEMMY.*)

Jem. Mr. Vernon, yours.

Ver. There, sir.

Jem. Now, I trust we have laid the foundation-stone of a temple of mutual esteem, that will endure for ages. (*shaking both their hands.*)

Enter DOCKER at back, followed by Miss PENELOPE, AGNES, and JOLLY.

Doc. Now, listen to me—sit down all of you, and listen to me.

Jol. Silence—DOCKER is going to lecture on economy.

[*JOLLY places chairs for Mrs. DOCKER and himself on the R. H. JEMMY brings down two chairs, one for himself, and the other for Miss PENELOPE, L. H. VERNON brings chairs forward for himself and AGNES on the R. H.—DOCKER sits in the centre.*]

Miss P. (*looking at JOLLY.*) A married man with a daughter ; I see it in his face.

Jol. (*looking at DOCKER.*) Docker don't like me—it's clear enough now, a close-fisted old hunk.

Agn. (*to VERNON.*) Have you conquered your absurd prejudice, Thomas ?

Ver. Respecting our new friend ?

Agn. Yes.

Ver. I am inclined to think him a man of taste.

Agn. Of course.

Mrs. D. (*to DOCKER.*) Now my dear, what have you to propose ?

Doc. My friend here, (*pointing to JEMMY,*) has given me a hint relating to our Ramsgate trip.

Mrs. D. Indeed, then I am sure it will be worth attending to.

Miss P. Bless me—she's quite civil at last.

Jem. (*aside to Miss PENELOPE.*) Yes, my precious lamb—but hush !

Doc. (a pencil and paper in his hand.) By not going to Rams-gate I shall save fourteen pounds, six, and fourpence.

Mrs. D. What, don't you intend going?

Jem. (to Mrs. Docker.) Hush, my dear madam.

Doc. Now, I propose that instead of gadding, I put away that sum—that you Mrs. D., and Agnes go without bonnets for another month, that we give Sally leave to visit her father for three or four weeks—and stop her wages for that time—while Agnes can do all the work of the house—the making the beds—and hearthstoning the door steps—and so forth.

Agn. (clasping her hands.) Oh, insufferable misery.

Doc. I will undertake not to wear any washing waistcoats or trowsers for some time—and the saving by *that*, and going to bed every evening at sunset—so as to avoid lighting candles—it is now May—we must all go to bed at eight o'clock.

Agn. To bed at eight! oh! agony.

Doc. I have calculated that in a month, we shall by these means, save thirty-two pounds, four shillings, and one half-penny.

Jol. In the tottle?

Doc. In the tottle. And then we'll—

All. What?

Agn. What, pa?

Doc. Place the difference to it—and buy half a hundred in the three per cents.—eh—ha! ha! ha! (*rubbing his hands.*) What d'ye think of that?

All (but JEMMY.) Oh!

Mrs D. Oh, dear! I thought—

Agn. So did I.

Jem. Hash, a capital plan, (*they all listen anxiously to JEMMY,*) though I can point out a pleasanter piece of economy.

Doc. Ah! in what way?

Jem. Go on the continent.

All (but Docker.) Charming! delightful!

Doc. Nonsense—pooh!

Jem. Mr. D. Pardonnez moi. You can't support your family at home under eighteen pounds a month or thereabouts.

Doc. Certainly not.

Jem. Now for fifty pounds you can all live on the continent in ease—and elegance—besides the benefit done to your health—no doctor's bills—think of that—for six months.

Doc. For how much?

Jem. At *Bolloney sur Mare*—or *Dip*—for less than that—fifty pounds—and do the thing *commufo* too.

Doc. I can.

Jem. Parole de honneur.

Doc. Then we'll start to-morrow.

Mrs. D. Delightful.

Agn. Sweet anticipation.

All. Excellent—charming—clever—clever.

Mrs. D. (to JEMMY.) You are a dear friend.

Miss P. He's not a married man. (*looking at JOLLY.*)

Jem. (aside to Miss PENELOPE.) Hush, for gracious sake.

Jol. How vicious Miss Penny looks at me every minute.

Enter SALLY from the back very finely dressed—she walks in front of the party displaying herself particularly to JEMMY—she takes the L. H. corner.

Sal. (speaking affectedly.) Excuse my coming in so corruptly—but if you please sir, (to JEMMY,) you are required in the hall.

Miss P. Sally!

Sal. (to Miss PENELOPE.) Mem!

Miss P. Are you deranged?

Sal. I shall not presume to reply to you.

Miss P. Bless me.

Jem. Hush!

Mrs D. and Doc. Sally!

Jem. I beg your pardon—who is it, Sarah?

Sal. Mr. Huxter—the man at the shop in the general line—we—know it, sir, don't we? (to JEMMY.)

Jem. Oh! the coal-merchant called about the prices, no doubt. I'll wait on him directly.

Sal. I'll acquaint the person with your intention precocious to your interview. (she walks out at the back with a genteel air.)

Mrs. D. Dear me, what is the matter with Sally?

Doc. I think she has been at our table-ale—I thought it was getting low.

Jem. Excuse me a minute, I beg.

All. Oh! certainly.

[JEMMY walks out at the back with great dignity.]

Jol. That's an excellent fellow—and I like him amazingly.

Miss P. His knowledge of human wickedness is indeed great.

Ver. He has a taste for literature I confess.

Agn. And a fine disdain of the world.

Doc. His notions of figures are wonderful.

Mrs. D. He's what I call a real economist.

SALLY re-enters and takes the R. H. corner.

Jol. The drollest dog I ever met with—kills me.

Ver. An excellent critic.

Mrs. D. A capital manager.

Agn. A true philosopher.

Doc. Knows the value of farthings.

Miss P. And is an accute detector of villany.

Sal. Oh! he's a nice young man.

All. Sally!

Sal. I beg pardon—I spoke promiscuously.

Re-enter JEMMY, quite pale, he falls in a chair in the centre, they all rise, and regard him with anxiety.

All. My dear sir—what's the matter?

Jem. Don't notice me, I beg, only a shock—unpleasant news.

All. (thronging round him.) Dear! dear!

Miss P. He seems faint—open the windows.

Mrs. D. Agnes, run for your smelling-bottle.

[AGNES runs off at back.

Ver. (*feeling his pulse.*) 'Tis the effect of alarm.

Jem. Yes, sir; you're right—quite right.

Ver. Pen, ink, and paper—I'll write a prescription.

Doc. They're in my room. (VERNON going.) Don't tear a whole sheet—you'll find the back of a letter.

[VERNON goes off at the back.

Jem. Leave me a moment—I shall soon recover—news of a parent at the point of dissolution—too much for me. Leave me alone to recover myself, pray—must take the mail in the morning—hundred and twenty miles across the country—too late to start now—pray leave me.

Mrs. D. (*to DOCKER.*) Come, my dear.

Jem. Tell Mr. Vernon and your charming daughter not to trouble themselves—shall be better presently.

Doc. Yes, yes; leave him alone, I beg.

Mrs. D. It makes one worse to be bothered—Mr. Jolly take Miss Pump a moonlight walk on the lawn.

[DOCKER and MRS. DOCKER go off at the back.

Jol. Will you take my arm, Miss?

Miss P. I never walk in the moonlight with dangerous men.

Jol. Eh?

Miss P. Four and sixpence.

Jol. Eh?

Miss P. Now go and look at the moon, and reflect on my words.

Jol. I will, and if it isn't at the full—I'm very much mistaken.

[JOLLY goes off at the back; SALLY advances to JEMMY.

Sal. Do you feel a little renovated, now?

Miss P. Sally—leave the room.

Sal. How provoking—I can't have him to myself a minute—It's shameful. (*she goes off, R. H. 1 E., in a rage.*)

Miss P. Upon my word that girl gives herself strange airs. (*she advances gently to JEMMY.*) Better now, Mr. A?

Jem. Yes, my precious lamb.

Miss P. I'm so glad. (*taking his hand.*) You are still a little feverish.

Doc. (*peeping in at the back.*) Will you leave him alone?

Miss P. Dear, dear, I can't get a syllable in confidence with him. [Exit, R. H. 1 E.

Doc. I'll keep you from being disturbed—you don't want to write do you?

Jem. No, I thank you.

Doc. Then one light is sufficient.

[DOCKER snuffs out one of the candles and goes off at the back, closing the doors.

Jem. (*alone.*) Very awkward—the police after me—have traced me to this place—how could it have been discovered?—I

always thought my old missuses brother too stupid a fellow ever to have stirred in the matter, and after so long a time too—what can he want with her fifty pounds a year; I'm sure he had quite enough—and as she left me her ready money I thought there was no harm in making a codicil in my favour of her long annuity. Um—this comes in being so clever at imitating her handwriting—however, I must get away from here to-night—and Miss Penelope must keep me company too—walk to the inn on the high road—get post horses—*she'll* pay, and off to the continent, all snug—I must put on the high pressure.

[He sits in the chair in thought, MISS PENELOPE peeps in R. H.]

Miss P. Better now.

Jem. Yes, love—and a word with you will quite restore me.

Miss P. Oh, sir!

Jem. Pray sit down a moment.

He places a chair for MISS PENELOPE on the R. H.

Miss P. Hush, I'll shut the doors.

[She goes up the stage to close the doors at the back, when SALLY comes in on tiptoe on the L. H.—and as JEMMY is wrapped in thought she sits beside him.]

Sal. Better, Mr. A.

Miss P. Sally!

Sal. Oh! (*jumping up,*) there she is again—I never saw any thing so aggravating.

Miss P. I'm ashamed of you, Sally—your conduct is highly indelicate—and the manner in which you have dressed yourself out to-day is very unbecoming your station.

Sal. Is it?—just ask that gentleman *his* opinion. But it's all envy—nataral born ladies are always found out—whatever they may put on—an't they, sir?

Miss P. How dare you address your conversation to Mr. Albemarle? Leave the room.

Sal. I shall contain in my present position—one oughtn't to be ordered about by one's inferiors in every point of view—especially in pure nataral elegance.

Miss P. I never heard such impertinence in all my life—your master shall know of your conduct.

Sal. And if he knew of yours it would be nothing more than equivalent—setting your cap at a gentleman young enough to be your grandson—make your will, and go to your progeny.

Miss P. My progeny! an insolent hussey.

Sal. Proceed in your interpolations—I look down upon you with contempt.

Jem. Sally—Sally—be a lady—you can if you like.

Sal. I will, Mr. A., in spite of appearances.

Miss P. I'm breathless with indignation; Mr. Docker! (*calling.*)

Sal. You needn't call master—I've given vent to my emotions, and now I shall retire.

Jem. Sally!

Sal. (*aside to JEMMY.*) Don't have any thing to say to her; she'll think you mean to murder her.

Jem. Go, go, there's a dear.

Sal. As you are so pressing, I'm too much of a lady to refuse, I wish you a very good evening, sir. (*she curtsies to JEMMY, with great dignity.*) As to you, Miss Pump, and a precious one you are, I look upon you as so much rubbish, and the sooner the dustman calls for you, the cleaner the house will be.

[*Exit SALLY, L. H. 1 E.*]

Miss P. I'll go to her master, I'm determined; she shall have warning immediately.

Jem. (*checking her.*) My dearest love, I have something a million times more important, for you to attend to; you observed my agitation—you saw how poorly I was?

Miss P. I did, with alarm.

Jem. Sudden news of a dear parent at the point of dissolution—I must leave you immediately—that is—in the course of an hour or so.

Miss P. Leave me! and when may I see you again?

Jem. Perhaps never more.

Miss P. Oh!

Jem. I have many enemies amongst my relations.

Miss P. So have I.

Jem. You have—I intend to quit the country; may I again urge my point?

Miss P. To fly with you.

Jem. This very night—you told me half an hour since, you would turn it in your mind—have you turned it?

Miss P. I have.

Jem. Well?

Miss P. I'm afraid.

Jem. Think of the dangers that beset you in this family. Docker thinks when you die he'll come in for your money—Don't you eat any pie-crust in this house.

Miss P. Lord, sir!

Jem. I could tell you things that would make your hair stand an end—think how I have exposed that Jolly to you—he suspects that I know him. You see a change in him, don't you?

Miss P. I do—I saw him making horrid faces at me when my back was turned, a wretch.

Jem. Mr. Vernon too, is a young doctor, wants to marry Agnes. Suppose Docker to come in for your money, when he dies, it goes to Agnes—don't you see where the oxalic acid is to come from?

Miss P. Oh, sir, you make me tremble from head to foot.

Jem. The chair that broke down with you this morning—

Miss P. What of that?

Jem. Done on purpose.

Miss P. Abominable!

Jem. Docker had half sawed the leg before you sat in it, in

hopes to break yours. Vernon was to come in and order immediate amputation.

Miss P. What, cut it off.

Jem. Cut it off.

Miss P. You horrify me.

Jem. You would have died in agonies ; so between Docker and Jolly, and the surgeon, I would not insure your life a day—a day! not an hour.

Miss P. Oh, take me from this abode of horrors.

Jem. I will.

Miss P. I can stay no longer.

Jem. Pack up all to-night,

Miss P. I will.

Jem. When the family have retired, I'll come out and tap at your door, take your luggage—we'll escape out of my room window into the garden, gain the high road, get horses at the first inn, then for the sea-side to my poor mother—receive her blessing and save your life.

Miss P. I will. I'll not sleep another night under this roof.

Jem. They all go to bed at eleven.

Miss P. (*looking at her watch.*) It's near ten now.

Jem. Don't forget your watch, we shall want that, and put together all your loose silver. I have some, it will be handy for the boys and 'pikes—I'll ask for my flat candlestick, and go to my room at once. You do the same, and begin quietly packing up.

Miss P. I will.

Jem. Then farewell for the present—one salute.

Miss P. No !

Jem. But one.

Miss P. No ; it's very wrong.

Jem. But it's very pleasant.

Miss P. Oh, Horace—you have entirely subdued me.

[JEMMY kisses her—she rushes off L. H. 1 E. JOLLY has entered by the door at back, and stands in amazement—a bedroom candlestick in his hand.

Jem. (*turns and sees JOLLY.*) Ah, my dear fellow, did you—did you see my bit of fun just now ?

Jol. I did.

Jem. Wasn't it droll ?

Jol. Very ; I hardly know yet whether I ought to laugh.

Jem. You ought to roll on the floor with delight.—I gave her a kiss.

Jol. So I perceived.

Jem. I told her you sent it.

Jol. Oh ! ah !—and she took it.

Jem. Immediately.—Ha ! ha ! ha ! wouldn't have allowed it otherwise, of course.

Jol. Ha ! ha ! fine fun—what people call kissing by proxy.

Jem. To be sure—kings and queens get married by it sometimes. Now, you have only to blind Docker a little longer, and you'll soon be a happy man.

Jol. Shall I ?

Jem. Sure.

Jol. Docker's waiting to show you to your room—he don't like sitting up too late—the candles you know. Ha! ha! but you're quite well again, I see.

Jem. Quite—where's my worthy friend? take me to him—I've such a joke for you.

Jol. Don't tell me now—I'm going to bed, and shan't sleep for laughing.

Jem. The funniest thing.

Jol. Now don't, I shall die.

Jem. You never heard the like.

Jol. Oh! oh! oh! I shall drop before you tell me.

[As they are going off, L. H. 1 E., JEMMY whispers in his ear.]

Jol. Ha! ha! ha!

Jem. It's a fact.

Jol. No; ha! ha!

Jem. Yes.

Jol. Ha! ha! how my sides will shake all night.

Jem. I'll tell you another.

Jol. No, no.

Jem. I will.

Jol. I'll run away—or I shall die. (JOLLY runs off, R. H. 1 E.)

Jem. Got out of that scrape. [Exit following.]

SCENE II.—A room in the house.

Enter SALLY, R. H., carrying a bedroom candlestick, and reading a handbill.

Sal. The more I read, the more horrified I am. While I was bolting the garden-gate, a policeman came up, a young man that I sometimes bemean myself to talk to, and put this printed paper in my hand. I have read it twice, and it has turned my whole mask of blood. (Reading.) "One hundred pounds reward; whereas James Wheedle stands charged with forging the codicil to the will of Mrs. Tabitha Tucker, deceased, with whom he lived in the ca—c—a—(spelling)—capacity of servant; has been traced from Dover to Hampstead, five feet four inches in he—i—g—ht—height, and very in—sin—oh! insinuating in his manners; has just arrived from Bologna. Whoever will apprehend him, and lodge him in one of her Majesty's jails, will receive the above reward." How very like that nice young man. Oh! dear, how dreadful to think of—if all the family had not gone to bed, I'd scream murder! But it can't be, must be some curious coincidence. Eh! (looking off, L. H.) Why, there he is—and if he arnt tapping at Miss Penelope's door, I'm a Dutchman. Oh! I shall faint away—she puts her head out at the door. Now they are whispering. Oh! shocking—shocking goings on—who'd ha' thought it? And such a perfect gentleman too as he seems—I'll put out my light and watch them. (she puts the extinguisher on her candle, and goes off, L. H., on tiptoe.)

SCENE THE LAST.—*A passage and landing place—a well staircase seen at the back—on the L. H. 4 E. a door opening to Miss PENELOPE'S bedroom—on the 2 E. on the L. H. is a door leading to MR. JOLLY'S bedroom—on the 3 E. on the R. H. is a door leading to DOCKER'S room—on the 2 E. is Miss AGNES'S room door.*

Jem. (discovered tapping at Miss PENELOPE'S door.) I've got one of her boxes safe in my room, which is only a little jump into the garden from the window—and will be the way out of the house; I hope she won't be long, I'm quite in a fidget to be on the road—let me once get there, and I'll whisk her off to Van Demon's land or Buffalo. *(The door L. H. 4 E. opens, and Miss PENELOPE'S arm is seen to place a bandbox in JEMMY'S care, and disappears.)* Be quick, my soul, I'll take this to my room.

[JEMMY goes off with the box at back, and descends the staircase—DOCKER looks out his room, his nightcap and flannel wrapper on—a light in his hand.]

Doc. Who's that in the passage? I'm sure I heard whispering and footsteps. No; all's silent. I had better go down and see if all the doors are fast. *(he goes out at the back carrying his light.)*

[JOLLY appears from his room, his coat off, &c.]

Jol. There's that infernal tom-cat in the passage again, if I can catch him, I'll shoe him with walnut shells, and frighten Docker out of his wits for fun. Tom! Tom! where are you, you villain?

[He goes up the stage, and while looking about near Miss PENELOPE'S door, it opens—her arm appears bearing a large corded trunk, it is put into JOLLY'S hand.]

Miss P. (within.) That's the heaviest.

[JOLLY stands astonished with the box in his hand.]

Jol. Oh, this is the heaviest, is it? What joke is being played off now? this is the heaviest—what the deuce is Miss Pump pitching her boxes about at this time of night for. *(he comes down the stage.)* Some fun going on no doubt.

DOCKER re-appears up the stairs at the back.

Doc. All's safe below. Eh! who is that with a box in his hand—its Jolly—I'll watch him. *(DOCKER goes into his room.)*

Jol. (near his room door.) I had better deposit this in my room and peep out again. *[He enters his room carrying the box.]*

MISS PENELOPE appears from her room wrapped in a large shawl, carrying a muff, a calash on her head, and fully equipped for travelling—a bundle in her hand.

Miss P. Now, now! I'm ready. *(in a low whisper.)*

[DOCKER looks out from his room; a candle in his hand.]

MISS PENELOPE perceives him, utters a cry, and runs into her room, shuts the door.

Doc. I'll be hanged but Jolly and Miss Penelope are going to elope! Mrs. Docker, my dear, get up.

*He re-enters his room, stage dark Sally appears on tiptoe, R.
H. JOLLY re-enters from his room on tiptoe; they run
against each other.*

Sal. Oh, who's that?

Jol. More fun. (*he runs into his room again.*)

Sal. Oh, dear, how frightened I am. Who could that be?

[DOCKER comes from his room and taps SALLY on the
shoulder.

Sal. Now, who's that?

Doc. Me.

Sal. Oh, sir, was it you run up against me?

Doc. No, no; silence. Come with me.

Sal. Where, sir!

Doc. Silence! (*He takes SALLY by the hand up the stage, speak-
ing, into his room.*) Give me a light.

[*A light is placed in DOCKER's hand; stage half light.*

Sal. Oh, sir, how you frightened me, I am all in a fantig.

Doc. Hush! stand here, keep your eye on that door, (*pointing
to Miss PENELOPE's room.*) There's something going on very
wrong.

Sal. I thought so.

Doc. Jolly's door opens—stand back.

[*JOLLY peeps from his room, he sees SALLY and DOCKER
together—DOCKER holding his hand before the candle.*

Jol. Oho! Docker and the maid, Eh! I never could have
thought it of old Joe. Ha! Ha! this is fun. Well it's not my
place to interfere. (*he re-enters his room and closes the door.*)

Doc. (*calling in his room, in a low voice.*) Mrs. Docker!

[*Mrs. DOCKER comes out, her nightcap and wrapper on.*

Mrs. D. What is the matter?

Doc. Hush!

Mrs. D. Gracious heavens! what is it? thieves.

Doc. Hark!

Mrs. D. Oh, don't.

Doc. A footstep on the stairs.

Sal. Oh, I shall transpire.

Mrs. D. So shall I.

Doc. Be firm—be firm—come into my room.

DOCKER, MRS. DOCKER, and SALLY enter his room and
close the door—stage dark—JEMMY appears cautiously
up the stairs.

Jem. I hope she's ready now—I've opened my window—the
garden gate is on the latch—my room is only four feet from
the ground—surely the old girl is lively enough to jump that,
(*he taps at Miss PENELOPE's door,*) now dearest! (*she appears.*)

Miss P. Go away—go away!

Jem. You surely haven't changed your mind.

Miss P. Docker's not asleep.

Jem. No!

Miss P. No.

Jem. Nonsense, both he and his wife are snoring a duett.

Miss P. Are you sure? (*a snore heard in DOCKER's room.*)

Jem. Don't you hear? come, my little trembler—trust to your Horace—can you jump four feet?

Miss P. I'll try.

Jem. If not, I must take you on my back—come—come.

[*JEMMY leads her off at the back—they descend the stairs—*

DOCKER appears from his room.

Doc. What the deuce! our new friend is the Lothario.

[*He goes off on tiptoes at the back—and down the stairs—*

SALLY appears from DOCKER's room.

Sal. I never could have believed it.

[*She goes off at the back on tiptoes—and down the stairs—*

MRS. DOCKER appears.

Mrs. D. That old woman ought to be ashamed of herself.

[*MRS. DOCKER goes off on tiptoe—and down the stairs—*

JOLLY appears from his room.

Jol. There's some fine fun going on in the house—I'll make one of the party.

[*He goes off at the back on tiptoe, and down the stairs.*

AGNES enters from her room with candle, stage light.

Agn. I'm so dreadfully alarmed; in looking from my window at the stars, I'm sure I saw two or three men lurking in the garden—I must wake pa.

[*As she is going up the stage towards DOCKER's room, a gun is heard at the back; AGNES screams, and puts down her light; JOLLY runs on up the stairs, followed by VERNON; AGNES falls half fainting in the arms of VERNON, on the L. H. corner.*

Agn. Oh! heavens!

[*MRS. DOCKER staggers up the stairs, followed by DOCKER, SALLY, and AMOS HUXTER.*

Sal. Murder! murder!

[*She runs into the R. H. corner, HUXTER supports her.*

Doc. (R. H.) Somebody has trod on the spring-gun.

Mrs. D. Oh! my dear—support me.

[*MRS. DOCKER falls fainting in DOCKER's arms.*

Jol. (L. H.) What is it—what's the matter?

[*MISS PENELOPE appears up the stairs, pale and breathless, she runs to JOLLY, and faints off in his arms.*

Miss P. Help—support me—I shall die.

Jol. What the deuce is the matter?

Doc. and Ver. What's the matter?

[*A short pause; JEMMY WHEELER appears at the back, in*

the custody of two Bow-street officers; they lead him forward, all regard him with astonishment.

Doe. Explain, I beg—what is the cause of this strange scene?

Hux. Oh! Mr. Docker—that unfortunate young man—my nephew.

All. Your nephew!

Hux. I called this evening to warn him, but he would be so rash as to stay here.

Doc. Well?

Hux. I kept near the house all night, as I saw it was watched. He appeared in the garden, with a lady—she trod on the spring-gun.

Doc. It was not charged.

Hux. And immediately my poor nephew was apprehended.

Doc. For what?

Hux. Forgery of the codicil of his late missus's will.

All. Oh! I'm astonished!

Mrs. D. Who could have believed it?

Sal. Five feet four inches—insinuating in his manners (*showing the placard.*)

Miss P. Horace, is this true?

JEMMY shakes his head ruefully.

Miss P. How could I have been so deceived? there really is no knowing any one. Oh! Mr. Jolly, if you were not a married man—

Jol. A what?

Miss P. And if Mr. Docker didn't mean to poison my pie-crust—

Doc. Poison your what?

Jol. My dear, I'm not a married man, though I soon hope to be one.

Doc. I don't wish to poison you—

Miss P. That gentleman assured me that you—(*pointing to JOLLY*)—were a married man—with a daughter—and that my life was in danger in this family.

Doc. and Jol. You said that, sir. (*to JEMMY.*)

Jem. I may as well confess it was an interesting fiction.

Jol. And do you recollect what you told me, sir?

Jem. If you believed it—that was your fault, not mine.

Agn. Is *this* the form that has visited me in my dreams? Oh! Thomas! (*turning to VERNON, and giving her hand to him.*)

Ver. So this is the excellent critic? who had a friend in the Weekly Tomahawk.

Doc. The clever economist—there's a mistake in your sum tottle, my friend.

Jol. Is this the fellow full of fun.

Sal. Never mind, he knows a real lady when he sees one. So he's not so bad after all's said and done.

Doc. What have you to say, sir?

Jem. But one word to my friends. (*JEMMY advances to the audience, between the two officers.*) What a pity that my weak point should have been a want of common honesty. Well, perhaps, this sad climax to my little career may inculcate one moral lesson.—In studying the weak points of others—be careful not to forget your own.

THE END.

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS.

SAL. HEN. MRS. D. DOC.

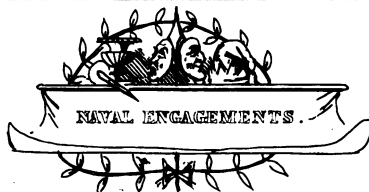
MISS P. JOL. YERN. AGN.

R.

L.

WHITING, BEAUFORT HOUSE, STRAND.

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NAVAL ENGAGEMENTS;

A Comedy,

IN TWO ACTS.

oc

BY

CHARLES DANCE, ESQ.

MEMBER OF THE DRAMATIC AUTHORS' SOCIETY.

+

AS PERFORMED AT

THE ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.

~~~~~  
CORRECTLY PRINTED FROM THE PROMPTER'S COPY, WITH REMARKS, THE CAST OF  
CHARACTERS, COSTUME, SCENIC ARRANGEMENT, SIDES OF ENTRANCE AND  
EXIT, AND RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.  
~~~~~

ILLUSTRATED WITH AN ETCHING, BY PIERCE EGAN THE YOUNGER, FROM A
DRAWING TAKEN DURING THE REPRESENTATION.

LONDON:
CHAPMAN AND HALL, 186, STRAND.

MDCCCXXXVIII.

LLR

Dramatis Personæ and Costume.

First produced May 3rd, 1838

ADMIRAL KINGSTON. Handsome modern naval uniform, epaulettes, and gold stripe of lace down the trousers.	} W. FARREN.
LIEUTENANT KINGSTON, R. N. Handsome modern naval uniform, &c.	} C. MATHEWS.
SHORT. (<i>Landlord of the Fountain, at Portsmouth.</i>) Black coat and trousers, figured cut velvet-waistcoat, white neckerchief, pumps.	} WYMAN.
DENNIS. (<i>Waiter at ditto.</i>) White trousers, buff waistcoat, blue stripe narrow-tailed jacket, white neckerchief. After the first scene, he wears a black narrow and long-tail'd coat.	} BROUGHAM.
MRS. PONTIFEX. A puce satin pelisse, lace cap and lappets.	} Mrs. ORGER.
MISS MORTIMER. A white muslin pelisse over a blue slip, blue flowers in the hair.	} Mde. VESTRIS.

Time of representation, one hour and twenty minutes.

EXPLANATION OF STAGE DIRECTIONS.

L. means first entrance, left. R. first entrance, right. S. E. L., second entrance left. S. E. R., second entrance, right. U. E. L., upper entrance, left. U. E. R., upper entrance, right. C., centre. L. C., left centre. R. C., right centre. T. E. L., third entrance, left. T. E. R., third entrance, right. Observing you are supposed to face the audience.

NAVAL ENGAGEMENTS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Hall in the Fountain Inn at Portsmouth.*

DENNIS *discovered asleep in a chair, L. H., with a napkin in his hand.*

Den. (talking in his sleep.) Thank you, Captain! thank you! God bless your honour, and thank you a thousand times! Upon my conscience, the army's a fool to the navy for generosity. *(After a pause.)* Och, Colonel! and is all this money for me? By my soul the navy must knock under to the army for generosity, any way. *(Bell, L. H., waking.)* What bell is that? *(bell.)* Oh! no hurry; it's only the travellers' room. *(Sleeps.)*

Enter SHORT, L. H. 1 E., returning from market.

Short. How plaguy dear the fish is, to be sure! This won't do. While the fishmongers make me pay such rascally prices, I shall never be able to charge my customers above twice what I give! there's some infernal roguery somewhere. *(Seeing DENNIS.)* Well, I'm sure! this is a pretty time of day to go to sleep! I'll indulge him with an Irish wake. *(Goes close to him, and bawls in his ear.)* Dennis!

Den. Coming. *(Starts up, and nearly knocks SHORT down.)* Och! murder! master dear! is it you that called out Dennis?

Short. (L.) It was. But you have nearly killed me.

Den. (R.) Sure, I'm sorry it's asleep I was; but I was quite knocked up.

Short. And I was almost knocked down.

Den. Sure, I didn't go to do it.

Short. How did you come to do it?

Den. There's not a jury in England that wouldn't say my pushing you was accidental death. Arn't you my master? and wouldn't my running against you be running against my own interest?

Short. But what business had you to be asleep at eleven o'clock in the morning? or, indeed, what business has a waiter *ever* to go to sleep?

Den. Ah! master, now, don't be hard upon me. Sure the young gentlemen that dined up stairs yesterday, never went home to their mammies till seven this morning, and it's the devil a bit of bed I've had.

Short. You don't say so! did they all stay till seven?

Den. They did, sir.

Short. And were they drinking all the time?

Den. They were, sir.

Short. Why, it was enough to make 'em all ill.

Den. You may say that, sir.

Short. A pretty penny it will cost their poor parents.

Den. It's to be hoped they're not very poor parents, sir.

Short. Don't you joke upon such a subject, Dennis. I'm quite shocked to hear of such young men drinking so much——without eating.

Den. Sure they'd the devil's own supper at two, sir.

Short. I'm glad of that, for so much drinking without eating is bad for every body. Did they order any breakfast before they went?

Den. Some coffee, sir.

Short. It would have been better for all parties if they had had a complete breakfast; however, charge it as a breakfast, and it may serve as a warning to them. Young men who drink hard over night are sure to pay for it in the morning.

Den. Very true, sir. Are you quite sure I didn't hurt you, sir?

Short. I'm quite sure you *did*. Has there been any arrival while I've been out?

Den. Yes, sure, sir. There's ould Admiral Kingston in No. 8.

Short. Any body with him?

Den. A young lady, sir.

Short. What is she?

Den. What is she? faith, she's mighty pretty.

Short. I mean, who is she?

Den. Who is she? that I don't know, sir.

Short. Have they ordered any thing?

Den. They have, sir.

Short. What?

Den. A pair of horses, sir.

Short. (*laughing.*) A pair of horses! Did they order any thing to eat?

Den. Nothing but the horses, sir.

Short. Any body else come?

Den. Yes, sir; there's a young naval officer in No. 14.

Short. Any body with him?

Den. A middle-aged female; supposed to be his mother.

Short. What's his name?

Den. I don't know, sir.

Short. Has *he* ordered anything?

Den. He has, sir.

Short. At last—what is it?

Den. He ordered me to hold my tongue when I asked—

Short. Is your tongue anything to eat, pray?

Den. It's to be hoped not, sir; for I bit it once, and I didn't like it.

Short. Well, I can make nothing of you, so I shall go and see what I can make of them. The Admiral is an old customer, and he must do as he likes; but the youngster shall eat something, whether he's hungry or not.

Den. That's right, master; make him eat something, if it's only just that you may put down upon paper that he has.

Short. I know what I'm about, Dennis.

Den. The devil a doubt of it, sir. You're not such a fool as you look.

Short. Whereas you, on the contrary, don't look such a fool as you are. (*Going.*)

Den. Long life to your gentility, master; for you're never behindhand at returning a compliment.

[*Exeunt at opposite sides.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in the same, with c. doors, and doors R. and L. 2 E. MRS. COL. PONTIFEX and LIEUT. KINGSTON discovered; the former at work on settee, c., small work-table and basket before her; the latter R. of centre, facing the audience, with his legs across a chair, his hands crossed on the back of it, and his chin resting on his hands. The room is furnished with round table, R. H., covered with writing materials, books, portfolio of prints, vase of flowers, &c.; sofa, L. H., and chairs, covered with chintz furniture; the settee and two chairs on which MRS. PONTIFEX and the LIEUTENANT are seated must be set in front of the second grooves, so that the third scene may close up, leaving them on the stage, with the side doors as used in this scene, and painted to match the third.*

Mrs. P. (c.) A penny for your thoughts, Kingston dear.

Lieut. K. (R. c.) They're not worth it.

Mrs. P. Then you ought to be ashamed of yourself, for you can't have been thinking of me.

Lieut. K. Indeed I was. (*Rises, and walks restlessly to and fro.*) I never did know anything so worrying, so teasing, so perplexing in my life. (*Resumes his position.*)

Mrs. P. As I am?

Lieut. K. No, no! not you.

Mrs. P. A penny for your thoughts now, Kingston dear.

Lieut. K. My dear Mrs. Pontifex, I assure you they are not worth it.

Mrs. P. Now, Kingston dear, why do you call me Mrs. Pontifex? It seems very formal to a woman whom you are about to marry. When the late Col. Pontifex—then only Captain Pontifex—was making his addresses to me, he always called me Selina.

Lieut. K. And I'll call you Selina if you wish it.

Mrs. P. Now, Kingston dear, that's very kind of you—very. You're not annoyed with me for alluding to poor dear Colonel Pontifex, are you?

Lieut. K. Who? I? Oh! by no means; (*relapsing into thought.*) died at Gibraltar about three years since.

Mrs. P. (rising, and coming to him.) I'm quite aware of that,—but what on earth makes you mention it just now, Kingston dear?

Lieut. K. (rising.) I beg your pardon—I was thinking aloud.

The fact is that my head is full of my approaching interview with my father, and I was wondering how he would receive——

Mrs. P. How he would receive you?

Lieut. K. No, no! I have no fear about that.

Mrs. P. How he would receive *me* then?

Lieut. K. No, not exactly you.

Mrs. P. Kingston dear, there's a mystery; I have thought there was for some time past, and now I'm sure of it; so don't attempt to deny it, but give me an explanation, *and* a chair.

Lieut. K. I beg you a thousand pardons.

[*Gives her a chair, R. C., they sit.*

[*Mrs. P. makes herself up to listen.—LIEUT. K. relapses into thought.*

Mrs. P. (R. C.) (after a pause.) Well—

Lieut. K. (L. C.) Are you speaking to me?

Mrs. P. Oh! Yes, I *was* speaking to you, and I should think you very well knew what about; however, to prevent the possibility of mistake, I'll tell you again. There is evidently some uneasiness in your mind about meeting your father. You have always told me that you lived and parted with him on the best of terms, and therefore I am bound to suppose that the uneasiness relates in some way to me. We are within ten miles of his house, and, as we say in the army, I demand an explanation.

Lieut. K. Then, Selina, as we say in the navy, you must have it; but it's very awkward—upon my life it is. (*Aside.*) How shall I tell her. (*Aloud.*) You know my father?

Mrs. P. (R.) No, I don't know your father.

Lieut. K. (L.) No, I know; but you know what I mean.

Mrs. P. Well—go on.

Lieut. K. My father and I have ever lived together, as I have often told you, on the best of terms.

Mrs. P. Yes.

Lieut. K. More like brothers, than father and son.

Mrs. P. Yes.

Lieut. K. With but one opinion, as it were, between us upon every subject.

Mrs. P. Yes.

Lieut. K. No jealousy—

Mrs. P. No.

Lieut. K. No concealment—

Mrs. P. No.

Lieut. K. No mistrust—

Mrs. P. No.

Lieut. K. (Aside.) Confound her monosyllables, she doesn't help me out in the least. (*Aloud.*) You have no idea how curiously well we agreed.

Mrs. P. I ought to have a very good idea of it, for you repeat it often enough.

Lieut. K. (Aside.) It's of no use, I must bring it out somehow. (*Aloud.*) It went even to this extent—we had but one opinion about marriage.

Mrs. P. And that was—

Lieut. K. That it was a point on which every person had a right to please himself, without reference to the opinion of relation or friend. This was the very last topic we discussed two years ago, when I left England for Gibraltar, where I had the happiness of becoming acquainted with you. Now, considering that I was just five-and-twenty, and an only son, and that my father was a widower of five-and-fifty, with a large fortune, I think our sentiments argue considerable liberality on both sides.

Mrs. P. Well ! I think they do, Kingston dear ; and such being the case, there can be no doubt that your father will cheerfully consent to our marriage.

Lieut. K. No—exactly—but—

Mrs. P. But what ? You're getting mysterious again.

Lieut. K. Why, the truth is, that in some cases it is possible for people to agree too well : and in giving each other a *carte blanche* upon the subject of matrimony, there was one reservation—I can't help it, and so you must pardon it—we entered into an engagement that neither of us was to marry a woman of an age unsuitable to his own ; this, little thinking into whose delightful society I was going to be thrown, I, in a moment of indiscretion, agreed to ; and if either broke the engagement, we agreed—

Mrs. P. You agreed to quarrel, I suppose ?

Lieut. K. Not exactly, but it is awkward—isn't it ?

Mrs. P. I don't know that. Some people are more reasonable than others. I see nothing so very unsuitable in our ages.

Lieut. K. Nor I.—In short, I never thought about it.

Mrs. P. I am not a giddy girl, to be sure.

Lieut. K. No, that you're not.

Mrs. P. Nor are you a decrepit old man.

Lieut. K. Certainly not ; and so if you'll put on your bonnet, we'll order a chaise, be off at once to my dad's, and know the worst of it.

Mrs. P. You're quite right, Kingston dear, any thing is better than suspense. You always like to know the worst of a thing, that's the best of it. [Exit c. d.]

Lieut. K. Yes, we'll be off to my dad's, tell our story, throw ourselves upon his generosity, (*Enter SHORT, L. H. D., 2 E.*) ask for his consent, and—(*meeting SHORT*) who the devil are you ?

Short. Short, sir ; master of this inn.

Lieut. K. Short ? why you haven't been here long, Short ?

Short. No, sir : short of a twelvemonth.

Lieut. K. I thought I remembered that I didn't recollect you.

Short. Would you please to take any thing, sir ?

Lieut. K. Yes ! I am going to take myself off directly.

Short. Then I should recommend a nice mutton cotelet, sir.

Lieut. K. (*impatiently.*) Mutton devil !

Short. As you please, sir,—but, devils are more commonly taken for supper : a nice mutton cotelet I should say for *you*, and a broiled partridge for the lady.

Lieut. K. I haven't time to wait.

Short. Then sir, decidedly some cold chicken and tongue.

Lieut. K. My good friend, I'm not well.

Short. Oh! I beg your pardon, sir. You wish for some soup.

Lieut. K. I don't wish for any such thing. I'm well enough in health, but I am fatigued—and bothered—and low spirited.

Short. If I *might* suggest, sir, I should say there is nothing better than a sandwich, and a couple of glasses of champagne, for any one who is rather low.

Lieut. K. Then, my friend, as you seem *rather low*, you had better swallow them yourself. Order me a chaise, and a pair of horses.

Short. Where for, sir?

Lieut. K. I want to go about ten miles on the London road;—to Admiral Kingston's, in short. I dare say you know it.

Short. Oh, yes! I know it, sir. Do you know *him*?

Lieut. K. I ought—he's my father.

Short. You don't say so, sir? then, sir, to see your father, you needn't go farther, for your father is nearer than you think for.

Lieut. K. What! is he in Portsmouth, this morning?

Short. He's in this very house.

Lieut. K. My father in this very house? Why, I haven't seen him these two years. You have absolutely given me a palpitation in the heart.

Short. Old sherry, sir, is considered an excellent thing for that.

Lieut. K. Now, don't bother me about old sherry, but lead the way to my father's apartment.—Or stay, tell me the number of it.

Short. No. 8, sir.

Lieut. K. Now, stand clear of the gangway, and I'll soon find it.

[*Pushes him aside, and exit, L.*]

Short. Let me see—for I suspect that this encounter will turn out luckily for me. They were all four going to the Admiral's;—good! They can't all four go in one chaise;—good! The Admiral and his son can't part the moment they meet;—good! and the two ladies can't go in one chaise, and leave the two gentlemen to go in the other;—good! It follows, therefore, that they must all stop here and order a dinner;—good! very good!

SCENE III.—*Another Room in the same—the ADMIRAL'S two doors in flat, R. & L.*

Lieut. K. (*Opening L. H. D. F., and rushing in.*) My dear father! I am delighted to find—(*stops and looks about.*) No one here? What an ass that landlord is!—(*rushes out again, L. H. D. F.*)

Enter, at another door, R. H., ADMIRAL KINGSTON.

Adm. It's time we were off; or else that youngster will be at home before me—(*Goes to door of inner Room, R. H. 2 E., and knocks.*) Mary, my dear! Mary!

Miss M. (*Within.*) Coming, grandpapa.

Adm. (*Coming away from door.*) Psha! I wish the little baggage would leave off that silly custom of calling me grandpapa.

Enter MISS MORTIMER, R. H. D. 2 E.

Miss M. Here I am, grandpapa—What do you want?

Adm. Why, my dear, in the first place, I want you to leave off calling me grandpapa ; now that we are going to be man and wife.

Miss M. (R.) I'll try, but I think it will be very difficult ; I have been used to it so long. You know, you taught me to call you so yourself when I was a little girl, and used to sit upon your knee.

Adm. (L.) That's very true, my dear ; but that was twelve or fourteen years ago, and it was a joke. I have changed my opinion since, and now I think it's no joke.

Miss M. Well, just as you like, grand—I mean, just as you like, sir.

Adm. No, I don't like "sir" neither.

Miss M. What then ?

Adm. Why, to say the truth, there is a little awkwardness about it. My christian name, as you know, is Theodore ; but as there is *rather* more than the usual difference between our ages, perhaps that would sound a little romantic.—Suppose you call me Admiral ?

Miss M. I shall like that better than anything, for I hope you don't think that I am going to marry you, because you're rich.

Adm. (Taking her hand.) Delightful little creature ! I may flatter myself, then, that you are not induced to consent to this step for the sake of my money ?

Miss M. Oh ! dear, no !

Adm. (Aside.) Frank, confiding soul !—I can't deny myself the luxury of hearing a further confession. (*Aloud.*) You marry me, then, my dear Mary, for my——

Miss M. For your rank, to be sure.

Adm. (Letting go of her, and aside.) Oh ! confound the rank.

Miss M. You remember that I used to read of Duncan, Nelson, Howe, and Jarvis, until I always told papa that I would marry an admiral ; though, to be sure, I little thought my words would ever come true.

Adm. Well, my love, we won't pursue that subject any farther just at present. My son has landed here this morning, from Gibraltar ; I have missed him somehow, and I suppose he has taken a chaise, and gone post-haste home to see me. Your father has given me leave to take you over, and introduce you to him ; so I have ordered horses to my carriage, and I want you to be ready in five minutes.

Miss M. I won't be two. I haven't seen my old playfellow, Tommy Kingston, since he first went to sea,—a little bit of a midshipman.

Adm. He's only a lieutenant *now*.

Miss M. I don't care a straw about his rank ; I like him for himself.

Adm. (Aside.) I would change ranks with the young dog, to have her say that of me. (*Aloud.*) You must bear in mind, my dear, that you and Tom are not of an age to be playfellows now.

Miss M. Aren't we ? Oh la ! I forgot I was going to be his mother.

Adm. And there is another thing that I wish to mention to you. I have a particular reason for not letting my son, Lieutenant Kingston, see you, until after I have had some conversation with him.

Miss M. La ! grand—— sir!—admiral ! how mysterious you are. If there's a secret, do tell it me.

Adm. No, no, there's no great secret about it ; only—come now, put on your things.

Miss M. I won't go till you tell me what all this means.—If I'm to be Mrs. Admiral Kingston, I ought to know every thing that you know.

Adm. Well, well ! you *are* to be Mrs. Admiral Kingston ; and you *shall* know—but it's really nothing. I only want to see my son first, to inform him of my intended marriage—to prepare him for it—to break it to him, as it were.

Miss M. Break it to him ? what, do you think it will shock him ?

Adm. Shock him ? Oh no !

Miss M. What then ?

Adm. Why, he might object to it.

Miss M. Has he any right to object to it ?

Adm. Certainly not : that is,—not any natural right.

Miss M. Well then, it couldn't signify.

Adm. (Aside.) The little baggage has got the weather-gage of me, and she won't give me a chance. *(Aloud.)* I don't say that it would signify ; but he is my son, and can't you understand that I would not willingly hurt his feelings ?

Miss M. I don't understand any thing about it, sir ; do you expect that he will want to marry me himself ?

Adm. Want to marry you ? Oh ! I've no fear of that.

Miss M. Well, he *might*, you know ;—there's no knowing.

Adm. (Aside.) Egad ! it's possible that he might ; and that's another reason for my seeing him first.

Miss M. I shall find out what all this means, some day or other. You tell me that you *are* as anxious as possible to see your son, and yet you seem so fidgety at the idea of seeing him, that you don't know what to do.

Adm. I fidgety at the idea of seeing my own son ? Come, I like that !

Miss M. (R.) Indeed you do, Admiral ; fidgety and nervous to a degree.

Enter DENNIS, D. L. H. F.

Adm. (C.) I nervous ? and about meeting Tom ? that's capital—that really is capital !

Den. (L.) Lieutenant Kingston, sir, R.N.

Adm. (Jumping round.) Who do you say, sir ?

Miss M. I say, Admiral—" I nervous ? I fidgety ? "

Adm. Be quiet one moment, there's a good girl. *(To DENNIS.)* What is it you say ?

Den. Lieutenant Kingston, sir, R.N., has been looking for your honour all over the house.

Adm. He hasn't been here ?

Den. I beg your pardon, sir ; he was here a little ago, and as he told me there was nobody in the room, I thought I'd come in and let you know that he couldn't find you.

Adm. Where is he now ?

Den. Faith, sir! he's every where at the same time, for he doesn't stop more than two minutes in one place.

Adm. Now Mary, my love! oblige me by retiring to your own room till I call you. [*Leading her towards the door.*]

Miss M. You *shall* own something or other to me before I go, that I'm determined—aren't you nervous?

Adm. Well, well! a little—now, go in.

Miss M. Aren't you fidgety?

Adm. The least thing in life. There—go in.

Miss M. Isn't there a mystery?

Adm. Yes there is. Now *pray* go in.

Miss M. I *knew* there was a mystery. [*Exit to room, R. H. D. 2 E.*]

Adm. Waiter!—whatever your name is,—go and—

Den. Dennis, sir! my name is Dennis.

Adm. Well, Dennis with all my heart—

Den. Oh! bless you sir, that's not a bit like it. Dennis Magrath is my name!

Adm. The devil take your name.

Den. The devil take my name, sir? Och, never, sir! The devil's not enough of a gentleman to be allowed to take the name of Magrath; though there's none of the Magraths that isn't universally allowed to have a bit of the devil in them.

Adm. Now sir, hold your tongue, and listen to my orders.

Den. To be sure, sir.

Adm. The young gentleman you spoke of, is my son.

Den. Your son? then you're his father.

Adm. Do keep silence—I don't wish to see him *here*; I mean, not in this room. Go you, therefore, and find him; and tell him that I am not yet come back.

Den. May-be he won't believe *me*, sir; because he's so mighty eager to see you. Hadn't I better go tell him that you told me yourself, you wasn't here?

Adm. Take your own way, but get him to his room, and I'll follow him there.

Den. Consider the thing done, sir.

[*Exit, L. D. F.*]

Adm. It is a devilish hard case, that a man is to live to the age of five-and-fifty with a fair reputation for courage, and then to be, all on a sudden, half afraid of meeting his own son. [*Exit, L. D. F.*]

[*MISS MORTIMER opens the door, R. H. 2 E., and peeps out.*]

Miss M. It is astonishing how curious women are! Here am I peeping out, and I have no reason to give for doing so half as strong as that I was desired not. The Admiral has sailed, and the coast is clear—there's no enemy's cruiser in sight, and I shall venture out. (*Goes to door, L. H. F., and listens.*) I hear no one,—I'll open the door. (*Opens it gently.*) Gracious! there's somebody coming. (*Attempts to close the door, which* LIEUT. K. *pulls open.*)

Lieut. K. (Entering, L.) Don't shut the door, old gentleman! I've found you at last—a lady!

Miss M. (R.) A stranger! (*Turning away and aside.*) I remember him, though he doesn't remember me; but I must not appear to know him, or the Admiral will be angry.

Lieut. K. I beg your pardon—I fear you must have thought me very rude, but I took you for Admiral Kingston.

Miss M. It is the first time I have been so much honoured, sir.

Lieut. K. I mean, I took this for Admiral Kingston's room.

Miss M. You were quite right, sir. He will return immediately. I am about to retire, and if you will take a chair, I have no doubt you will see him in five minutes.

Lieut. K. Nay, madam! rather allow *me* to retire? I couldn't think of causing you to leave your—to leave his—to leave this room. (*Aside.*) Who the deuce can she be?

Miss M. (going.) I have only one word more to say, sir; you will particularly oblige me, by not mentioning to the Admiral that you have seen me.

Lieut. K. (aside.) What on earth does that mean? (*Aloud.*) One moment ma'am, pray. Have I the honour of addressing a relation of Admiral Kingston?

Miss M. Not exactly, sir! but I think *I* have.

Lieut. K. You have the advantage of me.

Miss M. (curtseying.) And I mean to keep it.

Lieut. K. (aside.) How provoking she is. (*Aloud.*) Excuse me, but you seem aware that I am the Admiral's son; you will therefore wonder at my natural curiosity upon a subject which—in short—Madam—Is my father married?

Miss M. Not that I am aware of, sir.

Lieut. K. (aside.) That's some relief. (*Aloud.*) Then pardon *v* asking, are you here with him?

Miss M. How can I be, when he is absent?

Lieut. K. No—but I mean—is he here with you?

Miss M. The same answer applies.

Lieut. K. There is some mystery.

Miss M. There is, indeed.

Lieut. K. You own it?

Miss M. And the Admiral *owns* it.

Lieut. K. It must and shall be cleared up.

Miss M. Will you promise me that?

Lieut. K. I will.

Miss M. Then you're a very delightful young man, that I will say. (*Going towards the door of her room, R.*)

Lieut. K. And you're a most extraordinary young woman—that I must say.

Miss M. And so ends the first interview between Lieutenant Thomas Kingston, R.N.,—

Lieut. K. (eagerly.) And?

Miss M. (curtseying.) His most obedient servant.

[*Exit to room, R. H. D. 2 R.*]

Lieut. K. A young lady in my father's apartments, who knows him and knows me, but whom I don't know, and who declines to tell me who she is! I suspect the old gentleman is running a little wild. (*Takes a chair.*) Well! when one can't understand a thing, the best way is to sit down quietly (*sits*) and wait patiently for an explanation. (*Jumping up.*) I can't stop here by myself!

[*Exit, D. L. R. R.*]

SCENE IV.—*As 2nd.—The LIEUTENANT'S Apartment, as before.*

Adm. (knocking without, and calling, L. H. D.) Ship, ahoy! Tom, my boy, where are you? (*entering.*) Tom, you rascal, where are you, I say?

Mrs. P. (from her room, c.) Is that you, Kingston dear?

Adm. (starting.) Who the devil can that be?

Mrs. P. (entering, and speaking as she enters, c.) I say, is that you, Kingston dear? (*Starts on meeting ADMIRAL.*) Bless me!

Adm. (L.) I certainly am Kingston, ma'am; but I am not so fortunate as to be dear to you, that I know of!

Mrs. P. (R.) I beg your pardon, sir—

Adm. Don't apologise, ma'am, pray. (*Aside.*) She's a very nice-looking woman!

Mrs. P. I presume you are looking for Mr. Kingston?

Adm. Just so, ma'am.

Mrs. P. Is there anything I can do for you when he returns?

Adm. You're very kind, ma'am. My principal business with him is to embrace him.

Mrs. P. Sir!

Adm. Don't be alarmed, ma'am—I'm his father.

Mrs. P. (aside.) The Admiral! What a nice-looking man! (*Aloud.*) You are aware, sir, that I had not the honour of knowing you. Mr. Kingston will be here, I dare say, in two or three minutes.

Adm. I was rightly directed, then; and these are his apartments?

Mrs. P. If, they were not, sir, I should not be here.

Adm. Indeed! (*Aside.*) That's very extraordinary!

Mrs. P. (aside.) I've made a foolish speech.

Adm. You will excuse the natural anxiety of a father; I have not seen my son for two years, and after what you have said, it behoves me to ask a question which I trust you will see the propriety of answering candidly—are you his wife?

Mrs. P. No, sir, I am not.

Adm. Then, ma'am, I very much fear that you must be—

Mrs. P. (interrupting him, and curtseying.) Nothing of the kind, sir, I assure you.

Adm. Will you oblige me by telling me who you are?

Mrs. P. (R.) You must excuse me; I think I hear your son returning.—I really must beg to retire, although I regret to own that appearance, at this particular moment, is against me. I can't exactly explain why I can't explain, but when you see your son, he will explain every thing.

[*Curtseys, and re-enters room, c. D.*]

Adm. (L.) Yes, ma'am, and *dis*-appearance at this particular moment is against you too. A lady in my son's apartments who refuses to tell me who she is! and who says if they were not his apartments *she* shouldn't be here! I suspect the young gentleman is running a little wild.

Door opens, L. H. 2 E., and LIEUT. K. enters hastily.

Lieut. K. (stopping on seeing his father.) What! Admiral?

Adm. What! Tom, my boy! come to my arms, you dog.

[*LIEUT. K. runs to him—they embrace.*]

Lieut. K. (L.) And how are you, sir?

Adm. Hearty as a buck, my boy, thank you; hearty as a buck, fresh as a four year old, and jolly as a sand-boy! How has two years in the Mediterranean agreed with you?

Lieut. K. Oh! very well, sir.

Adm. So I see—so I see. You're looking famously. I thought you were gone home, and I should have been off after you, if I had not heard accidentally that you were here.

Lieut. K. I suspect we have missed one another by being in the same house, sir.

Adm. Not unlikely, faith. But no matter for that now, I have found you, and by George I'm as glad as if I had found a large bag of money;—nay, more so; for I don't want money, and I do want my son. (*Shaking hands with him again.*)

Lieut. K. You forget our old compact, sir. I am not your son—we are brothers!

Adm. True, boy, true; we are indeed, and always were, more like brothers than father and son.—No concealment—

Lieut. K. No restraint—

Adm. No evasion—

Lieut. K. No black looks—

Adm. No disobedience—

Lieut. K. No harsh commands—

Adm. Well, well! we won't compliment one another any more. I believe we both went upon the right system, and we can't do better than stick to it; and so get a chair, (*LIEUTENANT places chairs.*) sit you down, and let us have a chat together upon the old principle.

[*They sit.*]

Lieut. K. (L.) Without saying any thing about father and son, sir, I must say I think it was a little curious that any two men of such different ages as you and I are, should have agreed so exactly upon every subject that could be named.

Adm. (R.) Well, I think it was.

Lieut. K. I remember that we both liked the same pursuits—

Adm. We did.

Lieut. K. The same amusements—

Adm. We did.

Lieut. K. The same people—

Adm. We did.

Lieut. K. The same things to eat and drink—

Adm. We did.

Lieut. K. And, what was more singular still, though I was an only son, and you were a rich widower, we even agreed upon the subject of marriage.

Adm. Eh?

Lieut. K. Why, we did, sir—didn't we?

Adm. Oh! yes—yes; I believe we did.

Lieut. K. Believe we did, sir? Why wasn't it understood

between us, that neither was to make the slightest objection, let the other marry whomever he might?

Adm. (aside.) Perhaps he has forgotten the other part of the agreement. (*Aloud.*) To be sure it was—to be sure it was.

[*Shaking hands with him.*]

Lieut. K. That is—provided—

Adm. (letting suddenly go of him, and aside.) Oh! the devil take it! he has not forgotten it. Can he suspect?

Lieut. K. (aside.) The Admiral seems annoyed—he can't have any suspicion, surely.

[*They both turn aside and relapse into thought. After a pause of mutual embarrassment, the ADMIRAL speaks.*]

Adm. Tom!

Lieut. K. Sir.

[*Another pause.*]

Lieut. K. Sir!

Adm. Tom!—Why don't you go on speaking, Tom?

Lieut. K. I have nothing more to say, sir. [*Another pause.*]

Adm. Pray, Mr. Tom, what is the meaning of this sudden awkwardness between us?

Lieut. K. I really can't explain, sir.

Adm. It never used to be so.

Lieut. K. That's just what I was thinking, sir.

Adm. I think it's a great pity.

Lieut. K. So do I, sir.

Adm. (aside.) I want to break my marriage to him, but I can't yet. I'll tax him about that lady.

Lieut. K. (aside.) It won't do to talk to him about my marriage while he's in this mood. I'll ask him who his female friend is.

Adm. (aloud and sharply.) Tom!

Lieut. K. (same tone.) Sir!

Adm. I won't bear this any longer.

Lieut. K. That's right, sir.

Adm. (turning his chair, and facing LIEUT.) Sir! I paid a visit to your apartments in your absence, and there I found a lady—

Lieut. K. (turning his chair and facing ADMIRAL.) Sir! I paid a visit to your apartments, in your absence, and there I found a lady—

Adm. (rises.) Sir! that lady refused to tell me who she was—

Lieut. K. (rises.) Sir! that lady refused to tell me who she was—

Adm. Well, sir! I shall set you a good example; you won't explain, and so I will. (*Aside.*) Now for it (*resuming their seats*). (*Aloud.*) You alluded just now to our old engagement, that either of us was to marry any one he pleased.

Lieut. K. I did, sir. (*Aside.*) What is he after?

Adm. Well! without further preface, I am going to be married.

Lieut. K. You, sir?

Adm. Have I your free consent?

Lieut. K. Oh, surely, sir; that was the engagement. Provided—

Adm. Don't be in a hurry: I'm coming to that. I remember the proviso; and I want you to release me from it. I am going to marry a young woman—

Lieut. K. A young woman? (*Aside.*) Surely not the girl I saw in his room!—Oh, I see, he has got some scent of my intention, and this is a pretence to try me. I must appear to consent.

Adm. Well?

Lieut. K. Why, sir, although I had, and indeed have, a very strong opinion upon the subject, I admit that there may be a case in which particular prejudices ought to be waived.

Adm. Spoken like a man of sense. Tom, your voyage has improved you every way. (*Aside.*) That difficulty is soon got over.

Lieut. K. I'm glad you think so, sir. (*Hesitatingly.*) I'm going to be married, too, sir.

Adm. You? Poh! nonsense!

Lieut. K. Fact, sir, on my honour.

Adm. Well, with all my heart. Who is the girl?

Lieut. K. She is not exactly a girl, sir.

Adm. Why, you're not going to marry a boy?

Lieut. K. No, sir; but it's curious enough—I was just screwing up my courage to ask your consent to my marrying a lady some fifteen years older than myself—

Adm. Were you, really! (*Aside.*) Zounds, he can't mean the woman I saw in his room—Oh, no, the young rascal is shamming, just to see what I will say; but I'll disappoint him. (*Aloud.*) I quite agree with you, Mr. Tom, that there may be a case in which particular prejudices ought to be waived.

Lieut. K. Sir, you are liberal to a degree (*shaking hands with him.*)—(*Aside.*) I had no notion he would have given way so easily.

Adm. And now, sir, as I have led the van in the way of explanation, perhaps you'll follow in my wake. Who is the lady in that room?

Lieut. K. That is *the* lady, sir.

Adm. *The* lady? Why is there but one lady in the world?

Lieut. K. Only one that I'm going to be married to.

Adm. Come, nonsense, nonsense! you're joking.

Lieut. K. I assure you, sir, I never was more serious; the lady is the widow of the late Colonel Pontifex, and although, as I said, some fifteen years older than I am, she is a very charming woman, and a most delightful companion. We came home in the same packet; but I first met her two years ago at Gibraltar, where she was considered the most attractive woman in the garrison.

Adm. Very likely, sir; but the most attractive woman at Gibraltar is sure to be superseded the moment she arrives in England. Tom, Tom, you're going to make a noodle of yourself. How often have I seen youngsters on service in the colonies commit this folly! They come out fresh from England, and make a joke of every woman they see; by degrees they grow more civil to them; until, at last, they select one from the flock for particular attention, and because she is the best *there*, they flatter themselves she must be the best everywhere, and so marry.

[*They rise.*]

Lieut. K. Well, sir, it can't be helped now; and so, as you have no intention of marrying yourself, I hope you will—

Adm. What do you mean, sir? Didn't I tell you that I was going to be married? Didn't you see a young lady in my apartments?

Lieut. K. (laughing.) My dear sir, you can't mean to *her*? Why she must be thirty years younger than you are.

Adm. And suppose she is? if there must be a difference in ages, it's far better that the wife should be younger.

Lieut. K. *Something* younger, yes! but fifteen years older is better than *thirty* years younger.

Adm. I disagree with you, sir.

Lieut. K. I differ from you, sir.

Adm. I shall have the dutiful attention of a daughter, combined with the affection of a wife.

Lieut. K. While I shall find united in one person, the fond wife and the careful mother.

Adm. Careful grandmother! you'll be nicely henpecked if you marry that widow, depend upon it.

Lieut. K. Very likely, sir! and you marry that giddy girl, and you'll get your highly respected wig most carefully combed, I promise you.

Adm. Your wife will never let you out of her sight.

Lieut. K. Your wife will constantly let herself out of *yours*.

Adm. You'll be wretched from morning till night.

Lieut. K. That's my business.—You won't know a quiet moment.

Adm. That's mine.

Lieut. K. Well, sir! you must break our engagement, if you will, but I'll never give my consent.

Adm. Nor I.

Lieut. K. Just now you said there might be cases—

Adm. And so did you.

Lieut. K. I beg your pardon, sir; I said *a* case.

Adm. And so did I.

Lieut. K. I was alluding to my own.

Adm. I was alluding to *my* own.

Lieut. K. Well, sir! it appears that we can't agree upon this subject, and so we had better part.

Adm. By all means, sir.

Lieut. K. Good bye then, sir. [*Going towards inner room, c.*]

Adm. Good bye, sir. [*Going towards outer door, L.*] Pray, go to your widow.

Lieut. K. And you, sir,—to your boarding-school miss.

Enter, at same time, from c. door, MRS. PONTIFEX, and from outer, MISS MORTIMER, L. H. D. 2 E.

Miss M. (L.) My dear Admiral! What is the matter?

Mrs. P. (R. c.) Kingston dear! what is the matter?

Adm. (L. c.) Let me pass, Mary. I won't stay here another minute.

Miss M. (checking him.) Nay, sir—

Lieut. K. (R.) Pray, stand aside. I wish to leave the room.

Mrs. P. (in an imploring tone.) Kingston dear—

Adm. (mocking her, and aside.) "Kingston dear;" she'll make me sick. [*Aloud.*] Come, Mary love, come!

Lieut. K. (aside.) "Mary love!" Well done, old gentleman.

Mrs. P. Never mind! it's for you to give way—he's your father.

Miss M. Consider, sir! and make some allowance for your son.

Mrs. P. Speak to him, or he'll be gone.

Lieut. K. Admiral!

Adm. Well, sir?

Lieut. K. Don't go.

Adm. I will.

Lieut. K. Stop!

[*Coming down.*]

Adm. I won't.

Lieut. K. Well, sir! do as you like;—(*Crosses to ADM., and brings him down.*) but there are ladies in the room, and I presume you won't like them to report that we have behaved unlike gentlemen.

Adm. (L.) Well, sir! what do you propose?

Lieut. K. (R.) Why, as it seems that an introduction must take place at some time or other, had not it better be done at once?

Adm. With all my heart.

Miss M. Now, come, sir, that's quite right.

[*Takes hold of his arm, and tries to walk him down towards the centre; he edges her off to side opposite the others.*]

Lieut. K. (taking MRS. PONTIFEX's hand, putting her across, and looking the other way.) Selina! allow me to present you to my father?—Admiral Kingston!

(*She curtseys.*)

Adm. (bowing, but not looking at her.) Ma'am, your most obedient! (*Turns away and looks at pictures as he introduces them.*) Mary, my love! that's my son out there—Lieutenant Kingston; Lieutenant Kingston, this is Miss Mary Mortimer.

Lieut. K. (startling.) My little playfellow! (*running and shaking hands with her.*) How dull I was not to remember you.

Adm. (uneasy.) Mary!

Mrs. P. (uneasy.) Kingston, dear!

Adm. That will do.

Mrs. P. That's quite enough.

[*Miss M. goes to ADM., and LIEUT. K. to MRS. P.*]

Lieut. K. You ladies haven't been (*gets R. H.*) introduced to each other now.—Miss Mortimer! allow me to introduce to you, Mrs. Pontifex,—my intended wife.

Adm. Faugh!

Mrs. P. "Faugh" indeed!

Miss M. (to MRS. P.) Take no notice of it.

Lieut. K. (R.) Mrs. Pontifex! Miss Mary Mortimer!

Adm. Yes, ma'am! my intended wife.

Lieut. K. Absurd!

Miss M. (L. C.) "Absurd!"

Mrs. P. (R. C., shaking hands with MISS M.) Never mind what he says—I'm very happy to make your acquaintance.

Miss M. You're very kind.

Adm. It will be rather a short acquaintance, I suspect.

Mrs. P. I hope not, sir.

Adm. Then, ma'am, you had better cease to encourage my son in his folly.

Mrs. P. Folly, sir?

Miss M. (*soothing her.*) Don't be excited.

Lieut. K. Come, that's pretty well, governor; considering the outrage that *you* are going to commit.

Miss M. Outrage! Mr. Kingston?

Mrs. P. (*soothing her.*) Pray, be calm.

Lieut. K. Don't call me *Mr. Kingston*, Mary.

Adm. I say, do; and don't you call her *Mary*.

Mrs. P. (*to Miss M.*) Don't let *us* be annoyed whatever they say, and then we shall have some chance of their following a good example.

Miss M. An excellent plan; they may say what they like for me.

Lieut. K. There's something perfectly ridiculous in the notion of a man's marrying a little chit, young enough to be his grand-daughter.

Miss M. "Little chit," and "grand-daughter!" That is rather too much to bear.

Mrs. P. Now, you promised that you wouldn't mind anything they said.

Miss M. Yes! but there's a medium.!

Adm. I should say, it was infinitely preferable to a trumpery boy's marrying a woman old enough to be his grandmother.

Mrs. P. (*screaming.*) Ah! Who is to bear that, I should like to know?

Miss M. Now you said *you* would.

Mrs. P. Very likely, my dear! but there is reason in all things.

Mrs. P. Kingston dear! I shall leave the room, and I request you to come with me.

Enter SHORT and DENNIS, D. L. H.

Adm. That's the most sensible proposition I have heard yet. *Mary*, come with me.

Miss M. (*looking back at LIEUT. K.*) I shall have great pleasure, sir, in leaving the society of the rudest young man in Portsmouth.

Lieut. K. (*going to her.*) Nay, *Mary*, I had no intention—

Adm. Go away, sir. Come along, love.

[*As they are going out at the door, L. H. 2 E., SHORT goes to ADMIRAL with bill of fare.*]

Short. Won't you please to order dinner, sir?

Adm. No, sir! [*Shuts door in his face.*]

Mrs. P. Come, Kingston dear.

[*He goes to her; SHORT follows him, and as they are going through the door-way, c.—*]

Short. Won't you please to order dinner, sir?

Lieut. K. No, sir! [*Shuts c. door in his face.*]

Short. They are all mad!

[*Returns to door, L. H. D., and as he is going out,—*]

Den. (*who has followed him.*) You had better order the dinner yourself, sir.

Short. No, sir!

[*Shuts door in his face.*]

Den. I'll not be out of the fashion any way; so I'll say something to myself, bounce out of the room, and bang the door in my own face. "Dennis!" "Sir, to you!" "Will you order dinner?" "No sir!"

[*Exit, slamming L. H. door.*]

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*As Scene 1st Act 1st.—The Hall in the Fountain Inn.*

Enter R. H. DENNIS, cautiously.

Den. Master, dear! botheration! the more I searches for master, the more I misses him. [Exit same way, R.]

Enter L. H. SHORT.

Short. Surely I heard that stupid fellow Dennis, calling me—Why, there he is; Dennis!

Re-enter DENNIS, R.

Den. And it's there you are at last, master dear; now I'd be mighty glad if you'd just tell me where you've been to?

Short. Where have I been? nowhere.

Den. By the powers! that's just what I thought, for I've looked for you everywhere.

Short. The way not to miss a person is to remain in the same place.

Den. Then I won't easily miss you again, sir; for I'll not leave my present place in a hurry, you may depend upon it.

Short. Well, what have you found out?

Den. Nothing, sir.

Short. What did you want to tell me then?

Den. Why, sir! I wanted to tell you that I've got nothing to tell you; and there's some information in that.

Short. Useful information, truly!

Den. Well, then, I declare it's no fault of mine, I'm willing to serve you through thick and through thin; but if you will have the doors of this respectable inn so amazingly thick, it's quite impossible for the most attentive waiter to hear what people's a talking about on the other side of 'em.

Short. The doors are thin enough; it's your head that's too thick.

Den. If I thought that, I'd have it shaved once a day.

Short. Neither the Admiral nor his son has said a word more about the horses they ordered, I believe?

Den. Not a word, sir! they have both been in their rooms ever since, talking away like fun to their ladies; but for all I could catch, it might as well have been Hebrew they were speaking.

Short. (aside.) To send such a noodle as this to listen, is to risk the character of my house without getting any information in exchange. (*Aloud.*) Now Dennis, listen to me.

Den. Yes, sir!

[*Going.*

Short. Never you listen to any body again. (*Seeing that he is going.*) Why don't you listen to me, you rascal?

Den. You told me not, sir; besides, sir, listeners seldom hear any good of themselves.

Short. Go along about your business.

Den. Ah! now, don't call it business; you're such an elegant master, that my business is my pleasure.

Short. You're a humbug.

Den. I'd rather hear you say that, than think it, any day.

Short. Now get away; there's one of the ladies coming.

Den. (*Looking in opposite direction.*) So there is sure enough!

[*Turns to go off the same way he came on, and encounters*

MISS MORTIMER, R. H. *entering.* *SHORT turning to go*

off, L. H., *encounters* MRS. PONTIFEX, *entering.*

Short. I beg your pardon, ma'am!

(*Exit L.*)

Den. I ask your pardon Miss.

(*Exit R.*)

[*The ladies approach each other, both seeming rather confused.*

Mrs. P. (*L., after a pause.*) I am happy to have met you, my dear. I was just coming to knock at your door, and ask the favour of a few minutes' conversation with you.

Miss M. (*R.*) How very odd! I was seeking you, with the same object in view.

Mrs. P. That's curious enough.

Miss M. Is n't it?

Mrs. P. It is indeed!

Miss M. Very.

Mrs. P. (*After a pause.*) Well, my dear! what was it you were going to say?

Miss M. Upon my word, when I left my room I thought I knew; but popping upon you so suddenly has put it quite out of my head.

Mrs. P. I think I can guess; and, moreover, I strongly suspect that our motives in seeking each other are very similar. You feel with me the peculiar awkwardness of the circumstances under which we have first met?

Miss M. Indeed, I do.

Mrs. P. And you would be glad if, by laying our heads together, we could devise some plan to relieve that awkwardness?

Miss M. Indeed, I should.

Mrs. P. It seems that the Admiral and his son never had a dispute in their lives till now.

Miss M. Exactly!

Mrs. P. I must say, I think that the Admiral is a little unreasonable; because, after all, I am but fifteen years older than my Kingston.

Miss M. Well! and I am but thirty years younger than mine.

Mrs. P. Yes, my dear; but look at the difference between fifteen and thirty.

Miss M. I do; but look at the difference between a woman

and a man ; you know that a man ought to be a good many years older than his wife.

Mrs. P. Very likely, my dear ; but when you are my age, you will have learnt that men are not always what they ought to be.

Miss M. Why are you going to marry Lieutenant Kingston ?

Mrs. P. That is rather an abrupt question ; but it is, at all events, frank, and I will frankly answer it. We were thrown a great deal into each other's society at Gibraltar, he paid me much attention ; he became ill and I returned that attention ; he recovered, expressed his wish to marry me, and I consented.

Miss M. And do you think he still wishes to marry you ?

Mrs. P. What an odd girl you are ! Certainly I do, or I would release him from his engagement in a moment.

Miss M. Well, that is very goodnatured of you though, I must say.

Mrs. P. Now perhaps you'll tell me why *you* are going to be married ?

Miss M. With pleasure. I always said I would marry an admiral ; and papa wishes me to marry Admiral Kingston.

Mrs. P. Well, as matters seem to be settled for both of us, the only rational way is to make the best of them ; now I want the father and the son each to release the other from his engagement, and to be friends as they ought.

Miss M. I don't think the Admiral will ever forgive Tom.

Mrs. P. Tom ! my dear ?

Miss M. I beg your pardon ! we were playfellows as children, and I have never seen him since till to-day ; Lieutenant Kingston I mean.

Mrs. P. I should say that Lieutenant Kingston has far more to complain of than his father.

Miss M. I can't say I see that.

Mrs. P. However, my proposition is that you shall go and endeavour to prevail on my intended to forgive his father ; while I see whether I can't induce your Admiral to have some compassion for his son.

Miss M. I'll try it, with all my heart ; but he was very rude to me an hour ago, you remember.

Mrs. P. My dear child, don't talk about that ; remember the Admiral's rudeness to me.

Miss M. Well, I shall do my best. [Crossing L.

Mrs. P. And the best, as they say, can do no better.

Miss M. (Stopping and turning.) *Mrs. Pontifex.*

Mrs. P. (Stopping and turning.) My dear ?

Miss M. Don't you make too much love to my fine old English Admiral ; or else I shall be jealous.

Mrs. P. I'll take care. And I say, my dear ?

Miss M. What say you ?

Mrs. P. Lieutenant Kingston, if you please ; not Tom ?

[Exeunt severally, R. and L.]

SCENE II. — *As Scene 3rd, Act 1st.—Settee and 2 chairs as before.*

The ADMIRAL discovered walking up and down.

Adm. This is a confounded mess, and I don't see my way out of it. It's the first disagreement that Tom and I ever had, and I must own that I never felt so uncomfortable in my life. (*Knock at room door, L.*) Come in.

Enter DENNIS, L.

Den. Are you alone, sir ?

Adm. I am, and wish to be left alone.

Den. In course, sir. I'm a waiter, and it's my duty to attend to your wishes ; but by the same token it's my duty to attend to every body's wishes ; and a lady has sent me to you with a message.

Adm. I'm sorry it's not a gentleman, for I feel monstrously inclined to shoot somebody.

Den. It would shuit the lady if you could see her now, sir !

Adm. Who is she ?

Den. Why, sir, you see some names is very hard to remember easily ; but I should say the lady's name is Mrs. Halifax, or Paddywhacks.

Adm. Don't you think it was Mrs. Pontifex ?

Den. I don't think at all about it, sir ; because I'm sure of it.

Adm. Beg her to walk in.

Den. (aside.) "Beg her to walk in !" I wonder did he think she was going to ride in. ‡ [*Exit, L.*

Adm. What the deuce can she have to say to me !

Re-enter DENNIS, L., conducting MRS. PONTIFEX.

Den. (announcing.) Mrs. ———, that lady, sir ?

Adm. Leave the room, sir. (*Exit DENNIS, L.*)—Madam, once more your most obedient. Permit me to offer you a chair. (*Places one for her L. H. and another for himself at a distance from it, R. H.*)

Mrs. P. (L.) We have been introduced to each other, Admiral Kingston, under circumstances of a very unpromising nature.

Adm. (R.) Most unpromising, ma'am ; most unpromising.

Mrs. P. It would give me the sincerest pleasure, if, by any means in my power, I could set matters straight between you and your son.

Adm. I dare say it would, ma'am. I can easily understand that.

Mrs. P. Will you be candid enough to tell me exactly what you mean ?

Adm. Why, ma'am, as I am speaking to a lady, I would rather leave my meaning to her own penetration ; but this is no time for overstrained delicacy.

Mrs. P. On that point, sir, at all events, you will find that we are agreed.

Adm. Well then, ma'am, to be plain with you, I can easily understand your readiness to set matters straight between me and my son ; because your so doing would lead to your marriage with a good-looking, good-for-nothing, gentlemanly young rascal ; with

the Queen's commission to his back, and the prospect of a fine fortune in his front.

Mrs. P. Self-interest, then, you consider to be my only motive?

Adm. Why, ma'am, to pursue the candid line; I imagine there can't be any violent love on either side; when the gentleman is only five-and-twenty, and the lady is——

Mrs. P. Turned of forty, sir! don't hesitate, we are pursuing the "candid" line, you know.

Adm. Madam, I must own that you have anticipated me.

Mrs. P. And I shall beg leave to do so again, sir, for I see that you want my assistance. There is a native warmth, a kindness about your heart, sadly at variance with the tone of severity which you are endeavouring to assume towards me.

Adm. (*forgetting himself.*) Ma'am you are very good, (*recovering his tone*) but you are very much mistaken; I have by no means a kind heart. In short, you can't possibly know any thing about my heart.

Mrs. P. Why, sir, I have listened to its praises from your son for hours together.

Adm. (*aside*) Bless his heart! bless his heart! (*Aloud.*) It would have been much better if you had never listened to any thing my son said.

Mrs. P. You are of opinion that I have entrapped your son into a promise of marriage, solely because I hoped to share the fortune he expects from you—

Adm. Madam! you have said it.

Mrs. P. You think that I have no real regard for his happiness; but that I would force myself, at the price of that, into connection with an ancient and honourable family—

Adm. I never contradict a lady.

Mrs. P. In this case, you would have done her better justice if you had.

Adm. Can you make that appear?

Mrs. P. With the greatest ease; I came hither in the hope of inducing you to consent to a marriage which your son had, to use the mildest term, *persuaded* himself would make him happy. From that son's description of you, I had expected to find you kind—

Adm. Ah!

Mrs. P. Affectionate—

Adm. Ah!

Mrs. P. And generous.

Adm. Ah!

Mrs. P. Instead of which, it seems you are harsh—

Adm. Ma'am!

Mrs. P. Unfeeling.

Adm. Ma'am!

Mrs. P. And unrelenting.

Adm. Ma'am!

Mrs. P. We are pursuing the "candid" line you know, sir, by agreement.

Adm. Yes, madam, but you need n't cross the line.

Mrs. P. Well, sir, to prove to you, at all events, that you have

done me injustice ; to show you that I have a real feeling for your son, and none for his fortune, I am willing to make a great sacrifice.

Adm. What! to take the boy with half his money, I suppose?

Mrs. P. Nò, sir ; I resign all pretension to his money.

Adm. (*drawing his chair nearer to her.*) What's that you say, madam?

Mrs. P. And, rather than prolong an unhappy difference between a hard-hearted father and a persecuted son, I also resign all pretension to his hand, and release him from his engagement.

Adm. (*drawing his chair quite close to her.*) Would it be too much trouble to say that again?

Mrs. P. Not at all, sir. Rather than prolong an unhappy difference between a hard-hearted—

Adm. (*interrupting.*) I don't mean that part.

Mrs. P. I resign all pretension to his hand, and release him from his engagement.

Adm. Ma'am, you are a most extraordinary woman.

Mrs. P. I'm glad you think so, (*rising*) and now——

Adm. No! no! sit down, sit down, pray ; it is just possible that *you* may have done *me* some injustice ; so sit down pray, (*she sits.*) My dear madam, you have surprised me, my dear Mrs. Pontifex, I may say you have astounded me ; and though you have called me harsh, unfeeling and unrelenting, I do assure you that I am not actually deserving of either of those epithets. I'm not easily driven, but I don't like being outdone upon a point of generosity ; I won't accept this resignation of yours until I know more about the matter. I'm not a stock, nor a stone ; I love my son, you think I don't, but I do—I love that boy dearer than my life ; yes, madam! dearer than my life, hard-hearted as I am ; and sooner than see him wretched, I'll consent to his marriage, forego my own, and jump into the sea. (*Rises.*)

Mrs. P. And now, my dear sir, I beg you to forgive all that I have said ; for you are indeed the kind, good, liberal, and warm-hearted being, your son has always described you to be.

Adm. That boy is a boy of ten thousand, ma'am!

Mrs. P. He is indeed ; and such being the case, you will give him your hand, won't you? and bid him forget the momentary unpleasantness that has passed.

Adm. Ma'am! my hand shall be at his service for two purposes ; I'll first box the young rascal's ears for being impertinent to his father, and then I'll give him such a grip of friendship as a British sailor has ever ready for his late enemy upon the proclamation of peace.

Mrs. P. This is indeed charming ; shall we go to him?

Adm. (*taking her hand.*) Not yet! Now don't be in such a hurry—I want to talk to you a little more—you must know that I am getting quite fond of you.

Mrs. P. I'm sure, sir, I am very much flattered.

Adm. Not at all, not at all ; it is your own merit—your own attractions which have in so short a time converted an antipathy into a predilection.

Mrs. P. I'm quite delighted, sir.

Adm. Tom loves you, I suppose?

Mrs. P. I believe he does.

Adm. I don't wonder at it: he would be a precious fool, and very unlike his father, if he didn't. You musn't be annoyed with me for my frankness, but I tell you very plainly, that I never was so taken with any lady upon a first acquaintance in my life.

Mrs. P. Annoyed, my dear sir? Why to please *you* is the first wish of my heart.

Adm. You don't say so?

Mrs. P. Next to that of pleasing your son.

Adm. Ah! hang that Tom! those sons are always in one's way; well, well, say no more about it—he's a lucky dog—but you're too old for him—you are indeed.

Mrs. P. Don't say anything about that, sir.

Adm. My dear, I must—candour—you know—candour—you're a charming woman; but, by George, you're too old to marry Tom.

Mrs. P. I suspect that I am not the only person in the room who is about to marry one much younger than—

Adm. Now, don't mention that.

Mrs. P. Candour—you know, sir—candour.

Adm. Now, pray don't—I confess my folly—I don't know how it came about—I almost wish, for her sake, that it had not come about—she's a dear, good girl.

Mrs. P. You would say so again, if you knew all.

Adm. All—What is all?

Mrs. P. She is at this moment, I believe, with your son.

Adm. With my son? What the devil for?

Mrs. P. For the same purpose that I came to you—to reconcile you to each other; as I have prospered so well, the work is more than half done. *(Going.)*

Adm. Don't let us go just yet.

Mrs. P. Nay, sir! Why delay, when good is to be done?

Adm. I don't know—I'm in no hurry; that's all I know—but it shall be as you wish—*every thing* shall be as you wish.

Mrs. P. (going.) I'll lead the way then.

Adm. Nay, my dear! let me offer you an arm.

Mrs. P. Oh! with pleasure.

[Takes it. Walking across the stage with her.]

Adm. (stopping.) I wish that dear little girl that I'm going to make a noodle of myself with, were your age instead of her own.

Mrs. P. It would be better, I must admit.

Adm. And I can't help wishing, for your sake and Tom's, that you were of her age, instead of your own.

Mrs. P. That would be better also, I admit.

Adm. You are as candid as you are handsome.

Mrs. P. My dear Admiral!

Adm. My dear madam!

[Exeunt, L. H.]

SCENE III.—*As Scene 2nd, Act 1st.—(Set as before.)*

Enter LIEUTENANT KINGSTON, (c.)

Lieut. K. This is a pretty business! and what to do, I haven't the most distant idea. My father won't give me his consent, that

seems very clear : what on earth does he mean to do ? Where the deuce is Mrs. Pontifex gone to ? and what the devil do you want ?

[To DENNIS, who knocks and enters, L. H. D.]

Den. I want you, sir ! that is to say—no, sir ! It isn't me, exactly, that wants you, but it's another lady outside.

Lieut. K. What lady ?

Den. The young lady, sir, that was with the old gentleman.

Lieut. K. Miss Mortimer ?

Den. I believe that's her Christian name, sir.

Lieut. K. Did you say I was here ?

Den. I said I didn't know whether you was or not, sir ; but I'd ask you.

Lieut. K. Show her in.

Den. I will, sir.

[Exit, L. H. D.]

Lieut. K. What's in the wind now, I wonder ?

Re-enter DENNIS, L. H. D., conducting MISS MORTIMER.

Den. The lady, sir.

Lieut. K. Dennis !

Den. Coming, sir.

Lieut. K. Leave the room.

Den. Going, sir.

[Exit.]

Lieut. K. Won't you sit down ? [Moves settee down to c.]

Miss M. Thank you ! (*Sits at the extreme end of the settee.*) I wish for a few minutes' conversation with you ; perhaps, you will sit down also ?

Lieut. K. (R.) If you wish it—certainly.

[Sits at opposite extreme end.]

Miss M. (L.) We parted as children ; we meet again under very peculiar circumstances.

Lieut. K. Very, indeed, madam !

Miss M. "Madam ?"

Lieut. K. Certainly ! one must practise respect to one's mother, you know.

Miss M. True ! I forgot ; it is very distressing to me to have witnessed the first disagreement you ever had with your father, and to feel that I am in some measure the cause of it.

Lieut. K. (getting a little nearer to her ; and as he speaks, she gets a little nearer to him.) Your sentiments do equal honour to your head and heart——Madam !

[They both get back to their places.]

Miss M. I am truly glad you think so ; I am most anxious to see you reconciled to each other, and if you retain those quick and generous feelings which used to actuate you as a boy—(*During this, they again approach each other.*) I am sure that you will readily assist me——Sir !

[They get back to their places.]

Lieut. K. Yes, madam.

Miss M. Now that your first surprise is over at finding that I am going to be married to your father, I should like you to tell me candidly what you think of me.

Lieut. K. I think you so altered, that it is no wonder I did not

recognise you. I think you more beautiful than I ever dreamt you would grow up to be!

Miss M. I didn't mean that.

Lieut. K. But I did though—(*checking himself.*) Ma'am!

Miss M. I want to know what you think of my marrying the Admiral.

Lieut. K. I think it is one of the most preposterous things I ever heard in my life; I think I have got a very silly old man for a father, and that I am going to have—with the greatest respect—a noodle for a mother.

Miss M. Sir, you are very polite!

Lieut. K. Well, I can't help it; for upon my soul, Mary—ma'am, I mean—it's too ridiculous.

Miss M. You look through a glass of great magnifying power at other people's faults, and reverse it to peep at your own.

Lieut. K. That's a very fine speech, I dare say; but I don't exactly perceive the application of it.

Miss M. No! Why what do you imagine people will say about your marrying old Mrs. Pontifex?

Lieut. K. (*getting up and walking about.*) Hollo! am I going to be laughed at? I can't bear that—and I won't bear it—and so you may tell people. If the men laugh at me, they must take the consequence; and if the women laugh at me, I'll shoot their husbands, sons, brothers, fathers, and uncles.

Miss M. Dear me! Why, one would think you were the whole navy of England, instead of only a lieutenant in it.

Lieut. K. I won't bear it, I'm determined!

Miss M. Well, well; sit down, a pretty dear,—sit down upon the same sofa with it's ma—and it shan't be laughed at.

Lieut. K. (*sitting down.*) Now don't, Mary! don't, ma'am! If there is one thing that I hate more than another, it is ridicule; deserved or not, I feel it just the same.

Miss M. It is a pity that one so sensitive should have exposed himself to it, but I won't say any more about it; if I have vexed you, forgive me. [*Offers her hand.*]

Lieut. K. (*getting close to her, and taking it.*) Oh! madam! (D—n madam! I can't say it any more, and I won't.) Oh, Mary! now you are, indeed, like the frank and affectionate child I once knew you.

Miss M. You mustn't call me Mary—Tom.

Lieut. K. Not when you call me Tom?

Miss M. Did I call you Tom? I beg your pardon.

Lieut. K. Don't apologize; it puts me in mind of old times.

Miss M. Do you know where Mrs. Pontifex is?

Lieut. K. Never mind her just now.

Miss M. Oh! but I must; she's with the admiral.

Lieut. K. What! are you jealous?

Miss M. Not the least. Are you?

Lieut. K. No!

Miss M. She seems to me to be a very delightful woman.

Lieut. K. So she is! so she is! Oh! that she is! I certainly wish, for her sake, that she was something nearer my own age—yours now, for instance.

Miss M. I'm afraid that wish will grow upon you.

Lieut. K. What is she gone to the Admiral for?

Miss M. To ask him to consent to your marriage; and I came to ask you to consent to his.

Lieut. K. I can't do it; it goes against my conscience. (*Rises.*)

Miss M. (Rising.) You must! you must, indeed!

Lieut. K. I cannot—I feel that I cannot.

Miss M. That which must be—must be; why then should you refuse to make the best of it? Come, Lieutenant Kingston, for my sake,—come—Tom—for Mary's sake, consent.

Lieut. K. For your sake, Mary, I will consent to anything.

Miss M. (rising.) Come with me then, at once, and let me see you on your old terms with your father.

Lieut. K. Not this moment! there's no such absolute hurry. I think I have consented too soon. Mary, sit down and persuade me again.

Miss M. No, no! it must not be; and you must leave off calling me Mary.

Lieut. K. Well, if it must be so;—for the last time at least, Mary, take my arm.

Miss M. Will you hold your tongue about Mary, Mr. Tom?

[*Takes his arm; and is going towards L. H. D. enters the ADMIRAL, with MRS. PONTIFEX leaning on his arm—the others separate hastily, and in confusion.*]

Adm. I thought I informed you, sir, that I was about to be married to that lady?

Lieut. K. You did, sir.

Adm. And under those circumstances, do you think it proper or decent that I should find her flaunting about with her arm through yours? Look at me, sir, and answer me!

Lieut. K. (R.) I am looking at you, sir.

Adm. (L.) Well, sir!

Lieut. K. And I want to know whether you think it proper or decent that I should find that lady flaunting about with her arm through yours?

Adm. Pooh, pooh! nonsense—you foolish monkey! you're not going to be jealous of your father?

Mrs. P. (L. c., to ADMIRAL.) Now—my dear sir—

Lieut. K. Why not? when you are jealous of your son.

Miss M. (R. c., to LIEUT. K.) Now—be calm—

Adm. The fact is, sir, that I am particularly pleased with this lady.

Lieut. K. Sir, you do me great honour—

Adm. She has done you great honour in condescending to care about such a—such a—

Miss M. Very agreeable young man as Lieutenant Kingston, R.N.

Adm. Oh, what! he has been doing the agreeable to you, has he?

Miss M. The fact is, sir, that I am particularly pleased with this gentleman.

Mrs. P. Kingston, dear! what have you been saying to Miss Mortimer?

Lieut. K. I have only been endeavouring to make myself acceptable to my future (ahem!) mother-in-law.

Adm. (aside.) Confound that word—how ridiculous it sounds in his mouth!

Mrs. P. My dear Miss Mortimer, you remember no doubt the terms of our agreement, and the objects for which we undertook to seek the dear Admiral and his son?

Miss M. (aside.) The dear Admiral! (*Aloud.*) Perfectly;—you were to obtain a release for his son from the “dear Admiral,” and I was to obtain a release for the Admiral from “Kingston, dear!”

Mrs. P. (aside.) Kingston dear!

Miss M. (aside.) She doesn't seem to like it herself.

Mrs. P. Have you succeeded?

Miss M. Ask him.

Lieut. K. I have promised to obey her wishes in all things.

Mrs. P. (aside.) Indeed!

Miss M. Have you succeeded?

Mrs. P. I refer you to the Admiral himself.

Adm. I must own that I strongly incline to comply with any request of this lady's.

Miss M. (aside.) Really!

Mrs. P. Our course then is obvious. We have been the unintentional causes of the first difference between a worthy father and an excellent son. In the peculiar circumstances under which we are about to become members of that family, it is our first duty to remove that difference. The goodness of both their hearts has been shown in the readiness with which they have listened to our pacific overtures, and I now call upon you, Kingston dear, to extend that hand which your father is eager to receive in his.

Lieut. K. (running to his father.) My dear sir!

Adm. (L.) My dear boy!

Lieut. K. (L. c.) I'm heartily sorry, sir, that we should have disagreed for a moment.

Adm. You can't be more sorry than I am, my boy; nor more glad that the little squall has passed over.

Miss M. I am delighted to see you again as you should be.

Mrs. P. And so am I!

Adm. (shaking hands with Mrs. P.) I'm sure you are—worthy, excellent creature—I'm sure you are!

Lieut. K. (shaking hands with Miss M.) I'm sure you are—charming, delightful creature—I'm sure you are!

Adm. There—that will do, Tom; now come hither, I want to speak to you. You ladies will excuse us for two minutes, I'm sure?

Miss M. Oh! certainly, sir.

Mrs. P. Come, love!

[*Miss M. takes her arm, and they retire up stage, looking over prints, &c., at table, R. H. U. E.*]

Adm. I say, Tom—

Lieut. K. Yes, sir.

Adm. Tom! I say—

Lieut. K. Yes, sir.

Adm. (bawling.) D—n it, sir! I say, Tom!

Lieut. K. Aye—aye, sir.

Adm. That's the way to answer me—that sounds like old times. Are you in a good humour?

Lieut. K. Never better, sir.

Adm. That's right.

Lieut. K. Will you allow me to hope that the serenity of *your* mind is perfectly re-established?

Adm. Perfectly. Now look here—(*coaxingly.*) What the deuce could ever make you think of marrying a woman fifteen years older than yourself?

Lieut. K. What the deuce could ever make you think of marrying a girl thirty years younger than yourself?

Adm. I tell you what, master Tom, you have contracted a vile habit of meeting a question with a question.

Lieut. K. I don't wish to annoy you, sir.

Adm. I didn't say you annoyed me sir; I said it was a vile habit, and so it is;—come—come, let me see you return to your senses, and renounce this silly match.

Lieut. K. Silly match, sir—silly match?

Adm. Now, you said you were in a good humour.

Lieut. K. So I am, sir—go on—say what you like—I'll take it all in good part.

Adm. Now, own that it's a silly match—ha! ha!

Lieut. K. Any thing you please, sir—ha! ha!

Adm. Just fancy you and your wife twenty years hence—you still a young man, with straight back and elastic gait, walking—*thus*; (*crosses R. and back L.*) and she, with stooping shoulders and half-palsied head, toddling by your side—*thus*. (*Laughing.*) Tom! Tom! it's too ridiculous! people should marry those of their own age—I always told you so.

Lieut. K. (with a forced laugh.) The picture you have drawn, sir, is funny enough I must own—attend one moment while I sketch another:—When a certain young lady shall have reached the age of forty, she will still retain her firm step and handsome features, and will walk along the admired of all beholders—*thus*; (*crosses L. and back R.*) while a certain Admiral, then turned of seventy, with one hand on his stick and t'other behind his back, will keep up with her as best he may—*thus*! Sir! sir! it's too ridiculous! people should marry those of their own age—I always told you so.

Adm. (L.) Or, if *there is* a difference, the man should be the older.

Lieut. K. (R.) Well, sir! it's of no use to talk; the thing is settled, and you have consented.

Adm. (L.) So have you, if you come to that.

Lieut. K. (R.) I don't consider that I have done any such thing.

Adm. Nor I neither.

Lieut. K. Do you mean to deny your words, sir?

Adm. Can I do better than follow your excellent example, sir?

Lieut. K. Very well, sir; then there seems no chance of our agreeing?

Adm. Not the slightest.

[*They flounce from each other, and turn up the stage—Mrs. P. and Miss M. at same time come down centre.*]

Miss M. (R.) Now here is a pretty business—they have quarrelled again!

Mrs. P. (L.) Oh! it's quite shocking, my dear!

Miss M. Much good you seem to have done by your interference!

Mrs. P. Come! I have done as much as you have, at all events.

Miss M. You pretended that the Admiral had consented—

Mrs. P. "Pretended," Miss Mortimer! pray be a little more guarded in your expressions.

Miss M. I suspect you have not said half a dozen words to him on the subject.

Mrs. P. A line out of a copy-book, Miss Mortimer—

Miss M. What's that, pray?

Mrs. P. "Suspicion ever haunts the guilty mind."

Miss M. Another—

Mrs. P. What?

Miss M. "Old age is querulous."

Mrs. P. "Saucy girls are very rude."

Miss M. Widow Pontifex, you are insulting.

Mrs. P. Spinster Mortimer—ditto.

[*They flounce up centre of stage—ADMIRAL and LIEUTENANT come down at the two sides at same time.*]

Adm. (aside.) Dear me! dear me! the ladies are quarrelling, now.

Lieut. K. (aside, R.) If the women get to loggerheads, there's an end of every thing.

[*By this time the Ladies have returned—Mrs. P. on the side of LIEUT. K., and Miss M. on the side of the ADMIRAL.*]

Adm. (to Miss M.) My dear child, I'm sorry to see this.

Miss M. Don't call me child, sir; if I'm to marry a man as old as you are, I won't be call'd a child, at all events.

Adm. (L.) Very well, miss.

Miss M. (L. c.) Don't call me, miss.

Adm. For shame, my dear.

Miss M. Don't call me, my dear.

Adm. (aside.) Oh dear! Oh dear! what have I undertaken?

Lieut. K. (R. to Mrs. P.) I'm really quite vexed, Mrs. Pontifex.

Mrs. P. (R. c.) Don't Mrs. Pontifex me, sir.

Lieut. K. Is this the temper which I thought so perfect?

Mrs. P. Your obstinacy is enough to spoil any temper in the world.

Lieut. K. You are many years older than I am, and ought to set a better example.

Mrs. P. That's right, sir! insult me because I was born before you; but I needn't wonder at any thing you do, after the manner in which you have behaved to your worthy and excellent father, there.

Adm. Madam! I'm very much obliged to you.

Miss M. For abusing your son! that's good taste, at all events! I'm sure a better young man never existed.

Lieut. K. That's very kind of you, Mary.

Mrs. P. If you had a proper respect for your father, you would give way to him in every thing.

Lieut. K. I have the highest possible respect for my father; but he shall never marry that girl, if I can help it.

Miss M. A truly affectionate father would overlook a trifling defect in so admirable a son.

Adm. I love my son, Miss Mortimer, as a father ought; but d—n me if I consent to his marriage with that lady. And now as we seem at any rate to understand one another about a misunderstanding, nothing remains for me but to order my carriage and go home. Here, waiter!

Lieut. K. Stay, sir! as I know not when or under what circumstances we may meet again, I crave your permission to take a proper and respectful leave of my future mother-in-law.

Adm. Be it so! Mary, take leave of my son; and you, madam, as there is no difference between us, will perhaps, not refuse my parting good wishes.

[*Mrs. P. goes to ADM., and Miss M. to LIEUT.*]

Miss M. (R.C.) It's very disagreeable to part again, just as we have met after so many years of absence.

Lieut. K. (R.) It makes me wretched to think of it.

Adm. (L.) Believe me, Mrs. Pontifex, I part with the greatest reluctance from a lady, for whom a very short acquaintance has given me the most sincere esteem and regard.

Mrs. P. (L.C.) I assure you, my dear sir, the regret is mutual.

Adm. Farewell, then, madam.

[*Taking her hand.*]

Mrs. P. Farewell, sir.

Lieut. K. (taking Miss M.'s hand.) Farewell, old playfellow.

Miss M. Farewell!

Adm. I presume you are to be my daughter-in-law, and I therefore offer you a father's blessing.

[*Kisses her forehead.*]

Lieut. K. Mother-in-law, accept my dutiful regrets at leaving you.

[*Kisses her forehead.*]

Adm. Once more, adieu!

[*Takes Mrs. P. in his arms.*]

Lieut. K. Mary!

Miss M. Tom!

[*He takes her in his arms.*]

Adm. (Looking over Mrs. P.'s shoulder.) Lieut. Kingston!

Lieut. K. (Looking over Miss M.'s shoulder.) Sir!

Adm. What the devil are you about, sir?

Lieut. K. What are you about, sir?

Adm. Sir, I hardly know!

Lieut. K. A thought strikes me—

Adm. What is it ?

Lieut. K. Do you find yourself comfortable ?

Adm. Very !

Lieut. K. So do I ; then suppose we change wives, and remain as we are.

Adm. It's all in the family, ma'am ; what say you ?

Mrs. P. My dear sir, I told you that the first wish of my heart was to please your son ; my next to please you. I see that his happiness is concerned, and I consent at once.

Lieut. K. My dear Mrs. Pontifex, what *shall* I say to you ?

Mrs. P. Say, "Thank you mamma," and be a good boy for the future.

Lieut. K. My Mary won't object ?

Miss M. Well, I don't know that I shall.

Adm. Why, Miss Mary ! what has become of your resolution to marry an admiral ? have you forgotten Duncan, Nelson, Howe and Jarvis !

Miss M. (*giving her hand to* *LIEUT. K.*) They were *all* lieutenants *once*, sir.

Adm. Come then, let us all shake hands upon this new bargain.

Miss M. (*Giving her hand to* *MRS. P.*) Forgive my cross question.

Mrs. P. Forgive my crooked answer.

Adm. Tom, my boy, I'll make this lady as good a husband as I can.

Mrs. P. And this lady will be happy to be the means of restoring harmony between a good father and a son whom she will never cease to regard.

Adm. Mary !

Miss M. Aye, aye, sir.

Adm. I have resigned the command of you to my first Lieutenant there.

Miss M. Sir, I shall do my best to obey his orders.

Adm. After all, there's nothing like sticking to the rules of the service ; you are scarcely more than a twenty gun vessel and have no right to be commanded by an admiral ; and now ring the bell.

[*LIEUT. K. rings.*

Lieut. K. I say sir, don't you agree with me that people should marry those of a suitable age ?

Adm. I always said so !

Lieut. K. You did, and so did I !

Adm. That you did, I must admit.

[*LIEUT. K. embraces* *MISS M.* *ADMIRAL embraces* *MRS. P.* *SHORT and DENNIS enter* *L. H. D.* *at same moment, and stare with astonishment.*

Den. (*to* *SHORT.*) As they say in a sharp frost, it's fine embracing weather, sir !

Adm. Landlord !

Short. (*advancing* *L. H.*) Dinner is quite ready, sir.

Adm. Why, I didn't order it !

Short. No, sir ; but I somehow felt sure you would want it.

Adm. Well! as it happens, we do; and so, the battle being over, the crew shall go to dinner. Let me, however, first hope to obtain an acknowledgement that there is no exception to the golden rule (Britannia's rule,) that "Naval Engagements," led by a British Admiral and backed by British hands, must prove successful.

DISPOSITION OF CHARACTERS.

SHORT.

DENNIS.

LIEUTENANT.

MISS M.

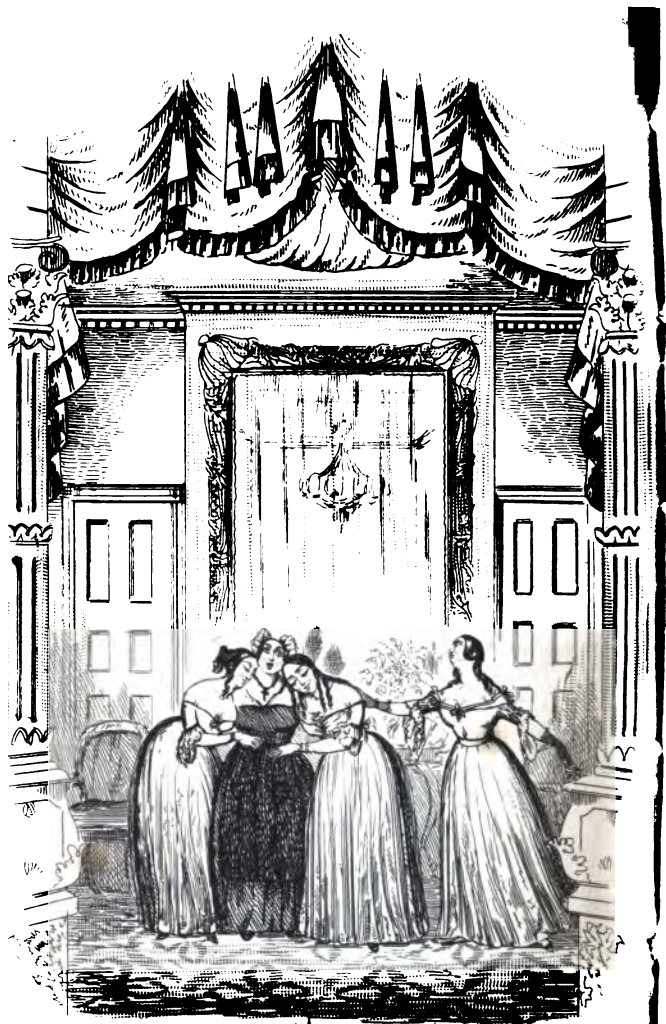
MRS. P.

ADMIRAL.

THE END.

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THE
BRITISH LEGION. .

A BURLETTA,

In One Act.

As performed at

THE THEATRE ROYAL, ST. JAMES'S.

cc
BY

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY, ESQ.

MEMBER OF THE DRAMATIC AUTHORS' SOCIETY.

AUTHOR OF "YOU CAN'T MARRY YOUR GRANDMOTHER," "THE *
CULPRIT," "THE SPITALFIELDS WEAVER," &c. &c.

—
CORRECTLY PRINTED FROM THE PROMPTER'S COPY, WITH REMARKS,
THE CAST OF CHARACTERS, COSTUME, SCENIC ARRANGEMENT,
SIDES OF ENTRANCE AND EXIT, AND RELATIVE POSITIONS
OF THE DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

—
ILLUSTRATED WITH AN ENGRAVING, BY
PIERCE EGAN THE YOUNGER, FROM A DRAWING TAKEN DURING THE
REPRESENTATION.

—
LONDON:
CHAPMAN AND HALL, 186, STRAND.

1838
LLK

Dramatis Personae and Costume.

First performed May 7, 1838.

COLONEL DAVENPORT. Blue undress frock-coat, with the trappings of a colonel, scarlet trousers, with a gold stripe, sash, &c. 2nd dress. That of an old lady's silk dress, bonnet, shawl, &c. } Mr. HOOPER.

CAPTAIN RANGER. Same as the Colonel's, only denoting him a captain. 2nd dress. Ditto old lady's. } Mr. SIDNEY.

ENSIGN HARCOURT. The same, only as an Ensign. 2nd dress. Ditto } Mr. BURNETT.

TIMOTHY. A drummer's dress, grenadier's large cap. 2nd dress. Coloured gown, bonnet, shawl, and apron } Mr. OXBERRY.

MARIA. Pink silk dress. 2nd dress. As a cornet. } Mrs. HONEY.

LOUISA. Blue silk dress. 2nd dress. As a cornet. } Miss WILLIAMS.

BARBARA. White silk dress. 2nd dress. As a cornet. } Miss J. MORDANT.

SUSAN. Chintz gown, white apron, cap, and ribbons, neckerchief. 2nd dress. That of a fifer. . } Mrs. F. MATHEWS.

Time of representation, one hour and a quarter.

The Songs are Published by Mr. Leoni Lee, Albemarle Street.

EXPLANATION OF THE STAGE DIRECTIONS.

L. means first entrance, left. R. first entrance, right. S. E. L. second entrance, left. S. E. R. second entrance, right. U. E. L. upper entrance, left. U. E. R. upper entrance, right. C. centre. L. C. left centre. R. C. right centre. T. E. L. third entrance, left. T. E. R. third entrance, right. Observing you are supposed to face the audience.

THE BRITISH LEGION.

SCENE I.—*A chamber ; table, chairs, tambour-frame, &c.*

Discovered, MARIA, knitting, c ; LOUISA, working at a tambour-frame, R ; BARBARA hemming a strip of muslin, L.

Bar. My dear sisters, take my word for it, our three lovers will never come back. How I do hate these wars—I wish there was no such thing as war.

Lou. Oh ! I don't wish that ; if there was no war there would be no soldiers—and I do love soldiers.

Mar. Heigho!—so do I, Louisa ; but as for these lovers of ours, I can't help thinking they might have come home long ago if they had chosen.

Lou. You don't mean it ! the very idea makes me stick my needle so violently through my canvass, that—there, I've pricked my finger.

Bar. Oh ! you wrong them—what reason can you have for saying that they prefer remaining in Spain to returning to us.

Lou. Spanish Donna's have bright eyes, my dear.

Mar. Well, if it comes to that—so have we.

Lou. But we are out of sight.

Bar. I don't think Harcourt will forget me for all that ; I hear the British Legion have suffered sadly—poor fellows—and the absence of our lovers ought to excite pity rather than anger.

Lou. Pity, pooh, nonsense ; as long as Ranger was obliged to remain away, I was miserable, but now that other officers are daily returning, I must confess I—

Mar. Expect him by the next ship, eh ?—I know I daily look out for poor Davenport. But as Barbara says, I do hear sad stories of the dangers and trials our soldiers have undergone, and if poor Davenport survives, I fear I shall see him sadly altered.

Lou. Altered !—what do you mean !

Mar. They have had much sickness.

Bar. Yes ; and climate sadly alters men.

Lou. What—do you mean they'll come back yellow and bald, and black under their eyes ! Oh ! that will never do for me.

Mar. Oh ! nor for me, I assure you.

Bar. It would only render them more interesting in my eyes.

Lou. Would it indeed ! Then I hope your poor enigma will come back a scarecrow.

Mar. Still, for my part, I do love a soldier, and none else will I wed.

Song.

I love a gay soldier, none else will I wed,
A sailor may woo me, but tempests I dread ;
I'm for no man of war made to float on the sea,
But a man that is warlike—a soldier for me.

I'll not wed a lawyer, his eloquence fails,
No husband for me in a wig with three tails,
And the hand of a doctor may grasp at a fee,
But not my little finger—a soldier for me.

I'll not wed a poet, so proud of his sense,
I'll not wed a merchant, pounds, shillings, and pence,
As for members of parliament—fiddle-de-dee,
They've no place in my heart—no ; a soldier for me.

Sus. (*without.*) The newspaper. Oh ! very well.

Mar. Oh ! here's Susan, with the newspaper. Perhaps we shall gain some intelligence.

Bar. Oh, let me read it first.

Lou. Come, I like that—your elders, if you please, Miss.

Mar. Oh ! newspapers are now so big, that they'll always serve two people.

Enter SUSAN, with newspaper, c.

Sus. Here's the paper, ladies, and the man denounced a second edition, with extraordinary news.

[*MARIA takes a double Times, gives one half to LOUISA, and takes the other half herself.*

Bar. How tantalizing ! Do read out.

Lou. What, both at a time ?

Bar. No, no ; whichever finds the news we want.

Sus. I believe it's all bad enough—I picked up little promiskious bits as I came along, from the buttermilk, and the butcher's boy, and the woman what comes for our washing, and they all gave *orrid* accounts.

Mar. Oh ! I can't find any thing about it. (*reading.*) " Patent ventilating perukes ! " — " Matrimony. " — " Warm and dry Thames Tunnel. "

Lou. (*reading.*) " Prodigious gooseberry " — " Singular suicide. "

Bar. Nothing about Spain ?

Sus. Dear me, I wonder at that—for one who ought to know—the catsmeat man, who brings liver for our puss—said out plump that he knew for certain sure, that Don Juan—no, no, not he—but Don Peter—something with a P, and Queen—Queen Chrissy, or something with a C—were to meet together with swords and baggonets, and fight it all out at single fisty cuffs !—and do you know why ?—because all the soldiers, officers and all, on both sides, had been cut up into small pieces !

Mar. Oh! be quiet—I've found it. (*reads.*) "Seat of war—Spanish affairs—British Legion."

Sus. Oh! Evans!

[*LOUISA throws aside her share of the paper, runs and looks over MARIA on one side, BARBARA on the other.*]

Mar. (*reading.*) "Our brave countrymen returning from the field of glory"—

Lou. Oh, yes, there it is—"Field of Glory!"

Bar. How my heart beats!

Mar. Don't interrupt. (*reads.*) "Returning from the field of glory, after suffering from exposure day and night, in an ungenial climate, and encountering privations calculated to change the jet black locks of youth to the silver of premature old age—"

Lou. Oh, dear, that sort of *silver's* change I don't relish.

Bar. Go on, my dear Maria.

Mar. (*reading.*) "Are entreated not to give way to despondency, as they may be sure of finding perfect renovation"

Lou. } Yes—well!

Bar. } Yes—well!

Mar. (*reading.*) "In Rowland's Macassar Oil!"

Lou. Oh, that's too bad, abominable!

Bar. Mr. Rowland ought not to trifle with people's feelings.

Sus. I'd oil old Rowland's whiskers if I could get at him.

Lou. Oh, but here is something! (*reads.*) "Arrived at Portsmouth."

Sus. La, it's some puff fit to blow a body away—books or bear's-grease, or bottles of stuff to make old folks beautiful. Don't go to read it.

Mar. Let me see—go on Louisa.

Bar. Do go on, "Arrived at Portsmouth"—well?

Lou. (*reading.*) "The following officers, forming part of the army commanded by General"—

Mar. Their names, go on—never mind any thing, but their names.

Lou. "Smith, Jones, Brown, Robinson, Snodgrass, Long, Short, Green, White—ah!"

Mar. Well?

Bar. Don't stop.

Lou. (*reading.*) "Davenport—"

Mar. Oh, dear me, I shall faint!

Sus. (*running to her.*) No don't, Miss, wait till all's done.

Lou. (*reads.*) "Higgins, Wiggins—ah! Harcourt."

Bar. He lives! and we shall still be blest!

Sus. (*running to her.*) Smell at this, Miss.

Lou. (*reads.*) "Sims, Tims, Willoughby," Oh, dear me—"Ranger!" I shall fall in a fit. (*lets paper fall.*)

Ranger. (*running to her.*) No ma'am, stop a bit—just read on—p'raps sarving-men may be mentioned, and I'm precoolarily frustrated about poor little Timothy. (*takes up paper.*) How I do wish I could read! there's not much of Timothy at the best, but what there is may have been put into the paper in very small letters indeed. Miss Maria, do look.

Mar. I cannot, my good girl.

Sus. La, it's just as if servants was to have no sillibillyties—I've a mind to drop down. Miss Loo, do ye just look after my little man.

Lou. I would if I could, Susan, but I can't, my head swims.

Sus. Long may it swim, sinking's unwholesome for folks what an't fishes. Miss Bab, now be goodnatured.

Bar. (*taking paper.*) I—I don't see any other name I know.

Sus. Oh dear, oh dear! Why did Tim persist in going?

Bar. What is his surname?

Sus. Nobody calls Tim, sir.

Mar. What's his name, besides Timothy?

Sus. Bacon, Miss.

Bar. (*looking at paper.*) No, Susan, there's no Bacon here.

Lou. But see, such accounts! (*reads.*) "Wounds, illness, mutilations,"—mutilations, I never thought of that.

Mar. Oh, dear me! shocking—a mutilated lover.

Bar. Poor dear Harcourt!

Sus. I beg pardon, but what's the meaning of—mu—muti—mutilations?

Lou. Cut up! Oh, those horrid swords.

Sus. Cut up! Oh la! my bacon's all in rashers!

Bar. But in these newspaper accounts there's often great exaggeration.

Sus. (*aside.*) I wonder what's exaggeration.

Mar. True, we ought to hope for the best. We shall soon know the worst at all events.

Lou. Yes, this miserable dull village is but five miles from Portsmouth.

Bar. Five long miles; I wish I were there.

Mar. So do I, that is incog—unseen, to see Colonel Davenport and his companions, and count legs and arms.

Sus. (*aside.*) In cog! a cog's a new name for a coach, I suppose.

Lou. That's not a bad idea, but then how could that be managed.

Bar. Oh, to get one glimpse at Harcourt! I'd take any step.

Sus. Yes, Miss—but five miles is a precious long step for a lady.

Mar. The uncle we live with being absent in London, we might spend one day in Portsmouth, without discovery.

Lou. We might do so certainly, but if we were found out our three very particular maiden aunts, who, though they have never seen us, mean to leave us all their property, would never forgive us; they'd cut us off with a shilling.

Sus. Don't talk of cutting off—it puts me in mind of Timothy's precious limbs—cut off p'raps with something sharper than shillings.

Mar. But our aunts are in Cornwall—the news of our little journey cannot fly to the land's end. Let us go to my room and hold a consultation.

Lou. With all my heart. The aunt's nest is, as you say, a great way off—and I shan't sleep in peace till I know whether

Ranger has been out in bits—swept up, and stitched together again.

Bar. I must and will see dear Harcourt to-day. Let us go to Maria's room.

Mar. Come along sisters. Bab, bring the newspaper—I am exceedingly agitated.

Lou. Oh, so am I—I don't know whether I'm on my head or my heels.

Bar. I tremble all over.

[Exit sisters clinging to one another and crying, c.]

Sus. There they go to insult one another about what's best to be done. What a comfort that is to have somebody to insult! Nobody thinks of me and my troubles. I know my little man's done for—I feel certain of that—I shall never relish bacon again. I that used to be so fond of it, with eggs poached—Hampshire bacon, streaky, and not too fat—my favourite dish. I don't see why I should quite give over that though, even if Tim be buried. T'o be sure my bacon can never be cured—they went and smoked him with gunpowder, and p'raps, hung him, poor little man! (cries bitterly.)

Tim. (without, L.) Hallo—Susan! where are you?

Sus. (screams.) Ah! his blessed voice! but p'raps it's his spirit!

Enter TIMOTHY, L.

Tim. Ah, Susey! have I found you at last?

Sus. (solemnly.) Timothy Bacon, is it you?

Tim. To be sure it is.

Sus. Not dead—and walking?

Tim. No—alive and kicking.

Sus. (rushing into his arms.) Oh, dear! oh, dear! who'd have thought it?

Tim. Well Sue, I told you I should come back safe and sound.

Sus. Ay, but are you sound—wind and limb? I heard such orred tales.

Tim. What tales, my dear?

Sus. As how you were all cut into bits—h-officers and privates, captains and drummers, and all.

Tim. Oh, you mustn't believe all you read in the newspapers,

Sus. I does believe all I reads, Timothy.

Tim. Ah, yes—true—because you can't read at all; but you mustn't credit all other folks as can read tells you, Lord bless you they makes mountains of molehills.

Sus. No—does they though? What a fatigue!

Tim. To be sure we have had our trials. I have been in hot water.

Sus. Ah! Tim, and when bacon gets into hot water—

Tim. It's liked to be boiled. But I've been talking what my masters call metaformically; and talking of my masters, how are your missesses?

Sus. Oh! Tim—they're not so happy as I am now; for they

knows you be all arrived at Portsmouth, and they dreads the worst.

Tim. What do you mean by the worst?

Sus. Hush! is nobody listening? They wants to peep sily at the gentlemen, and count their legs and arms like.

Tim. Oh! they're afraid of finding their lovers rather queer—with the sleeve of a coat hanging empty, hey? The socket of an eye with the shutter up? or perhaps, a gentleman sitting in a wooden bowl, and going about the world on casters.

Sus. I don't know whether they had those precise *hideas*, but certainly they dreaded something of the sort.

Tim. (*aside.*) I must have a bit of fun, I can't resist.

Sus. What's the matter, Tim?—There's something on your mind.

Tim. (*aside.*) I've had a short allowance of fun so long, that I must play 'em a trick.

Sus. Mr. Bacon, you turns from me—you're changed.

Tim. No, I'm not—I loves you dearly.

Sus. Then go the whole hog—tell me all.

Tim. It's too true, Susan.

Sus. What's too true, Tim?

Tim. About the gentlemen.

Sus. What gentlemen?

Tim. The officers at Portsmouth—that is, I mean what there is of them.

Sus. What there is of 'em, Tim?

Tim. And such fine young men as they was, too.

Sus. Was, Tim!

Tim. Yes; was, Susan.

Sus. You don't mean to say that they're mutibilitated?

Tim. I does—it's a melancholy fact.

Sus. Oh, I shall faint!—I must—my poor missesses!

Tim. Don't faint, Susan—leave that to your betters,—and after all, you know, you've saved your Bacon.

Sus. So I has, Tim,—so I'll hear all about it—begin at the beginning.

Tim. 'Twas in the thickest of the fight, when a cannon-ball took the colonel—

Sus. What all of him?

Tim. No; his right leg.

Sus. Gracious goodness! And he had such loves of legs!

Tim. Took it clean off.

Sus. You call that clean do you!

Tim. The colonel fell—

Sus. Well he might—not used to standing on one leg like a duck, tho' he was a *duck* of a gentleman.

Tim. I raised him—seated him on a drum—and—and—

Sus. Well?

Tim. Went in search of his right leg—I found it.

Sus. And what did you do with it?

Tim. Attended its funeral. Such a leg! such scymetary!

Sus. Ah, such a cemetary! I reckon him as good as dead!

Poor Miss Maria ! Well, go on.

Tim. That same day Captain Ranger lost his right arm.

Sus. Entirely ?

Tim. Oh, yes ;—such things an't mislaid like bootjacks and clothesbrushes. Lost it entirely—and what makes the whole affair more coincidental is that Ensign Harcourt, that very same afternoon lost his right eye, and had his neck so stiffened, that he can't no how turn his head.

Sus. Oh, the poor dear young ladies ! All their courting has been lost time ; they've got to look out for new sweethearts, and begin all over again.

Tim. Why you don't mean to say, they'll cut the gentlemen ? This will be the severest cut of all.

Sus. La ! poor folks—they'd better have died—they should cut and come again.

Tim. What can't be cured—

Sus. Cured !—I should think not.

Tim. And yet the colonel's cork leg—really is a wonderful thing in its way.

Sus. His cork leg—very well to swim with—but won't do for dancing.

Tim. Oh ! I don't know—he can figure still at a *hop*. The poor captain's coat-sleeve, certainly does hang rather flimsy, but he hitches it up neatly enough to his button-hole.

Sus. His *right* arm, too ; one always loses the *wrong* one !

Tim. And with a black patch the ensign covers what used to be his eye ; and tho' he can't turn his head *now*, Miss Barbara turned it for him long ago.

Sus. Yes, poor thing ; so much the worse for her.

Tim. Besides the little things I've mentioned—they all—

Sus. Any thing else ?

Tim. They all has gashes on their faces—but them they cover with sticking-plaster, so they are nothing more than beauty spots. But now, Susey, I just rode over on a pony I got lent me, without my master's knowing, and I must make haste back.

Sus. Will they be here soon ?

Tim. Not for two days ; they can't quit Portsmouth, and now mind you don't tell the young ladies what I've told you.

Sus. I tell ! Not for the world.

Tim. One doesn't like to tell bad news.

Sus. Nothing so disagreeable.

Tim. It always comes fast enough. Good bye.

Sus. Must you go, 'I'm ?

Tim. (*kisses her.*) Must indeed—good bye, Soosey-poosey.

Sus. Take care of your precious limbs.

Tim. No fear. Mind you don't blab.

Sus. I blab ! What an hidear !

Tim. That's right—good bye. (*aside.*) Her tongue burns to tell it now. If Susan an't wonderfully changed, it will be all out before ten minutes are past.

(*Exit TIMOTHY.*)

Sus. Well, here's a pretty hash ! The colonel has put his foot in it ! And the captain too ! his right arm—how inconvenient !

And the benign, that had such a knowing wink with his eye.
Bless me, it's quite a tragedy!

Enter MARIA, LOUISA, and BARBARA, C.

Mar. We don't know what to do.

Lou. No! indeed; it is a most puzzling situation.

Bar. I never was so anxious.

Sus. Oh, I can put an end to all your anxieties.

All. No; can you?

Sus. Oh, yes—that is—no—I musn't tell, but perhaps it would be a comfort.

Mar. To hear of Davenport! to be sure it would.

Lou. News of Ranger! it would set my heart at ease.

Bar. Tidings of Harcourt! if he is well, I am happy.

Sus. Oh then, if I can make you all so comfortable, I'm sure I ought to tell. Tim has been here.

All. Tim! What news?

Sus. They are all at Portsmouth.

All. Yes—yes—well?

Sus. And like the ladies who gives caudle, as well as can be expected.

Mar. I wonder the colonel did not walk over; it's only five miles.

Sus. He's got too much timber to carry.

Mar. Timber!

Sus. Don't be alarmed, Miss—he's well in body, but in limbs—

Mar. Limbs!

Sus. If I said *limbs*, I was wrong. There's only *one* wanting.

Mar. Oh! what does all this mean?

Sus. Don't take it to heart, he's lost his right leg.

Mar. (*hiding her face on SUSAN's shoulder.*) Oh, horrible!

Sus. But there's one great comfort; Tim attended its funeral, and after all, perhaps he won't miss his leg so much as Captain Ranger will his right arm.

Lou. Oh! right arm. Dreadful! (*goes to the other side of SUSAN.*)

Sus. Dear me, I fear I've been precipitous. For my part I do think Hensign Harcourt's right eye must be the worst of all.

Bar. Oh, cruel! (*sinks into a chair, and hides her face in her handkerchief.*)

Mar. Oh, this is—I shall never—can it be true though?

Lou. I will hesitate no longer. I am determined to go to Portsmouth.

Bar. And so am I.

Mar. Our maiden aunts in Cornwall never will hear of our going—indeed our uncle in London may be ignorant of it, if Susan will but be discreet.

Sus. Oh, la, ma'am, I never tells nothing.

Lou. We will see them unknown. The father of our school-fellow, Harriet Perkins, sells every thing requisite for the outfit of young officers.

Mar. I see what you mean; she shall furnish us with disguises, and with moustaches and darkened brows, they will be clever if they find us out.

Bar. Oh, they will never suspect us ; we will go to the same hotel, and if Susan does not betray our plan—

Sus. I betray, Miss—la ! Sometimes I don't utter a word for a week.

Mar. Come then—our bonnets and shawls—and then away by the first coach that passes.

[*Exit MARIA, LOUISE, and BARBARA, L.*]

Sus. What a pity, Tim's gone ! I do so long to tell him all about it.

[*Exit SUSAN, L.*]

SCENE II.—*A large public room at an hotel at Portsmouth—*

DAVENPORT, C. RANGER, R. and HARCOURT, C. sitting at a table drinking.

Dav. Come, Harcourt my boy, another glass to the adorable Barbara.

Har. Oh ! she is like the rest of the women, fickle, and not to be trusted.

Ran. Don't say that, drink her health like a man, and after you've drank it—talk to her quietly about her imperfections ; you won't be aware that she has any when you look her in the face, as to Timothy's story about their anxiety to count our limbs, I reckon it a mere servant's gossip.

Dav. Do you, Ranger ? Well, for my own part, I must say I consider it only very natural : were I in the ladies' place, I should like to know how many limbs were to constitute my marriage portion,—a husband to resemble a mutilated beggar-man !

Ran. Nor I, Davenport—nor I—but pray do not leave good feeling and affection entirely out of the question. Had I been a woman—

Har. Well now for the pleasures of imagination.

Ran. Well—really loving the man to whom I was engaged, and I would not have engaged my hand had I not loved him—

Dav. Well, go on.

Ran. Then had my lover returned maimed, disabled, dilapidated, I should have been the more eager to step forward with consolation—

Dav. And sticking-plaster ; indeed ! oh ! come—no more of your sentimentality, that would not be very agreeable, were I a young lady, I should not love a man the better, because he had attended the funeral of his own leg.

Har. Half the marriages we hear of have more to do with money than love.

Dav. I call those lucifer matches, and consequently make light of them—they are not at all to my mind ;—but seriously, had I returned with a dilapidated frame—I would have told my dear Maria that she was free to choose another bridegroom.

Ran. And I would have done the same—I would never have fettered a young wife to a mere log wanting its proper complement of limbs.

Har. Oh ! that I could but see Barbara—that is all I think of.

and nought in the world can rival the light of her eyes—except the gems of the cup.

Song.—"Gems of the Cup."

The cup of horn, the cup of gold,
Shall but be prized for what they hold ;
The bowl of price *unfilled* is worth
No more than mugs of common earth,
With wine, with wine, fill up,
And thus with gems adorn the cup.

In bright champagne the *diamonds* sport,
The *ruby* shines in mellow port,
The *topaz* takes a tempting shape,
When press'd from warm Madeira's grape.
With wine, with wine, fill up,
And thus with gems adorn the cup.

These gems may grace the goblet's brim,
But oh, they are but cold and dim,
Unless we've ladies' eyes in sight,
From which they all derive their light.
With wine, with wine, fill up,
And thus with gems adorn the cup.

Enter TIMOTHY, L.

Tim. Oh, gents!—you know what I told you about what I said to she—

Dav. What you said to *she* ! What do you mean ?

Tim. About the legs and arms missing.

Dav. Well !

Tim. Sir, she told the young ladies—I thought she would.

Ran. Yes !

Tim. And the young ladies got exasperated !

Har. Got what ?

Tim. The end of it is, here they are.

Dav. Here !

Tim. Yes ; disguised as young cornets of some dragoon regiment, here they are, come to overlook their live-stock, and if you'll believe me, here's Sukey herself, armed cap-a-pee, as a fifer !

Dav. Come here as spies ! I did not think Maria would condescend to act thus ! never mind, she shall be punished—I am all that she imagines.

Ran. What ?

Dav. (*limping about.*) I've got a cork leg—but effectually to bewilder those who come to examine us, we ought to have a general rehearsal—come Ranger, I have plenty of sticking-plaster in my room, and Harcourt—come, you must admit they deserve some retaliation.

[*Exit HARCOURT, DAVENPORT, and RANGER, &c.*]

Tim. Why, they are never going to be such fools as to go and

cut one another to bits just to spite them women—I wouldn't undergo amputation for the best woman that ever walked!—sticking-plaster, general rehearsal!—law, I do think—I know what they are after! making believe! Oh! that will be fun! and I'll not tell nobody, not I, not even Susan, for if I did, she'd blab—some folks let news go in at one ear, and out at t'other, but Susan keeps both ears open to let in gossip, and the very next moment it all pops out of her mouth—by jingo here they are! Well, upon my word, mighty pretty gentlemen—on a small scale.

Enter MARIA, BARBARA, and LOUISA, disguised as officers, &c.

Mar. Well, here we are, and I flatter myself not likely to be recognised.

Lou. If people know me it's strange—for I protest I hardly know myself.

Bar. (aside.) Hush! here is Timothy—his master's not far off.

Mar. (aside.) I long to ask how Davenport really is.

Lou. (aside.) Oh! I must ask for Ranger—I say, you little man.

Tim. Little man! from *you*—come, I do like that.

Mar. How impertinent!—take care what you are about, fellow—answer me a question or two—you are Colonel Davenport's servant, hey—are you not?

Tim. Why, yes—partly—that is, I served him when in Spain—and two other officers, intimate friends of his.

Lou. Ay, I know—Captain Ranger.

Bar. And Ensign Harcourt.

Tim. Oh! if you knows every thing, there's no occasion to ask me questions.

Mar. Yes, yes—I want to know—how the colonel is.

Lou. Yes, the colonel and his friends.

Bar. Speak, how are they?

Tim. (R. H.) What! are you acquainted with them?

Mar. (R. C.) Oh, yes—that is slightly.

Lou. (L. C.) Not particularly.

Bar. (L. H.) We know them by sight.

Tim. Ah! and a baddish sort of sight they are now.

Mar. What do you mean?

Tim. What! haven't you heard?

Lou. Heard—what?

Tim. What happened in Spain.

Mar. It is true then!

Tim. If you'll give me your names, gentlemen, I'm sure they'll be happy to see you.

Lou. Oh, no, no—I'd rather not see them now—much rather not.

Mar. I'm sorry we came—very sorry.

Bar. We'd much better go at once.

Tim. Oh! here they are. *(aside.)* I'll take myself out of the way, or I shall laugh and spoil all. [*Exit TIMOTHY, L. H.*]

Mar. Good gracious! what a stumping somebody makes. I declare it's Davenport!

Lon. And Ranger, too.—Oh! what a trial!

Bar. I never shall be able to look Harcourt in the face. Such a face as it was too! *[They get to the L. H.]*

Enter R. H. DAVENPORT, as if walking with a cork leg—RANGER, with the sleeve of his right arm hanging empty—HARCOURT, with a patch over his right eye—all their faces patched.

Dav. (going to MARIA.) Ah! strangers here! young gentlemen, you are most welcome. Pray sit down and make yourselves at home. *(takes MARIA up to the table.)*

Ran. (going to LOUISA.) Welcome, gentlemen. Here, Tim, bring more wine. *(takes LOUISA up—TIMOTHY places chairs and glasses.)*

Har. (going to BARBARA.) I'm glad to make your acquaintance. Wine Tim—wine. *(takes her up.)*

[They all sit—DAVENPORT at the head of table—MARIA next on his right—RANGER next to MARIA, and LOUISA R. H. of him—HARCOURT next to DAVENPORT on his left, and BARBARA L. H. of him.]

Mar. (aside.) What miserable objects! Poor things, I don't think Chelsea would own such pensioners.

Bar. (aside.) Harcourt's a perfect spectre!

Mar. (to BARBARA.) I say, you've got ocular demonstration, at all events.

Dav. (slapping MARIA on the back.) Come, old fellow, fill your glass. Here's to our loves, wherever they may be.

Ran. Yes—come fill. Tall or short, fat or thin—here's to them.

Har. Fill—fill. Here's to our sweethearts!

[The gentlemen fill the ladies' glasses—they drink.]

Mar. Yes—I—certainly—you—you—have got a sweetheart then, Colonel Davenport?

Dav. Hey-dey, youngster, you know my name and rank in the army! You have the advantage of me. Who the devil told you? but you don't drink—fill your glass. *(fills it.)* Well now, who told you?

Mar. Oh, the, a—that is—*(aside.)* He'll make me tipsy!

Dav. Knew me by sight, perhaps, before I went to Spain? I was a jolly chap then, and you'll find, I'm not an altered man.

Mar. Not an altered man, sir!

Dav. No—though I have seen service—the devil a bit am I altered.

Ran. No, none of us—not a bit altered.

Har. No, no, not an atom, not even crestfallen.

Mar. I don't know about crestfallen, but there's a vast change in your arms and supporters.

Lou. Well, Captain Ranger—

Ran. Oh, you know me too!

Lou. Yes, perhaps you don't remember me, but I danced with you at—

Ran. Danced with me!

Lou. (aside.) Oh, dear me!

Mar. Yes, in the same quadrille, my friend, Mr. Figgins—Figgins, let me introduce you to Colonel Davenport.

Dav. How d'ye do Figgins? *(they shake hands.)*

Mar. Figgins, was dancing with one of the Miss Johnsons—Maria Johnson—perhaps you know her—hem—devilish pretty girl—let's drink her health.

Dav. You introduced your young friend Figgins to me, but you forget, that I don't know who you are. Mr. Figgins, as your comrade has kindly introduced you to me, perhaps you will have the kindness to introduce me to him?

Lou. Oh, yes—certainly—*(rising,)* Jenkins, Colonel Davenport—Colonel Davenport, Jenkins.

Dav. How d'ye do, Jenkins. *(they shake hands.)*

Lou. Jenkins is well known in the world—has fought several duels, hem! and I have been his second, half a dozen times. *(sits.)*

Dav. Pray—is he the Jenkins who ran away with Lady P.?

Lou. Oh—yes—decidedly—he is the Jenkins.

Har. And where's Lady P. now?

Mar. *(aside.)* I'll be hanged if I know. But—oh—she's—that is—don't ask—I've my reasons. But here's Popkins—I must introduce Popkins. Davenport, Ranger, Harcourt—this is Popkins.

Dav. How d'ye do, Popkins. *(they shake hands.)*

Bar. *(aside.)* How my two sisters can go on talking in that way, is to me wonderful. *(sits.)*

Dav. Well, now we all know one another, here's a glass to our better acquaintance. *(they fill their glasses.)*

Mar. I can't drink any more. *(aside.)* He'll certainly put me under the table.

Ran. Come, fill like jolly fellows.

Lou. It's impossible, sir—impossible!

Har. *(to BARBARA.)* You must.

Bar. I can't indeed. *(aside.)* What a dreadful predicament!

Dav. *(to MARIA.)* Come, I'll give you a toast.

Mar. Let it be toast and water then.

Dav. Well, if you won't drink, you shall sing—come, tip us a stave.

Mar. Sing! sing in a public-house—an hotel, I mean—I can't indeed.

Dav. Sing, or drink a pint of claret at a draft.

Mar. *(aside.)* Oh! dear me, singing's better than being tipsy. What shall I sing? "*March, march, Ettrick and—*" Oh, no—beg pardon, you can't march now, Davenport. "*Arm, arm, ye brave!*" No, Captain Ranger is disarmed for ever. What shall I sing? What say you, Mr. Harcourt? "*Drink to me only with those eyes.*"

Dav. No, no, something applicable to existing circumstances. "*Let the toast pass—drink to the lass—*" hey? you know that—"*I'll warrant we'll find an excuse for the glass.*"

Mar. Indeed, I'd rather not. Well, if I must—something applicable? I'll do my best.

Song.—MARIA.

Air, " Let the toast pass."

Come, on the Constant, we'll blessings invoke,
Where is the maid we can call so?
Faithful to him who is true heart of oak,
E'en tho' his *leg* be oak also.

Let the toast pass, &c.

She will not give him one dimple the less,
Should war of an arm have bereft him,
Tout au contraire she more warmly will press
The *one* hand that fortune has left him.

Let the toast pass, &c.

Let not the youth with one eye be afraid,
She with his loss will not quarrel,
Rather with pride, will she view his green shade,
And deem it a sprig of green laurel.

Let the toast pass, &c.

Dav. But you were talking of the Johnsons just now. Do you know them?

Mar. Oh, yes—that is, I've seen them. Do you admire them?

Dav. Oh yes, especially Maria.

Ran. For my part, I preferred Louisa.

Har. And Barbara is my favourite.

Dav. I've danced with Maria often.

Mar. But you don't seem likely to dance with her again.

Ran. Louisa, has hung on my arm for hours together.

Lou. If it was your right arm, there's an end of that.

Har. I've gazed enraptured on Barbara.

Bar. (aside.) He can see her now with half an eye!

Dav. They *were* pretty girls!

Ran. They must be reckoned among the *has beens*.

Lou. *Has beens*! What do you mean by that?

Har. They are all gone off, poor things!

Mar. Gone off!

Lou. Poor things!

Bar. You speak of them strangely!

Dav. What, haven't you heard?

Mar. Heard, what?

Ran. Oh, you can't have seen them lately.

Lou. Seen them,—why do you ask?

Har. It is a pity.

Bar. A pity! What's a pity?

Dav. And the worst of it is, it can't be mended.

Mar. (aside.) Like his own leg, poor man.

Ran. They've none of them escaped.

Lou. Escaped!—when—where—how?

Har. And it's said, it has affected their sight.

Mar. Well, but will you have the humanity to tell *us* what you are talking about.

Dav. Talking about,—why the three Miss Johnsons—Maria—

Ran. Louisa—

Har. And Barbara.

Mar. But what of Maria, Louisa, and Barbara.

Dav. We received information before we left Spain, that they had all been attacked by that scourge of female beauty, the smallpox, and they are all seamed and marked so very dreadfully that you would not recognise them.

Ran. Nor know which was Louisa—

Har. Which Barbara—

Dav. Nor which Maria.—They've all now got round unmeaning, featureless faces, faithfully imitating sago pudding.

Mar. Oh, you have been misinformed.

Lou. Most shamefully so.

Bar. Upon my word it is not true.

Dav. I beg pardon, I had it from the very best authority—their hair and eyebrows have fallen off.

Ran. Their teeth tumbled out of their heads.

Har. And one of Barbara's eyes is so affected, she's obliged to cover it with a patch.

Mar. Oh! who could have invented such a story?

Ran. Invented! Oh no—it's too true.

Lou. It's not true, sir, it's all false. (*rises and gets in R. H. corner.*)

Dav. (*rising and following LOUISA.*) False, sir, false!—what do you mean by false?

Mar. (*coming down c.*) She means—I mean, and we all mean that you have been imposed upon.

Dav. (*following MARIA into L. H. corner.*) Sir, you don't know what you are talking about, and if you presume to tell me that I tell a falsehood, I'll pull your nose.

Mar. Pull my nose, sir?

Ran. (*going to LOUISA, R. H.*) Am I to be schooled by a little whipper-snapper like you?

Lou. Whipper-snapper!

Har. It would serve them right to throw them out of window.

Bar. (*L. C.*) Throw me out of window!

Dav. But stop—I can make allowances—these three young gentlemen evidently knew the Miss Johnsons in the by-gone days of their loveliness.

Mar. By-gone days!

Ran. Ay, and not having heard of their misfortune, cannot credit their present deformity.

Lou. Deformity!

Dav. But I must inform you, gentlemen, that we ought to know, and that we do know, for it so happens that we three were engaged to be married to the three Miss Johnsons.

Mar. Oh, indeed! well of course you ought to know.

Ran. We ought indeed—poor little girls.

Lou. Oh, you—you were engaged to be married to them, well—

Har. Yes; I loved Barbara dearly.

Bar. Oh, then certainly—it must be true.

Dav. Oh, yes; we were at the very moment we received the intelligence, on the point of returning to throw ourselves at their feet.

Mar. Indeed! ah,—well, there's an end of that *now*—of course having heard this story.

Ran. This *true* story—

Mar. Yes—this *true* story of their misfortunes—you will back out, and leave them, poor girls, to die spinsters.

Dav. What do you say?

Lou. As they have lost the charms which won your affections, you will desert them.

Bar. Of course you will think of them no more.

Dav. Is that your opinion, young gentlemen?—I am ashamed of you—pray do not impute to us such paltry dishonourable conduct—tho' Maria is as ugly as the devil—

Mar. Hem!

Dav. What then—though the frame be dilapidated, the picture of good humour must remain—the voice that used to charm me still is musical, and the heart that used to love me, still is warm and true.

Mar. (aside.) Oh, dear me, I begin to feel very much ashamed of myself. Dear Davenport, is it thus that he would have met me had I indeed been so unfortunate.

Ran. I'll tell you what it is, you young lads, you judge of the actions of men like boys, or bread-and-butter misses. We promised to love and protect those girls, and we are not likely to desert them at the very moment when they most need kindness and protection.

Lou. (aside.) I wish I had never come here. Oh, that I could but get back without discovery.

Har. Beautiful as Barbara was, I saw in her gentleness and goodness that eclipsed her beauty.

Bar. (aside.) Dear, dear, Harcourt, how could I be so mean!

Dav. I suppose, as you know these poor, unfortunate, melancholy, mutilated young ladies, you also know their three maiden aunts, who after living some years in Cornwall, are now arrived to visit them.

Mar. Arrived!—Impossible!

Lou. I can't believe it!

Bar. How very unfortunate!

Dav. And now, young gentlemen, as we have a particular engagement, we must wish you good evening—take care of yourselves—don't drink too much wine.

Ran. Nor get into any row in the streets.

Har. Good night, little fellows.

All. Good night—good night!

[Exit DAVENPORT, HARCOURT, and RANGER, L. H.
(The three ladies walk about in dismay.)]

Mar. Our aunts come! It is impossible! If they caught us in male attire they would die!

Lou. Die! yes, and that's not the worst of it—leave us out of their wills.

Bar. Oh! what shall we do?—a pretty business we've made of it!

Mar. These poor, dear, kind-hearted, fond, affectionate men—they'll never forgive us!

Lou. Those poor, old, deaf, superannuated, prim, particular aunts—they'll never forgive us neither!

Bar. Where can Susan be?—she might hit upon some plan. Oh, here she comes!

Enter SUSAN, L. H., dressed as a fifer, playing "The lass I left behind me."

Sus. (L. H.) Oh, ladies! ladies! what is to be done?—was there ever such bad luck!

Mar. (L. C.) Well, what now, Susan?—Speak—quick.

Sus. Oh, I've just seen Timothy, and what do you think he told me?

Lou. (R. C.) For goodness sake tell us what.

Bar. (R. H.) Yes; tell us what.

Sus. Your aunts from Cornwall—

Lad. What!

Sus. Come by the coach.

Lad. Come!

Sus. Yes; by the Alligator—three inside! (*goes up.*)

Mar. Oh, dear me, let us return as fast as possible!

Lou. Yes, yes; we may be in time to change our dresses!

Bar. Oh, lose not a moment—come!

[*The three ladies are going off, L. H., DAVENPORT, as an old woman, speaks without, L. H.; the ladies start back, affrighted into R. H. corner.*]

Mar. Ah! voices—people coming this way—who can it be?

Lou. What shall we do?

Mar. What can this mean?

Lou. Who can they be?

Bar. How I do tremble!

Enter (L. H.) DAVENPORT, RANGER, and HARCOURT, dressed as old ladies, and TIMOTHY as a servant-maid, TIMOTHY places three chairs, L. H.

Dav. It is too true—we were rightly informed—our nieces have disgraced themselves by putting on masculine habiliments, and there they are! (*sits.*)

Ran. Oh, dear me! I shall faint! (*sits.*)

Har. Dorothy, come here. (*sits.*)

Dav. Salts! salts! (*TIMOTHY gives them.*)

Ran. My pocket-handkerchief!

Har. My aromatic vinegar!

Tim. Your handkerchief is in your ridiculous—and here's your romantic vinegar, ma'am.

Mar. What will become of us! Oh, aunts, we are very sorry for what we've done.

Dav. What impropriety—it makes me poorly to look at them.

Lou. Then don't look at us, but let us go home.

Ran. Home, impossible—unless it be by the baggage-waggon—Dorothy, call the watch.

Bar. Oh, for goodness sake, do not let our rash act be known.

Dav. A disgrace to the family—Dorothy, do as you are bid.

Tim. (bashfully, L. H.) I'll call watch out of window, if you

please—but I should be timid like, going out in the street myself alone at this time of night.

Dav. Very proper.—There, young ladies, do you hear that? take a leaf out of Dorothy's book. Open the window, Dorothy, and call the watch.

Ran. But fold your shawl round you, for fear you should catch cold.

Tim. I will, for I'm rather an indelicate institution, and subject to a comic cough. (*goes up.*)

Mar. I cannot endure this. Oh, that Davenport were but here to protect me!

Lou. It is in vain to call on Ranger!

Bar. Harcourt—Harcourt! Why hast thou forsaken me!

Dav. (*rising, and going to her.*) Well, Maria, here I am.

Ran. (*rising, and going to her.*) How can I serve you, Louisa?

Har. (*rising, and going to her.*) Dearest Barbara, I am here.

Lou. What! here!—our aunts!

Dav. Yes; and though we have frightened you a little, we cannot profess much penitence—you came as spies, and deserved the reception we gave you. (*throwing aside bonnet.*)

Mar. But—I am bewildered—that voice—the face, too.—But you walk about like other people—the cork leg?

Dav. Quite as imaginary as the sago pudding.

Lou. Oh, this is too delightful—your right arm—

Ran. Can embrace you still: or protect you, if necessary.

Bar. I am so happy!—It really then is—

Har. All my eye!

Sus. (*advancing, R. H.*) Well, I never did!—I declare it's as good as a play.

Tim. (*advancing, L. H.*) Isn't it, Susan—and an't I a nice girl for a small party?

Dav. A strange little party is this of ours at present. But really I must say, that when the pretty women assume our costume, the best way of laughing them out of such a fancy is to retaliate, and take to the petticoats.

Mar. I shall get rid of my regimentals as soon as possible, and shall certainly not wear them again—shall you, sisters? Or stop—perhaps we may. (*to audience.*) That is,—if those around us will kindly tolerate a little extravagance, thinking, that what broadly farcical, such jests are only fair play;—may we then hope for a prosperous campaign to the British Legion!

THE END.

WHITING, BEAUFORT HOUSE, STRAND.

CONCLUSIONS

1000



THE IRISH LION.

A FARCE,

In One Act.

BY

JOHN BALDWIN BUCKSTONE, Esq.

MEMBER OF THE DRAMATIC AUTHORS' SOCIETY.

As performed at

THE THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.

CORRECTLY PRINTED FROM THE PROMPTER'S COPY, WITH THE CAST
OF CHARACTERS, COSTUME, SCENIC ARRANGEMENT, SIDES OF
ENTRANCE AND EXIT, AND RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ILLUSTRATED WITH AN ETCHING, BY
FRANCE EGAN THE YOUNGER, FROM A DRAWING TAKEN DURING THE
REPRESENTATION.

LONDON:
SHERWOOD, GILBERT, AND PIPER,
PATERNOSTER-ROW.

ADVERTISEMENT.

It was not the intention of the author of the following farce to have prefaced its publication with any remarks, thinking it too trivial an affair to warrant such an important ceremonial. But its great success in its presentation having made one of her Majesty's subjects very angry, and such individual being also highly indignant that "The Irish Lion" should be called "original," it has been thought necessary to be a little prefatory, and remarkably candid in this advertisement.

On the appearance of the "Irish Lion" at the Haymarket Theatre, Mr. Anonymous penned a splenetic letter to the editor of "The Morning Post," directing his attention to a French farce, called *Le Tailleur de Jacques Rousseau*, of which he wished it to be understood the new farce was a translation; on failing to prove his assertion, another censor declared that "THE NEW FARCE" was precisely the same as an old English one, already in possession of the stage; then Mr. Anonymous discovered that one of the incidents in "THE NEW FARCE" was exactly similar to one of the incidents in some other old farce at some other theatre. The third "start eyes" boldly and honestly published that THE NEW FARCE at the Haymarket, was like every thing that had ever been done before with the saving clause, that it was "well done."

Wonderful NEW FARCE! that could at once be a translation of an old French vaudeville, precisely the same as an old English farce, and like every thing else, that had ever been done before.

The author of "The Irish Lion," endeavoured to read some years ago an attempt at a translation of "Le Tailleur," which though a very indolent affair, helped him to the thought that a *Lionizing* farce would be effective on the stage, and led him to think of constructing one according to his own idea of the subject. Having promised to write Mr. Power an Irish character, and without consulting either French vaudevilles, or old English farces, he remembered his *Lionizing* thoughts, and produced the present farce. As not one line of the dialogue, such as it is, is a translation, either of a French, Italian, Chinese, Dutch, or any other drama, and as the incidents, whether new or old, occurred to the mind of the writer without his pausing to consider if they were the one or the other, and as he constructed whatever apology for a plot may be found in the Irish Lion, without referring to any previous work (for in honest truth he had not the time), and as on its representation, the principal actor in the farce was pleased, and as the manager was pleased, and far above all, as the public was pleased, is not the author of the Irish Lion justified in calling his farce "original"—that is to say, as original as any farce can be?—Good heavens! Yes.

And now farewell ye bilious anonymous writers to news of the future, should the author of the following farce be fortunate enough to have a thousand such to the public, ye may write, ye may be intended, ye may say what ye may, but he will never again give himself the trouble to utter one word in reply, for the very best reason in the world, the public cares not one straw about the matter.

To Mr. Power, and Mrs. Fitzwilliam, the author is greatly indebted for the success of this trifle, therefore to them, and to the ladies and gentlemen, who so zealously co-operated for the general effect, he takes this opportunity of returning his sincere thanks, and also to the public, who assisted at its representation with that best of all assistance, *loud laughter*.

First performed June 13, 1838.

QUABBS. 1st dress. Morning gown.	} Mr. STRICKLAND.
2. Blue coat, white waistcoat, nankeen breeches, shoes and buckles . . .	
UFFY. Drab coat, white waistcoat, breeches, gaiters, and white hat . . .	Mr. GOUGH.
3. Old dark coat and breeches . . .	Mr. HUTCHINGS.
MOORE. 1st dress. A light brown body-ite buttons, waistcoat with sleeves, loose breeches, unbuttoned at the knee, old hat.	} Mr. POWER.
2. Blue coat, metal buttons, white breeches, black tight pantaloons, Wellington boots, and a fashionably-dressed wig . . .	
JOHN DIXON. Light blue frogged waistcoat, trousers, and mustaches . . .	Mr. WORRELL.
Guests (well dressed for the party)	{ Messrs. BISHOP, KERRIDGE, &c.
KENZIE. Black suit . . .	Mr. CLARK.
EDWARD. Brown coat, light waistcoat, knee-breeches, and short gaiters . . .	Mr. T. F. MATHEWS.
LONG. Small pepper-and-salt livery, of the back off his coat . . .	Mr. NICHOLSON.
BERULEA FIZGIG. 1st dress. White dress, trimmed with pink, white chip hat.	} Mrs. FITZWILLIAM.
2nd dress. Light blue silk dress, with white lace . . .	
CRUMMY. 1st dress. Muslin dress, with white net, &c. 2nd dress. Pink silk . . .	Mrs. GALLOTT.
ECHO. White silk dress . . .	Miss BERESFORD.
Ladies (well dressed for the party)	{ Miss PARTRIDGE, Miss HOLMES, &c.

Time of representation, one hour.

EXPLANATION OF STAGE DIRECTIONS.

1st entrance, left. R. first entrance, right. S. E. L., second entrance, left. S. E. R., second entrance, right. U. E. L., upper left. U. E. R., upper entrance, right. C., centre. L. C., left centre. T. E. L., third entrance, left. T. E. R., third entrance, right. Observing you are supposed to face the audience. .

THE IRISH LION.

SCENE I.—*A room in a villa residence at Devizes—Mr. Squabbs discovered at a table, L. H., in his morning-gown, writing—GINGER, R. H., waiting.*

Squ. How many wax candles, shall we want, William?

Gin. About four dozen.

Squ. (writing.) Four dozen!

Gin. And you'll want some green frills to put round all their necks.

Squ. Of course, the pianoforte's here—that I know, for the man destroyed my afternoon's nap yesterday, by tuning it. Oh, dear, dear! this company keeping is not only very expensive, but very troublesome, especially to one who has never been used to such grand doings.

Gin. Nô, sir; hadn't much room for such affairs in your little first floor at Paddington; and as for the office in Bank-buildings, where we made our money, it was scarcely large enough to talk to a customer with comfort, when we were both in it. Ah, sir! pity you left it!

Squ. Why is it a pity, sir? I required change of scene and occupation. I had made a fortune in the alley—my relations persuaded me to retire here into the country—where they have insured me to live till I'm a hundred—and to keep them alive in return: they have all undertaken to pay me a visit for a fortnight once every half-year.

Gin. You have been here six months, and this is their first trip—and not content with hunching your fowls, worrying your cow to death, and overfeeding your pigs, they have persuaded you to give a grand party to-night.

Squ. A conversazione they call it—and the oddity of the thing is, that being a stranger here, I know nobody to invite.

Gin. Except Mr. Puffy, the churchwarden, who brings a friend with him.

Squ. Our acquaintance began by taking a friendly afternoon's nap together at church. Let's see, there will be Puffy and his friend; Captain Dixon, from town; Mr. Slim, Mrs. Crummy and her niece, with Miss Fizgig and her half-dozen friends: altogether they will make a very smart party. And I shall depend upon you Ginger to see that nothing is wanting.

(Laughing heard, R. H.)

What's that?

Gin. Some, sir—here comes Mrs. Crummy and her niece, Miss Echo!

Enter MRS. CRUMMY and MISS ECHO.

Squ. Miss Echo! the young lady that always repeats the last words spoken by her aunt. What's the matter now?

Mrs. C. Ah! that droll creature, Mrs. Fizzig.

Squ. Well, well; she has been trying to walk on the top of the conservatory, I suppose.

Mrs. C. Worse than that!

Miss E. Worse than that!

Mrs. C. She has been galloping the piebald pony all over the meadows,—at least it started off with her, and threw her into the middle of your tulip-bed; I never saw a woman with such courage, such animal spirits, and such physique in all my days!

Miss E. In all my days.

Mrs. C. Here she is—it's a mercy she's alive.

Enter MRS. CERULEA FIZGIG, R. H. 1 E. laughing.

Mrs. F. (*crosses to L. H. to SQUABBS.*) Ha! ha! ha! oh my dear Squabbs, you should have seen me just now—such a summer-set—never mind, no bones broken—though your poor tulip-bed is one scene of ruin!

Squ. Oh, dear! oh, dear! my tulips!

Mrs. F. Never mind—I shall be sending to Rotterdam next week—and will order you a gross or two of genuine double Dutchmen—don't think of your tulips, I beg—such an idea has just flashed across me—don't speak—let me have all the talk to myself for the present—such an idea! Ginger!

Gin. (*L. H.*) Ma'am?

Mrs. F. Run to the stationers for a dozen pink envelopes.

Gin. On what ma'am?

Mrs. F. Envelopes—recollect the word—that's enough—go—fly. [*Exit GINGER, L. H. 1 E.*]

Mrs. F. Now, Mr. Squabbs, listen with admiration—you know how blue I am.

Squ. Yes—yes—of course I do—and you can't help yourself—when your husband is a respectable indigo merchant.

Mrs. F. Oh, you dear literal soul—no—no—you misunderstand me—you are aware how I delight in literature—did you never read my verses to Mrs. Phillimore's tenth baby, in the Family Magazine? beginning, "Sweet cherub," and ending with "sleepless nights"—oh, my good man, you know nothing—read nothing!

Squ. I do—I read all the city intelligence, in the Sunday paper that your husband sends me every week.

Mrs. F. Ah! he's a good creature, never forgets his friends, though he can't comprehend an universal genius like mine—all my little accomplishments are lost upon him—I've written pamphlets on the corn laws—criticisms on foreign and domestic literature—I sing—dance—play the piano—correct the lectures

of the Tyros, at the scientific institutions—my house in town is daily filled from kitchen to attic, with the first men and women of the age. Grumble, the politician—Garret, the poet—Daub, the painter—Miss Withers, the anti-population economist—Crotchet, the composer, and Murphy the weathercock—all here continually. My Fizzig never comes amongst us—never mixes, never.

Squ. Prefers his society as he does his cognac—quite neat—eh? ha! ha!

Mrs. F. Oh, you droll antediluvian—that must go down in my journal amongst the city *jeux de mots*. Oh, Squabbs, in spite of all your whity-brown city notions—you really have one green spot in your heart.

Squ. Only let me keep it out of my head, and I don't care how green it is.

Re-enter GINGER, L. H., with pink envelopes.

Mrs. F. Here are the envelopes—now to communicate my idea, you know what a lion hunter I am.

Squ. Are you indeed? well, I am even with you *there*, if you have hunted your lions, I have *hunted my bears*—change alley—you know—ha! ha! ha!

Mrs. F. Oh, what a wag you are! down it shall go, (*writing in her tablets*)—it's all owing to the country air; you'll find your wit and your appetite both improved by it—now for our little party this evening, I have made up my mind to catch you an enormous lion.

Mrs. C. (R. H.) Oh, pray don't bring such an animal here; I shall faint at the very sight of one.

Miss E. (R. H.) At the very sight of one.

Miss F. (C.) Oh, you dear literal creatures—a lion is a phrase denoting a popular genius—an extraordinary biped that every body is anxious to say that he has seen once, a human being, Mrs. Crummy, not an animal

Squ. (L. C.) Who can it be?

Mrs. F. Guess!

Squ. I can't!

Mrs. F. An Irish lion!

Squ. Ginger,—mind there are plenty of potatoes.

Gin. Yes, sir.

Mrs. F. Now, I'll tell you.

Squ. Well!

Mrs. F. You have heard of Moore?

Mrs. C. The poet!

Miss E. The poet!

Mrs. F. The same—he's your neighbour, Mr. Squabbs, resides here in classic retirement—I intend in my own name to invite him to our party this evening!

Mrs. C. And will he come?

Miss L. Will he come!

Mrs. F. Certainly, as the invitation will be in my name—I'll write it at once. (*sitting at the table writing.*)

Squ. Do it in rhyme.

Mrs. F. No, no; never send seals to Newcastle. *Ginger*, light a taper. (*Ginger lights a wax taper with a lucifer.*)

Mrs. C. I shall be delighted to be introduced—what a sweet thing that “Meeting of the Waiters” is!

Miss. E. The waiters—

Mrs. F. Waiters you mean, my dear—

Mrs. C. A Yorkshire gentleman sung it to me last week, and he called it waiters—and he ought to know because he deals in Irish pigs, and has letters from Cork every week.

Mrs. F. Never mind, *Mrs. Crummy*, we’ll refer the pronouncement to the poet himself. (*sealing her note.*) Now, *Ginger*, take this letter as directed.

Gin. I can’t go myself, madam, as I’m so busy—but our boy, John Long, that used to sweep out the office in Bank-buildings, came down yesterday in a salt and pepper livery, and as he looks genteeler than me, he had better take the letter.

Mrs. F. Certainly!

Gin. (*calling.*) John Long.

Enter JOHN LONG in livery, L. H.

Mrs. F. Now, John, take this to Mr. Moore.

John. What part of the town does he live in, ma’am. I only came down yesterday, and don’t know the place.

Squ. Inquire, sir,—you’ve a Bank-buildings tongue in your head, and look at your coat, sir, there’s a button off already; get another put on at the same time, or you’ll not be fit to be seen this evening—away with you—and mind if you stay out all day again as you did yesterday, I’ll pack you off home to-morrow.

[*Exit JOHN LONG, L. H.*]

Mrs. F. Now let me see—is every thing in order? (*looking over her book.*) The piano—

Squ. It’s here!

Mrs. F. The ball-room ready?

Squ. Yes!

Mrs. F. The caricatures from town?

Squ. Mr. Slim will bring those.

Mrs. F. Your champagne iced?

Squ. Yes!

Mrs. F. Have you your album with you, *Mrs. Crummy*?

Mrs. C. Yes—I’ve got mine—

Miss E. And mine.

Mrs. F. He shall write me a little melody on the spot.

Mrs. C. And I’ll ask him to sing one.

Miss E. Sing one!

Squ. Perhaps he’ll recite Collins’s Ode on the Passions on the hearth-rug to us—Mr. Slim spouts it in style!

Mrs. F. Away with you, my dears, and leave me to cogitate, and arrange how the great man is to be received—I must write an account of the party for the high life journal, and send it by post to-morrow.

Squ. Mr. Squabbs’s conversazione.

Mrs. F. At *Devizes*, the residence of the emerald poet.

Squ. Who honoured Mr. Squabbs with his company.

Mrs. C. and Miss E. Oh! delightful.

Squ. Come, Mrs. C., we'll go to the greenhouse and see what flowers we can find to put about the rooms; (*crosses to R.*) for I will have every thing as it should be, for once I'm determined.

Mrs. F. Mrs. C. and Miss E. Certainly! certainly!

Squ. Come along, my dears.

(*He takes off Mrs. CRUMMY and Miss ECHO, R. H.*)

Mrs. F. How I long to meet the dear man—now of course he will expect me to quote his works and sing his songs; I must send to the library for them, and make a few selections—as for his melodies—I think I know them all—but one thing I am resolved on, I'll have a lock of his hair, if I tear it out of his head. [*Exit, R. H.*]

SCENE II.—*A country tailor's workshop—an open door on the L. H. The shop at the back, R. H.—a stool close to the board, L. H. WADD discovered at work on the R. H. of board—a blue coat and space for another workman on the L. H. of the board.*

Wadd. My journeyman Tom takes a long time over his dinner—the churchwarden's coat must go home this evening, and I don't think it's near finished yet.

TOM MOORE enters D. F. smoking a short pipe and singing.

Och, Bryan O'Lynn, he had milk and male,

And a two legged porringer wanting a tail.

Wadd. Come—come Tom—your dinner-hour's up long ago.

Tom. Asy, Mr. Wadd—is it my dinner-hour that's up? Now by the stool I'm sittin on that's a nate observation to tumble head over heels out o' yer mouth without any ceremony. The Dutch clock at the bar of the bull, and an illegant clock it is, barren it's always too slow, and that's a fault on the right side when one's coming back to work by it—and a mighty great sin when one laves off to go to males by the time ov it—any how it's ten minutes to two now—by the time o' day, and that niver tells lies—and by the same token I've that ten minutes—barren one that's slipped away while I've been talken to you, to finish me pipe in—and then Mr. Wadd I shall do me last job in your service.

Wadd. What do you mean by your last job, Tom?

Tom. You know, Mr. Wadd, when I hired you as my master for a job of journeywork a fortnight ago, I told you I was a rowling stone—that I was on me travels through foreign parts to obsarve the manners and customs of barbarous nations, and that when I had arned two weeks' wages I should show you the full front of my back, and proceed on my tower.

Wadd. You're a good workman, Tom; why don't you be a little more settled?

Tom. Be jakers, Mr. Wadd, you see this waistcoat, don't it button over a heart that feels it was never intended to call a

tailor its proprietor, and which howlds the thimble in surverin contempt. Larning's me wakeness, and though all me schoolin' was begun and finished in a quarter of a year, yet the masther said I was a natral born scholar, and if I could by any impossibility, get well over me radeing, I'd be risen out of the ashes every mornen like a phanix.

Wadd. And what made them put you to a tailor?

Tom. It was me father's profession at Tipperary. When he failed I succeeded him in the business, and a young gentleman from Ireland, who expected a fortune but didn't get it, got into me debt, and I by the same token got into other people's: he ran away—I ran after him—and me creditors ran after me—but divil a bit could they catch me—and here I am a predestinating travelling tailor writing me observations, and when you see 'em in print, ivery chapter peppered with a bit o' poethry ov' me own composition to give the prose a flavour, you may say Tom's gone home, and wid his money out of the book has ped every body his own.

Wadd. Can you write, Tom?

Tom. Is it write can I? Me pothooks are so strong and beautiful, you might hang your hat on one of them, and as to radeing, I can decipher pin writing as asy as the parish clerk does Jarman text on the tombstones, and if I hadn't a janius that way how ud I do that? Me ten minutes are up—now for a stitch.

[*TOM jumps on the shop-board—WADD gets off.*]

Wadd. Take home that coat to Mr. Puffy the churchwarden when it's done, and if any body asks for me, I shall be back in half an hour.

Tom. It shall be done sir!

[*WADD goes off D. F., TOM calls him back.*]

Masther!

Wadd. Well!

Tom. Mind, ask for the fresh tap, and when you call for your third jug jist drink my health and success to literature.

[*Exit WADD, TOM works and sings.*]

Och Bryan O'Lynn had no breeches to wear
So he bought him a sheepskin and made him a pair,
The skinny side out and the woolley side in,
'Twill be cool and convaynient said Bryan O'Lynn.

Please the pigs I'll lave this town to-morrow: one week's wages will be up, and I can trot on easily to another place wid the same. Be jakers, when me book's in print, won't me company be coorted by the knights and the barrownights, and the ladies—bless 'em. There's one observation I must pin down that's a disgrace to civilizasion. Mr. Wadd pales his pratees before he biles them: that must go under the head of barbarous customs of the English aristocracy.

(*Mr. PUFFY looks in at the D. F.*)

Puf. My coat done?

Tom. Not quite, sir.

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Puf. I must have it home by six this evening—don't disappoint.

(*PUFFY disappears.*)

Tom. Hillo, sir!

(*PUFFY reappears.*)

Puf. Well!

Tom. I wish you a very good afternoon, sir.

Puf. What d'ye mean, sir?

Tom. That me father paid three pence a week for taching me manners, and I was thyring if I had forgot them.

Puf. Insolent fellow! you forget yourself.

Tom. Insolent! what—whin I'm politeness itself. Faix I'm glad to persave I haven't forgot what you niver larnd.

Puf. What's that? I shall acquaint your master depend upon it. Impertinent fellow! [*PUFFY disappears.*]

Tom. That's another observation to make in me book: the natives of Great Britain have no more manners than Tipperary pigs, though they're twice as corpulent. By Mr. Puffy's button holes he must be fattening himself up for a Christmas present for his uncle. (*Tom sings, "Och Bryan O'Lynn, &c."*)

Enter JOHN, D. F., MRS. FIZGIG's pink letter in his hand.

Tom. What now, Shaver?

John. Which is Mr. Moore's?

Tom. What Misther Moore?

John. I don't know, I think I heard them say he was an author, or something of that sort.

Tom. And is it to me you ask which is him—it would be mighty dhroll if I couldn't inform you, when I am the janius himself.

John. Oh! are you the chap?

Tom. Chap! if you address me in that disrespectful fashion, be jamini I'll polish you with the red hot goose.

John. I suppose I'm right, master said I was to have a button put on my coat at the same time, but I won't stop now because I'm going to a duck hunt—here's a letter for you.

Tom. Who sent it?

John. Open it and see—I'm in a hurry—I won't go home till night, I know—master says he'll pack me off; I wish he would—for I'm tired of this dull place. [*Exit, D. F.*]

Tom. (*regarding the letter with some astonishment.*) A letter for me! By the contents of Moll Kelly's quart jug, who is it that's writing to me? Tare an ouns, I'm too narvous to open it; by jakers, it's from one of the feminine gender—for the paper blushes as it looks me in the face. (*opens it.*) And carefully packed up is the marrow ov it, in a nate paper bag. Now what a thing it is to have a trifle o' natara! larnen! Or I should have been compelled otherwise to ax Mr. Wadd to rade it to me—and then me independence would have been repaled enthirely. (*reading.*) Mrs. C E R U Lean—lean Fizzig! Fizzig! she's the woman to blaze away at a spark, I'll be bail. "Compliments—(*reading.*)—would be proud to see

MR. Squabbs—to meet a party—~~dying to be introduced to—~~genius and poetry.” Filliloo—I’m discovered—my janius is the unknown country—and Mrs. Fizgig is the female Columbus! that has discovered it—och! you insinuator—faix you’re the darlin—who could have tould! for not a soul have I confessed my wakeness too, barren Mr. Wadd and the bar maid at the Bull—never mind—rale ganius is sure to spread—and the polite invitation shall be duly accepted—and I’ll take me writens with me to rade to the party. Och! I could jump over the moon, and chaste Diana for joy. (*dancing with delight.*) Asy, now—asy—I must compose my narves—och! what’ll old Wadd say? and be the same token, what’ll I do for a gentleman’s coat to be smart in? I’ve an illegant pair ov pantheloons, but divil a coat—and I must have the dacent thing or nothing. (*takes PUFFY’S coat off the shop-board, and looks at it.*) Asy, you deluder—here’s just the thing—this is a temptation that’s too much for me—if it’s a dacent fit, Mr. Puffy, must wait till to-morrow’ for once. (*tries it on.*) The very thing—barren it’s biggish in the stomaticks—I’ll take in the back same—now what’ll I do to look well about the head? me own hair is not long enough for a full dressing; asy—I saw two or three iligant jazies in the barber’s window that shaved me yesterday—that’s the daisy—a superfine blue coat, and metal buttons, a pair of black elastics, with a big head ov hair, is a dress fit for a queen’s drawing-room—my hat is a quare one, but as I shan’t wear that in the parlor—that goes for nothing—I’ll finish the coat in a jiffy, and equip meself for the momentous occasion.

[*Tom jumps on the shop-board, and stitches away hastily; singing with great glee; the scene closes.*]

SCENE III.—Room at MR. SQUABBS’S. Same as Scene I.

Mrs. F. (*heard without.*) Now, come along my friends, and pay every attention to what I am going to say to you—come along.

Enter MRS. FIZGIG, CAPTAIN DIXON, MR. SLIM, MRS. CRUMMY, MISS ECHO, MR. YAWKINS, MRS. JENKS, MR. PARTRIDGE, MISS TITTER, SQUABBS, and MR. SHINDY, R. H., 1 E.; all dressed for the party.

Mrs. F. Now we are all here but Mr. Puffy, and your friend, what is his name, Mr. Slim?

Mr. S. Mackenzie—a young gentleman of fortune, from Ireland—he’ll come by the next coach.

Mrs. F. A gentleman from Ireland, a delightful coincidence, I hope he’ll be able to talk the native tongue to Mr. M.; it will give such a tone to the whole affair—now we are pretty well all assembled—pray listen to me.

Squ. Listen to Mrs. Fizgig. I have left the entire management of the party to her.

Mrs. F. I have prepared a little arrangement of our respec-

tive duties during the evening—every one, to ~~prevent confusion~~, must have a decided part to sustain; there ~~shall not~~ be too many talkers—nor too many listeners—but every body must take a certain share in the grand effort, to draw out the lion of the night!

Squ. Draw him out!

Mrs. F. Yes, bless you—they all require drawing out—that is, coaxing into a spontaneous display of their peculiar talent—in the first place you must let him feel entirely at home—nothing cramps genius so much as ceremony—now to drill you all in your duties—you Mr. Squabbs, Mrs. Jenks, and Mr. Yawkins, must be listeners. Whenever the lion opens his mouth you must say—hush! and then gaze at him as if you were devouring every word he utters—now exclaim, hush! hush! and look at me very intently. Suppose him just about to speak.

Squ. Yaw. and Mrs. J. Hush! hush! (*all opening their eyes and mouths, and looking at Mrs. Fizioic.*)

Mrs. F. That will do. Mrs. Jenks, open your mouth a little more, it will give a greater devouring expression to your face—not too wide, or you will set all the company yawning. You Mr. Partridge, and Captain Dixon must be exclamation-makers at every sentence the poet may utter. You are to say “charming!” “delicious!” “beautiful!”—as you are a military man, Captain Dixon, you may venture to exclaim, “Demmed fine!”

Mr. P. Delicious! beautiful!

Cap. D. Demmed fine!

Mrs. F. Mrs. Crummy!

Mrs. C. Ah, what am I to do?

Mrs. F. You must be pathetic!

Mrs. C. What, weep?

Mrs. F. A little—try now.

Mrs. C. Oh, I really can't.

Mrs. F. You must, if he reads, or recites any passage very interesting or melancholy. You must wipe the corners of your eyes with your handkerchief, and express more by looks than words, the sympathy of your feelings.

Mrs. C. How is it to be done?

Mrs. F. Glance at the ceiling, breathe a deep sigh, and appear to be writhing under some agony of mind, that his poetry may have awakened in your heart.

Mrs. C. I've no agony of mind to awake.

Mrs. F. You must make some for the occasion. Miss Echo, you are to do the same as your aunt—and look very languishing at Mr. Slim, who will groan and gaze upon you with an expression of intense passion—while you, Miss Titter, must listen for every thing droll, and simper forth your delight thus, he! he! how witty! I shall expire, he he!” and above all remember that people of intellect are usually eccentric, whatever he may say or do, you must not seem surprised.

All. No—no—no—certainly not!

Mrs. F. Rather imitate his little antics than observe them—and if you perceive that he avoids alluding to his own produc-

tions, you must geniuses are so singular that in society they affect to be quite opposite to what they really are.

Mr. S. Bless me!

Mrs. F. Fact—I have known M. P.'s who take up all the time of the house on every question—perfect dummies in company—artists that never glance at your pictures—and writers of the most romantic novels, full of passion and sublimity—playing off practical jokes on every body present, drawing chairs away when people are about to sit in them—and starting nervous young ladies with waterloo crackers. Now let me see that you are all perfect.

[They all utter their various exclamations ending with CAPTAIN DIXON'S "Demm'd fine."]

Enter GINGER, L. H. 1 E., a very old hat in his hand.

Gin. The Lion's come!

Mrs. F. Where is he?

Gin. In the parlour—this is his hat.

Mrs. F. Pray let me look at it!—Delicious!—and this is the hat that covers his laurelled head—perhaps it may inspire me.

(They all regard it with curiosity.)

All. Beautiful!—delicious!

Capt. D. Demm'd fine!

Squ. It's rather the worse for wear.

Mrs. F. Minds like his, Mr. Squabbs, seldom regard exterior appearances—take every care of it Ginger.

Gin. (taking the hat after it has been examined by all the party.)
I will madam!

Mrs. F. How does he look?

Gin. Very respectable—about the coat in particular—and has the finest ~~kind~~ of hair I ever beheld.

Mrs. F. Oh, delicious! I musn't forget my scissors—and what is he doing?

Gin. Nothing particular!

Mrs. F. How eccentric! Now go all of you to the drawing-room, (*crosses to L. H.*) don't forget my instructions—and when I ring, (*to GINGER,*) tell him to follow you, and then announce him. Bless me, I feel quite nervous—I knew he would come; how I long to look at him! Mind you all commence your conversation with a little reserve, till he begins to find himself at home.

(They all make a move as if going.)

Hush! hush! Don't shuffle your feet, all confusion is vulgar in the extreme—go, Mr. Squabbs—go—take the ladies.

[SQUABBS—MRS. JENKS—MISS TITTER—SLIM—SHINDY
—YAWKINS—MRS. CRUMMY and MISS ECHO, go off
L. H.]

Captain Dixon—give me your arm—lead the way Mr. Partidge—now for a delicious and intellectual evening.

[Exit MRS. FIZGIG—CAPTAIN DIXON and MR. PART
RIDGE following, L.]

Gin. (looking at the hat.) So this is the hat of a genius—whatever it may be thought of here, I don't think it would fetch much in the city—I'll put it on—perhaps it may inspire me—as the wisdom of the lawyer is said to be in the wig, who knows but the intellect of the poet may be all in the hat.

[Exit GINGER, L. H.]

SCENE IV.—Drawing-room at Mr. SQUABBS'S. *The party discovered—at the back on the L. H. stands a table on which are albums, writing materials, &c.—a pianoforte on the R. H. close to the 2 E.—Mrs. CRUMMY, SQUABBS, and Mrs. JENKS, occupy the L. H. corner—behind Mrs. CRUMMY is Miss ECHO—YAWKINS, SLIM, and SHINDY are also on the L. H.—on the R. H. near the centre Mrs. FIZGIG is seated—on each side the piano are CAPTAIN DIXSON and Mr. PARTRIDGE—Miss TITTER in the R. H. corner.*

Mrs. F. Hush—I hear his footstep on the stairs—silence! not a whisper.

Enter GINGER D. F.

Gin. Mr. Moore!

[All the party rise—TOM enters at the back, wearing PUFFY'S coat, black pantaloons, Wellington boots, a finely-dressed wig on his head—he advances between SQUABBS and Mrs. FIZGIG—all regarding him with great curiosity. TOM advances, bowing, smirking, and winking at the ladies.]

Mrs. F. How deliciously eccentric in his costume! Mr. M. allow me first to introduce myself.

Tom. Mrs. Fizgig I'll engage—

Mrs. F. The same, sir!

Tom. I thought as much, and I'll also engage now that you're as good a critter as ever supped whiskey out of an egg-shell—

Par. Beautiful! delicious! oh—

Miss T. He, he! how witty!

Cap. D. Demm'd fine!

Mrs. F. The familiarity of genius is indeed delicious. Permit me to introduce you to Mr. Squabbs, a new resident here—who will be delighted at making your acquaintance.

Tom. And I shall be delighted at making his pantherloons.

Par. Beautiful! delicious, oh!

Miss T. He, he! how witty!

Cap. D. Demm'd fine!

Yaw.

Squ.

Mrs. J.

} Hush!

Mrs. F. Really Mr. M., your condescension in thus honouring our little conversazione is so charming, so indicative of the high intellect that scorns the vulgar pride of common minds, that we cannot but admire you as a man, as we already do your talents as an author.

Tom. Asy you deluder—och you've the daisy—what you're beginning butherin me up already, are ye?

perceive how the real great man
~~can~~ ~~is~~ ~~to~~ ~~feel~~ his superiority. Ah, Mr. M. true
 genius is above buckram.

Tom. Buckram! that's a dig at my trade. You never said a
 thruer word than that madam—my soul looks upon buckram
 wid mighty big feelings of scorn. I recollect when I was a
 garson, as I was a walken—

Squ. }
 Mrs. J. } Hush! hush!
 Yaw. }

Tom. Be jakers, what are they hushing at—and staring at
 me as if I wor a Roschicrucian.

Mrs. F. Pray proceed Mr. M. and be seated I beg (Tom sits
 in the centre—all the party draw their chairs round him—Tom sur-
 vey's them all with delight.) We are about to be favoured with
 some juvenile reminiscences—what, when you were a garçon?

Tom. Maning when I was little.

Mrs. F. Ah, indeed, when you were little—I understand—
 but let us rather speak of your more glorious achievements.

Squ. I beg your pardon, Mr. Moore, for my neglect—what
 can I offer you? I've some excellent claret, or would you pre-
 fer champagne, port, or sherry?

Tom. Though you have named a variety, I'm not in the laste
 puzzled which to choose.

Squ. }
 Mrs. J. } Hush! hush!
 Yaw. }

Tom. What d'ye mane by hushing, is it to signify I'm to hold
 me tongue.

All. Oh, no—no—no!

Mrs. F. No, Mr. Moore, we are all most anxious to listen to
 your conversation.

Tom. Then I'll proceed—you wish to know what I'll take.
 Port is the dacent thing for a person in middling circumstances.
 Sherry is no great shakes unless you bate it up wid an egg, to
 give a tone to the voice or the stomach whichever you plase.
 As for claret it's the darlen when an indivual requires
 an easy and a cooler beverage—while champagne is the
 rale gentleman's drink when he's takin his rump steak wid a lady
 —and barren the headache that's at the bottom of the tenth
 bottle. I'd as lave have that as anything—but whist, it's not
 that I'll take at this present—wid your good will and pleasures
 I prefer the fluid that contains the soul of all them drinks, which
 has the dacency of Port, with the tone of the sherry, the cooling
 quality of the claret, combined wid de inspiration of the cham-
 pagne, but divil a morsel of its headach, at all, at all—and
 that's a jolly good jug of whiskey punch!

Mr. P. Splendid! beautiful! delicious!

Tom. It's raly delicious, and I'm glad you like it.

Mrs. F. Whiskey punch! how national!

Tom. And how rational!

Squ. (to GINGER.) Make a strong jug of whiskey punch.

Tom. But mind the punch is twice as strong as the jug, and the laste taste of the water imaginable.

Gin. Yes, sir.

[Exit GINGER at the back.

Squ. That's right, Mr. Moore, make yourself quite at home.

Tom. Faix will I. I'm a little shy when I'm in me first discourse, but when I'm warnin' up be jakers, I'm as free and as asy as a cow in a corn field.

Par. Beautiful!

Miss T. Witty!

Cap. D. Demn'd fine!

Tom. Tatheration! how they admire me; ivery word utter they devour like maly praties. I'll be rading me book to 'em presently; then how they'll wonder at me.

[The party rise and converse at the back, regarding TOM

MRS. CRUMMY advances L. H. of TOM—an album in her hand—Miss ECHO carrying pen and ink.

Mrs. C. Oh, Mr. M!

Miss E. Mr. M.

Mrs. C. I've such a favour to ask you, you see what this is?

Tom. It has the external signification of a book.

Mrs. C. My album.

Miss E. Album!

Tom. Your what—och for shame. (TOM puts his hand before his face.)

Mrs. F. She wishes you to oblige her by inserting some little jeu d'esprit—she will be so delighted.

Tom. Insart a little jews spree. I'm bothered again.

Mrs. F. Do you hesitate? Ah you want pressing.

Tom. (aside.) Want pressing! that's a big dowse at my tailoring again.

Mrs. F. If your muse is not propitious at this moment your autograph will oblige.

Tom. (aside.) Now what the divil's that? (aloud.) Och you phanix bright, dont you come over me with your dixonary words; for if you do, by the hokie pokie I'll put you at a non-plush wid some of me own Latin, and when I cant find Latin, I'll pitch in Greek, and when Greek fails I'll give you Irish, which in consequence of its varnicularity is most convaynient to me.

Mrs. F. What divine satire!

Par. Beautiful! delicious!

Mrs. C. (presenting the pen and holding the book open before him.) Merely your name, if you please sir.

Tom. Och it's me name that you want, and is that all? Me pothooks are quare to look at, but I make them mighty thick, and that's what a janius who writes for posterity should never forget to do. Now for it—obsarve me flourish. (writing.) There it is as large as life and a thrifle bigger.

Mrs. C. I thank you Mr. M.

Miss E. Mr. M.

THE IRISH LION.

Mrs. CRUMMY goes up the stage with her album—all the company surround her to look at the writing.—Mrs. FIZGIG comes down the stage on the R. H. of TOM—a pair of scissors in her hand.

Mrs. F. I will have a lock of his hair if I steal it; I must engage him in conversation; perhaps I can take it unnoticed.

Tom. (*catching a glimpse of the scissors.*) Tare an ouns, now she's got her scissors to bring me trade to miud, it's thunderen personal, and I'll tell her so by and bye.

Mrs. F. What order of Belles Lettres do you admire, Mr. M?

Tom. Order of Bellyater? that must be something to eat. Does it comprise flesh, fowl or fish?

Mrs. F. (*aside.*) He evidently evades literary conversation. I'll persevere however. You have devoured the productions of Milton, no doubt?

Tom. (*aside.*) Devoured the productions of Milton! she must mane the oysters. Och sartinly.

Mrs. F. How magnificently they all open.

Tom. (*aside.*) It is the oysters she's taken of. The productions of Milton, madam—for in me travels that way I have taken me notes, which I have in me pocket. The productions of Milton are very fine, but they're by no manes to compare wid the natives.

Mrs. F. Indeed! what can be more native than Milton?

Tom. Burn me if I know—I thought the natives came from Colchester, and the Milton was another breed entirely. (*aside.*)

Mrs. F. Respecting the productions of Milton, do you object to any part of them?

Tom. Och—is it what part I object to? To be candid with you madam, I object to where the beard is.

Mrs. F. The beard, you allude to the "Agonistes."

"'They turned me out, shaven and disarmed!'"

Tom. Now I'm bothered—let me see if I can tip her a poser in return.

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day—

The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lay,

And leaves the world to darkness and to me!"

Mrs. FIZGIG suddenly cuts off a lock of his hair.

Tom. What the devil's that?

Mrs. F. Oh, Mr. Moore, forgive me—(*falling on her knees—the party rush forward.*) It was a wild impulse—I could not have resisted it for worlds. But you as a poet will I am sure pardon this modern rape of the lock.

Tom. Is it a lock ov me hair you've taken?

Mrs. F. It is sir—and I'll never part with it, while I have life.

Tom. (*falling on his knees and embracing her.*) I forgive you, you darlen—there's plenty more where that came from. Ha! ha! ha! it's a lock of the shaver's wig I've hired to do the dacent thing in. (*aside.*)—Ha! ha! ha! be jakers I shall choke—och you deluder, the devil go wid you and sixpence, and then you'll want neither money, nor company.

THE IRISH LION.

Enter GINGER with a jug, and SERVANT with tray, tumblers, &c.

Mrs. F. And you forgive me?

Tom. Forgive you! *faix* that I do—och, you beautiful luminary; the mornen star will be but a farthen' candle to you—here's the punch—fill all the tumblers and drink round—gen-teels all your good healths, and may you niver button empty pockets.

Par. Ha! ha! beautiful! beautiful!

Capt. D. Demmed fine!

Mrs. F. I've a lock of his hair, and now I'm happy. (*sitting at the pianoforte.*) Mr. Moore, you sing I know.

Tom. Like a nightingale, me darlin.

Mrs. F. Will you allow me to accompany you on the pianoforte?

Tom. Every body take a sup first—and then its sing I will—and let there be a good rolicken chorus, and a jig to wind it up wid—och, it's warmen up I am now—and you'll soon see me janius mount into the air, like a sky-rocket.

Mrs. F. And never come down like the stick, will it Mr. M.?

Tom. Och, you deluder—drink after that.

Mrs. F. Certainly—the eccentricities of genius must be humoured. (*she drinks.*)

Tom. Tip us the preludio, while the punch goes round—drink you divils.

Mrs. F. Delightful! is it not Mr. Squabbs?

Tom. Drink, Squabbs! Mr. Ginger, brew another jug immediately—and be eternally brewing whiskey punch till I tell you to lave off.

[*Exit GINGER at the back.*]

Mrs. F. Silence, I beg!

All Hush! hush!

[*Mrs. FIZOIG plays a tune or two on the pianoforte—Tom tries to sing.*]

Tom. Be jakers, I can't do it—asy now—play me a tune. The shamrock—if you know it, and let me make my verses as I go on—out of me head.

Mrs. F. An improvisatore too! delightful!

Tom. A tory am I! I hope she doesn't smoke the wig I have on at any rate.

Mrs. F. Silence!

Song.—Tom.

AIR.—“The Shamrock.”

I first saw light one shiny night in county Tipperary,
And long before one word I spoke, I larnt my ab-c-dary,
Whilst all the laarned languages of every tongue and tone, sir,
I conversed in well, and strange to tell, before I knew my own, sir.

Born a janius, a most precocious janius,
At that, or this, what comes aniss,
To one that's born a janius.

Chorus—At that or this, &c.

... were cut short, I held a long
 ORN

concerning the statisticles of every forren nation,
 nd previous to my reading out of any sort of printin',
 wrote like copperplate in letters of my own invintin'.

Och ! such a janius, a mighty nat'ral janius.

At that, or this &c.

Then I took a fit of travellin', and crossed all sorts of oceans,
 Till I cam here—and mighty quare, I think your savage
 notions,

Though in axin me to punch and tea, and talken' of our larnen',
 I show you my accomplishments, and you your great discarn-
 ing.

For I'm a janius, from top to toe a janius,

At that, or this, &c.

Now Mrs. Gig, lets have a jig to keep up our divarsion,
 Too much of one thing's wearisome, of the best of con-
 versation,

Then just to give the winding up so national and hearty,
 To end the night, we'll have a fight, in honour of your party.

For I'm a janius, a highly seasoned janius, &c.

[Chorus. At that or this, &c. After the song, the band
 plays a jig ; he commences dancing with Miss Echo,
 and Mrs. FIZGIG, who leaves piano, the company rise
 in parties of three and reel ; all dancing with great
 glee ; during this MR. PUFFY comes down on the L. H. ;
 TOM shakes hands with SQUABBS, who is dancing
 vigorously ; TOM turns and perceives him.

Tom. Be jakers, its Puffy, and here's his coat on me back.

[They all cease dancing.

Squ. Mr. Moore—my friend Mr.—

Puf. As I live it's Wadd's man !

Squ. Wadd's man !

Puf. His journeyman—and the fellow has the coat that I
 have been waiting for on his back—you scoundrel !

Tom. Civil words, Mr. Puffy—don't expose me before the
 ladies—I've the best part of a jug of punch inspiring me at
 this moment—and be jakers, if you're saucy, I'll be making
 a third eye in your head wid the poker.

Mr. P. An insolent tailor !

Mrs. F. What do you say, sir ? a tailor ?

All. A tailor !

Par. Beautiful ! delicious !

Capt. Dem fine !

Tom. Mr. Puffy, I'd be takin cowl'd to be putten the coat off
 me back at this present moment, but whist about this matter—
 and Mr. Wadd shall make no charge for the renovation

Squ. Have I entertained a journeyman tailor all this—get
 out of the house.

Tom. What's that you say ? get out of the house !

Squ. Or you shai be turned out

Tom. What turn me out when I'm here by rig'lar lawful invitation.

All the men. Turn him out ! Turn him out !

Tom. (*looking round him.*) It's turn me out you say— (*he snatches PUFFY'S stick, and whirls it over his head.*) Whoo ! Tipperary for ever—come on all of you—let me see the blackguard that will touch me wid his little finger. Mr. Puffy, look out, while I dust the jacket on your back for you.

[*He seizes PUFFY—ladies scream—Tom drives the men round the stage, who defend themselves with chairs, &c. —PUFFY is prostrate—MR. SLIM falls over him—CAPTAIN DIXON in R. H. corner behind a chair—Tom jumps on a chair in the centre—*

Tom. Now, who's killed ?

[*In the midst of the confusion Mc KENZIE enters—Tom seeing him, rushes into his arms.*

Tom. Och, Fillaloo !

Mc. K. Tom !

Tom. (*jumping from his chair.*) It's me debtor ! that owes me all my money ! have I got you at last Mr. Mc. Kenzie.

Squ. Do you know the fellow, Mr. Mackenzie ?

Mc. K. I know him well—excuse my late arrival—Tom, I've been looking for you all over the world. I've come in for my fortune, and will pay you every shilling I owe you — that I should meet you here, and in the midst of such confusion—what does it mean ?

Tom. Never mind what any thing manes now—the oyster lady will explain by and by. Och, fillilo !—be joyful—Mr. Puffy you shall have a spick and span new coat in return for the loan of this on me back. Mrs. Fizgig, as you've taken a fancy to a lock of me hair, allow me to present you wid the entire wig, which you may keep as a hair-loom in your family. (*gives his wig to MRS. FIZGIG, who tosses it indignantly away.*) There's a small mistake as to the janius you expected—but has it's turned out so fortunate for me, I forgive all offences and if me pathrons to the fore will be aqualling as forgiving The Irish Lion will be proud to Roar any and every evening they may be pleased to invite him !

THE END.

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LYING IN ORDINARY.

A FARCE,

In One Act.

As performed at

THE THEATRE ROYAL LYCEUM,
AND ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

BY

R. B. PEAKE, ESQ.

MEMBER OF THE DRAMATIC AUTHORS' SOCIETY.

CORRECTLY PRINTED FROM THE PROMPTER'S COPY, WITH REMARKS,
THE CAST OF CHARACTERS, COSTUME, SCENIC ARRANGEMENT,
SIDES OF ENTRANCE AND EXIT, AND RELATIVE
POSITIONS OF THE DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ILLUSTRATED WITH AN ETCHING, BY PIERCE EGAN THE YOUNGER,
FROM A DRAWING TAKEN DURING THE REPRESENTATION.

LONDON :
CHAPMAN AND HALL, 186, STRAND.

1862

WHITING, BEAUFORT HOUSE, STRAND.

Dramatis Personae and Costume.

FIRST PERFORMED JUNE 28th.

ADMIRAL FLUKE. Velvet shooting-jacket, white hat, white cord breeches, leather gaiters . . .	Mr. BAKER.
WOOBURN. Frock coat, white trousers . . .	Mr. HALFORD.
PETER YARN. (<i>An old boatswain.</i>) Blue jacket turned up with red, glazed hat, bald grizzled wig, blue trousers . . .	Mr. W. BENNET.
PATRICK GIACOMELLI. (<i>An Italian wandering boy, of English parentage.</i>) Shabby velvetreen jacket, green cap, short trousers, old gaiters . . .	Mr. WIELAND.
MR. ACHILLES AUFAIT. Modern suit . . .	Mr. BRINDAL.
DOMINICO. Green jacket, foreign cap, long black hair, trousers, high-lows . . .	Mr. TURNOUR.
STOCK. (<i>Gamekeeper.</i>) . . .	Mr. HONNER.
JAMES. Livery . . .	Mr. HEATH.
Two servants of the Admiral.	
ESTELLA. (<i>Protégé of the Admiral.</i>) Lady's morning dress . . .	Miss POOLE.
MISS FLUKE. (<i>Otherwise, Mrs. Walrus, sister of the Admiral.</i>) Prim morning dress . . .	Madame SIMON.
HANNAH. Housemaid.	

Scene,—village near London.

Time of representation, fifty-two minutes.

EXPLANATION OF THE STAGE DIRECTIONS.

L. means first entrance, left. R. first entrance, right. S. E. L. second entrance, left. S. E. R. second entrance, right. U. E. L. upper entrance, left. U. E. R. upper entrance, right. C. centre. L. C. left centre. R. C. right centre. T. E. L. third entrance, left. T. E. R. third entrance, right. Observing you are supposed to face the audience.



LYING IN ORDINARY.

SCENE I.—*Garden of Mr. WOOBURN'S house ; Mr. WOOBURN discovered reading, c. ; on a garden bench, Mr. WOOBURN'S cloak is spread.*

Woo. It is in vain I attempt to read, the black eyelashes of Estella intervene, and confuse the printed page. (*looks off.*) My gamekeeper—what does he want ?

Enter STOCK, L.

Sto. Please, sir, I have had another tussle this morning with Admiral Fluke ; he pops off all the hen pheasants in the preserve—so, as in duty bound, I warns him off—he was in a woundy passion.

Woo. See, who comes this way ?

Sto. Old Peter Yarn ; the admiral's boatswain butler.

Woo. Oh, the old sailor who is in the habit of telling such marvellous stories ?

Sto. Stories, sir—he is the biggest bouncer as ever spoke.

PETER sings, without, and enters, L.

Pet. Oh ! his honour, Mr. Wooburn, sarvent sir, sarvent.

Woo. Good day, Mr. Peter Yarn—your business ?

Pet. I've got dispatches on board from Admiral Fluke—all sail was to be made, so they sent the Old *Peter* Boat with them. (*lifts up his hat, and takes out letter.*) I always carries my dispatches on my foretop—natur seems to have contrived the place—(*holds his head down, and shows a bald spot*)—so that I defies the land sharks and pockpickets !

Woo. A letter for me. (*takes it, and retires up the stage to read.*)

Pet. And you, master gamekeeper—

Sto. (*R.*) I look after my master's manors.

Pet. (*L.*) You've made a pretty hole in your master's manners, in telling a Rear Admiral of the White that he must not carry a gun !

Woo. (*apart.*) This fellow is in the Admiral's confidence, I may ascertain the motive of this strange epistle. (*comes forward, c.*)

Pet. How the dust does get down one's throat this weather.

Woo. A hint !—Stock, desire James to bring some of the best ale for Mr. Yarn.

Sto. (aside.) For telling his confounded lies ; and I, dang it who always speak the truth, may swig the small beer.

[Exit Stock, R. U. E.]

Pet. Your Jack of a gamekeeper is a little given to story-telling, sir—when a man opens his knowledge box, as I do now and then, he should stick to truth : I've travelled the world over, that is by sea ; more *odderer* things have happened to me than to any other warrant officer in his Majesty's service.

Woo. Indeed, Mr. Yarn ?

Pet. You'll hardly believe it though I say it—I was a prisoner on board the *L'Orient* when she blew up.

Woo. A prisoner ?

Pet. Yes ; but the explosion released me.

Woo. I should think so—free as air.

Pet. I knew nothing about the air 'till I found myself in the water—then I swam aboard my own ship—then our first lieutenant, Lieutenant Walrus, *blowed me up* again.

Woo. Why ?

Pet. Because I demanded head money for bringing back the best man in the ship.

Woo. You saved a messmate, then—

Pet. I brought myself back—there was but one Peter Yarn in the navy.

*Enter Stock, R. U. E., with jug, he gives it to Peter, and exit,
R. U. E.]*

What they do now I have left his Majesty's service—I can't tell !

Woo. Taste the ale, Mr. Yarn.

Pet. Thank ye kindly—here's to you, sir, “sweethearts and wives.” (*drinks.*) Ah ! this is something like :—none of your peck of barley in a horse-pond. Halt and mops—halt and mops ! Sir, here's your health again. (*drinks.*) You'll hardly believe me, though I say it—I once, for a wager, drank a six-and-thirty gallon cask of beer in eight hours !

Woo. Eh !—astonishing.

Pet. But it wasn't such beer as this :—ship beer—contractor's beer, and well might they call it so, for by George it contracted me.

Woo. It appears, Mr. Yarn, that your master, the Admiral, is enraged with me, because I have objected to his killing my hen pheasants at this period of the year—there was a public notice given. (*calls off.*) Stock—my gamekeeper can prove it. (*calls.*) Stock.

Enter Stock, R. U. E.]

Stock, did not you issue a prohibition about the shooting on my manors, on account of the scarcity of the game ?

Sto. Yes, sir ; I stuck up the bill all over the parish—I've got one in my pocket. (*takes out a bit of paper and reads.*) “Muster Woodburn hereby gives notice, that he does not intend to shoot himself nor any of his tenants this season.”

Pet. Well, and I hope he kept his word.

Woo. That will do, Stock....

Sto. (*aside.*) He has emptied the jug, I see. [*Exit, R. U. E.*]

Woo. Now, Mr. Yarn, is that the whole extent of the complaint that Admiral Fluke has to make?

Pet. Humph. (*puts his finger to his nose.*) There's company coming to Britannia Hall—a friend of my old mistress—master's sister—Mrs.—I mean Miss Fluke—a Mr. Somebody from Lunnon, who wants to be spliced to Miss Estella, master's dau—ward I mean.

Woo. Indeed! What is the gentleman's name?

Pet. (*looking at his jug.*) Empty!

Woo. What?

Pet. Empty by jingo.

Woo. And this gentleman is to be married to Miss Estella?

Pet. He'll take command of as lovely a little schooner as ever sailed—though she was launched in the smuggling service.

Woo. What do you mean by the term “launched in the smuggling service?”

Pet. She came into the world in a foreign port, and her owners were never properly licensed. (*aside.*) By George, I'm splitting—calk your old head, Peter—I'll steer homeward.

Woo. But, Mr. Yarn, what is this gentleman's name?

Pet. I can't remember—your ale has bothered me.

Woo. What is it like?

Pet. Ay, now we shall get it—it is like—I sailed in a ship called by the same name, once—I forget—ah!—what d'ye call the tall green gentleman in High Park without his clothes, that stands so, with a pot lid on his arm. (*puts himself into attitude.*)

Woo. The Achilles—Achilles.

Pet. That's it—it's Mr. Achilles *Summut*—good by'e, squire. (*takes out his tobacco-box, and offers it to WOOBURN.*) Bit of pig-tail, sir?—No? then I will.

Woo. Tolerable good-sized box, Mr. Yarn.

Pet. This—bless you—nothing—when I was in the Smoker brig—I had a bacco box that held half-a-peck!

Woo. Half-a-peck!

Pet. Why you wouldn't believe it, tho' I said it—but my messmate *Jemmy Quid* and I *chawed* a hogshead of tobacco in three weeks.

Woo. And swallowed the hogshead too, I dare say.

Pet. What—You can't swallow that? How *incredulous* the world *am*.

Woo. Mr. Yarn—I have no wish to offend you—but when you were at school, did you ever know what the letters *L I E* spelled?

Pet. O yes, your honour, “*L I E*”—*L I E* signifies, *Lieutenant* of the *East India* service.

Woo. (*aside.*) What an incorrigible old vagabond!

Pet. You'll hardly believe that, though I say it.

Woo. Present my compliments to your master, and I will do myself the pleasure to write to him respecting the shooting.

Pet. Ay, ay, sir! I had a good day's shooting once on the coast of Madagascar, says I to our first lieutenant Mr. Walrus, (bless him he's dead and gone,) "Mr. Walrus," says I, "the hands are sickly for want of a little fresh meat, may I go ashore and kill a bird or two." "Go for three hours, Peter," says Mr. Walrus. Now you'll hardly believe it, though I say it—I took my double barrelled gun—and supplied, in an hour and a half the whole ship's company of 632 men with fresh meat for four days—I killed three buffaloes—five deer and a half.

Woo. Five and a half?

Pet. Ay, five deer and a fawn—that's five and a half—eighteen brace of silver pheasants, forty odd poll-parrots.

Woo. Odd ones?

Pet. Aye, very odd ones indeed, ten monkeys, which are very nice eating when you have got nothing else, twenty-seven grey squirrels, one ourang outang, and a couple of alligators. There was sport for you, sir—good bye, master, now you'll hardly believe that, though I have said it. [*Bows and exit, L.*]

Woo. Veracity has a charm! what can be the motive for this old gentleman's deviations from the path of truth—my note here is strange, (*reads*,) "Admiral Fluke begs that Mr. Woburn will discontinue his visits at Britannia Hall, and that all correspondence may cease with the family." So—then Miss Fluke has discovered my partiality for Estella—and Mr. Achilles Aufait—the experimentalist—and man of science, is my rival, and the favoured protégé of Miss Fluke.

(*Enter DOMINICO, peeping about, through gate, L. U. E.*)

Who is that ill-looking fellow?—hark ye—this is no public foot-path.

Dom. Si Signor—non mi disturbate, (*looks about*), sair I umble beg pardon, have you seen un ragazzo—a boy—come this way?

Woo. The boys are not permitted to come here.

[*GIACOMELLI peeps his head out from beneath the cloak on the bench.*]

Dom. Ahi! barbara sorte! I have lose him—he run away—little Italian boy—fiddle—guitar—vite mouses.

Woo. I have not seen such a person—that is your way out. (*points off L. and passes over to R.*)

Dom. Umilissimo servo suo—tanks signor—(*aside*), che ti si possa rompere il collo. [*Exit gate to L.*]

Woo. I don't like that fellow's looks—if I had left the place, my cloak here would have vanished. (*He takes up the cloak, and GIACOMELLI is discovered crouched up under the bench.*) Here's another—what are you doing there?

Gia. Hush! hush! (*winks and points off, L.*)

Woo. You are afraid of yonder black looking fellow?

Gia. (*creeping out.*) Hush!

Woo. Who and what is he?

Gia. Il diavolo!

Woo. Then I don't wonder at your wishing him absent. Is he your father?

Gia. Yes,—no—

Woo. A negative affirmative—are you his son?

Gia. He says so, but I know better.

Woo. You speak good English.

Gia. Ah—yes—mother was an Irishman!

Woo. Ha! ha! ha!—your mother an Irishman—ha! ha! ha! the bull is breaking out.

Gia. (terrified.) Bull!—where—bull breaking out. (looks round anxiously, runs behind the bench.)

Woo. What are you afraid of now?

Gia. The bull—I was tossed once by a bull, and had my hurdy-gurdy broke to bits—obliged to fiddle, now—Poter de Bacco, everybody ill-treats me—Master, Dominico, yonder, beats me—I run away from Leather-lane, where ten of us live in a garret, and travel with the comedy.

Woo. Travel with the comedy?

Gia. Si signor:—the monkeys—the tortoises—the raacoon, the white mice—ecco! (pulls white mice from his pocket,) one halfpenny, signor? please—see de mouses!

Woo. There (gives money,) begone. (ad. lib.)

Gia. Play you music—signor.

Woo. You don't call that Italian music!

Gia. Yes, Irish, &c. (ad. lib.)

[He fiddles a lively air—WOODBURN points to him to go—he continues fiddling until WOODBURN pushes him off the stage, L.]

SCENE II.—A room in the house of the ADMIRAL—window leading to garden—on the table is a clock.

Enter MISS FLUKE and HANNAH.

Miss F. Take the tracts to the Sunday school.

Han. Yes, ma'am.

Miss F. Send the soup to the widow at the alms-house?

[Exit HANNAH, R.]

In vain I endeavour to occupy my mind; a gnawing conscience has reduced me nearly to skin and bone—it is fifteen years since—fifteen years to-day. (sighs and takes a miniature from her bosom.) There is the face of my yet unacknowledged, beloved, lost husband!

Enter PETER YARN, L.

Who's there? (hides miniature.)

Pet. Only Peter, marm; you'll hardly believe me though I say it. Lauks, marm. that was the picter of poor Lieutenant Walrus, that you've stowed away in your locker.

Miss F. I—hush, Peter!

Peter. Ah, marin; many's the long year you have worn his dear head in your bussum.

Miss F. Alas! Peter! (*weeps.*)

Pet. (aside.) Pumping again—these things can't be help'd, marm—it is fifteen years to-day, since a hungry shark swallowed Lieutenant Walrus, while he was bathing in the Bay of Naples.

Miss F. That fatal story; do not revive it.

Pet. Ah, marm—the admiral your brother, ought never to have quarrelled with poor Lieutenant Walrus.

Miss F. The quarrel was too deeply rooted; but, Peter, how often have I commanded you for ever to bury in oblivion that circumstance.

Pet. The poor little boy, too!

Miss F. Oh, Peter, that lost child—

Pet. Stolen away at Naples; I should know the boy any day.

Miss F. From my brother, the admiral, you are aware that history must be concealed. . . .

Pet. I am sure I should know the boy if I was to see him, he had four white hairs in one of his eyelashes, and I once cut a little slit in his ear to remember him in case of accidents—my catskin, how he *yowled*!

Miss F. (shuddering.) Mercy! mercy!

Flu. (without, l.) Peter, Peter, I say—

Pet. Master come in from shooting? . . .

Miss F. Peter, remember, I have spoken to you not as a servant, but as a confidential friend.

Pet. (whispers.) Marm, if I *split*, never trust me!

[*Exit, c. d.*]

Enter ADMIRAL FLUKE.

Miss F. Ah! brother, returned from your sports? You look fatigued.

Flu. (takes chair and sits.) Made myself warm, thrashed one of those little rascally Italian boys, who wander about the country begging. I saw a hare, just as I was getting my gun up—the little villain began fiddling, and screamed out some gibberish—off went puss, out of range, so, I drew my ramrod and made the nasty little foreigner remember never to disturb a British sportsman again. Where is Estella?

Miss F. In her room—she is in a sad way.

Flu. Does not like your project for settling her in life.

Miss F. She will become an admirable wife for my ingenious friend, Mr. Achilles Aufait—

Flu. You have made up your mind?

Miss F. That it will be an excellent match. Estella is an orphan, dependent on you.

Flu. Talking of matrimony, sister, what a whim of your starch relative, Lady Amelia Austere, to bequeath eight thousand pounds to you, provided you remained in a state of celibacy—now, that was a bit of old maid's wit.

Miss F. (starts.) Ah! very—very witty.

Flu. I was executor to the will, and I know how rigidly you

have performed your contract, and are eight thousand pounds the richer for it, my old virgin sister.

Miss F. You—you are pleasant, brother?

Flu. Always am, excepting to-day when I gave Mr. Wooburn his *quietus*—he marry Estella? and prevent me from shooting a paltry pheasant! Pretty conduct to the man who might have been his father-in-law.

Miss F. His father-in-law?

Flu. (*confused.*) I—eh? The fact is, sister, that Estella has been so long under our protection, that I almost consider myself a father to her.

Miss F. Ah, it is very natural. Well—Mr. Aufait is to propose; he will arrive this morning.

Flu. (*aside.*) Now to break the ice—to tell her, that Estella is my illegitimate daughter. (*aloud.*) Sister—heigho!—a certain long-concealed secret must be divulged.

Miss F. (*alarmed.*) A long-concealed secret, brother?

Flu. (*taking her hand.*) Eliza—I have but one confidant in the world of this secret, and that confidant is old Peter Yarn.

Miss F. Pe—Peter Yarn. Has Peter then betrayed?

Flu. To no one yet, that I am aware—

Miss F. (*aside.*) Character—fortune gone!

Flu. (*aside.*) She blushes already at my impropriety, but I must tell her—Eliza, I have that on my mind which I should be overjoyed to have cleared, and most particularly with you—honour—the happiness of our future lives, depend on it—you know me.

Miss F. (*aside.*) Lost—lost—eight thousand pounds!

Flu. (*aside.*) She is trembling—rage, or some other female excitement,—dear sister. (*takes her hand, she is highly interested.*) Forgive me, Eliza, my heart has often chid me for my conduct—listen—listen to me; evil reports—reports I say. (*a gun goes off without, L.*) What the devil is that?—a report indeed!

Auf. (*without.*) Accident—hair trigger!

Miss F. Mr. Aufait. (*aside.*) I must retire to compose myself. Disastrous—my legacy!—my good name gone.

[*Exit Miss FLUKE, R.*]

Flu. She is already offended; I am saved for the present the humiliating *exposé* to the rigid morals of my sister! What will she say to me? (*L.*)

Auf. (*without, L.*) Where's the admiral?

Enters L., with a gun.

Flu. What the devil is the matter?

Auf. Nothing—nothing, my dear sir—In the hall closet I saw a gun—merely went to look whether it was a Manton or an Egg—cocked it—and off it went.

Flu. No damage?

Auf. Brought a little of the ceiling about my ears.

Flu. We expected you to breakfast.

Auf. I intended to have been here early—but found my post-boy was drunk, so I rolled him into the chaise—mounted the saddle—chech—chech—chech. (*imitates postilion riding.*) You expected me down?

Flu. Certainly.

Auf. Down I came.

Flu. Not hurt?

Auf. I practice the gymnastics, and have such pliancy of muscle, no fall could hurt me.

Pet. (*without, L.*) Ahoy! avast you land shark!

Auf. What now?

(*Bark of dog heard without, L.*)

Enter PETER YARN.

Pet. (*to AUFAIT.*) I say, sir, here's your dog playing old gooseberry with our fowls in the poultry-yard.

Flu. Your dog?

Pet. He has pulled the peacock's tail out at one bite.

Auf. No, no; it isn't mine.

Flu. Drive it out, Peter.

Pet. He has killed Miss Fluke's bantam cock—I'll shoot him.

Auf. Stay—It is a real Newfoundland puppy I'm taking to town to present to the Zoological Society—superb animal, stands this height.

Pet. Come and call him off, sir, perhaps he knows you.

Auf. No, he doesn't—I have not had him long enough.

Flu. Go and chain him up, Peter.

Pet. It is very easy to say "go and chain him up." If it was a sea dog, and I had a coil of line—but these land lubbers grab your fingers—bite—and mayhap he may be troubled with hydrofogy.

Auf. Hydrophobia, old gentleman!—hydrophobia.

Pet. Why, isn't there the hydrofogy office at the Admiralty—but Fogey, or Foby, it's all the same. By George, if your dog has the disorder, and bites the fowls, at daylight to-morrow morning all the cocks will be barking instead of crowing—and marcy help them that eats the deranged new laid eggs for breakfast. (*looks off.*) There the dog is after the ducks—I'm sure he has been biting them—you won't believe it, though I say it—for the devil of a duck will go nigh the water.

[*Exit PETER, C. D.*]

Flu. (*aside.*) I did not bargain for this troublesome visitor.

Auf. Did you speak, Admiral?

Flu. I said I was very glad to see you.

Auf. Ah! love me, love my dog, you know.

(*ESTELLA sings an Italian air, without, R.*)

Delightful.

Flu. The voice of my little protégée, Estella.

Enter ESTELLA, R.

Estella, my love, I introduce you to Mr. Achilles Aufait.

Auf. (*crosses to ESTELLA.*) F. Z. S., B. L. G., P. S. T., and Life Subscriber to the R. W. L. I.

Est. (*aside.*) Introduction to the alphabet.

Auf. Delighted in the extreme—what eyes—I am lost in a labyrinth of inexpressible charms.

Est. It is a pity, sir, that you have not a clue to extricate yourself.

Auf. The clue is entwined around my heart, and there is no end to it.

Est. Ha! ha! ha!—this has occurred very suddenly.

Auf. Madam, did you never hear of any one who has been killed by lightning?

Est. Yes; and I have pitied the unfortunate, who by a glance, has been deprived of his senses!

Auf. Smart that. (*goes up, c.*)

Flu. Estella, the first wish of my heart is that you should have a kind protector when I retire to the tomb of my ancestors.

Este. Dear sir. (*with emotion.*)

Flu. I have a secret of great importance to communicate to you this afternoon. (*crosses to R., AUFALT goes to him.*) Now, explain yourself at once—faint heart never won fair lady—make her capitulate. [Exit FLUKE, R.]

(ESTELLA looks through the window.)

Auf. Oh! pray Miss, what do you call that mansion yonder?

Est. (*sighs.*) Wooburn Hall, sir. (R.)

Auf. (*L., aside.*) She sighs—I must endeavour to entertain her. (*takes out book.*) Here's a pamphlet, Miss, I wrote on paying off the National Debt in six months. (*crosses to her.*)

Est. Sir; I have not the least interest.

Auf. No interest!—that's more than they can say of the National Debt—what shall I do to entertain her? Yonder is a clock—I'll astonish her with my knowledge of mechanism. (*goes to table.*) Dresden, 1680. Something curious—eh?

Est. It is very much valued by Miss Fluke.

Auf. I'll shew her that I understand it. (*opens clock, takes off the hands and face.*) I wonder if it has the ancient escapement—I never like to interfere, but they will be so much obliged to me to explain the whole thing to them. (*he handles the clock.*)

[The spring breaks, the clock winds down with a noise.]

Est. What is that?

Auf. Nothing—only the spring broke—I'll soon mend that.

Est. (*aside.*) Miss Fluke's heart will be broken!

Voices. (*without.*) "Hold him—tie him up." (*whips heard, dog barks loudly.*)

Pet. (*without.*) There he goes—bit off the turkey's wattle!

Est. What is the matter?

Pet. (*without.*) Give me the blunderbuss, I'll blow him over to Newfoundland, the hairy porpoise! (*crosses the wind. L. to R.*)

Auf. Stay—what will the Zoological Society say? (*calls off.*)

Mr. Yarn! (*to ESTELLA.*) Excuse me, Miss—a dog is but a dog—any one conversant with natural history knows that. (*bark.*)

ing and voices heard, L.) Down, boy, down—poor fellow. (whistles, and exits with clock under his arm.) Here—here—here.

Est. (window, c.) Singularly disagreeable person!—Heigho—yonder mansion contains the possessor of my affections; but the mystery of my birth, and dependant state, forbid me to encourage the addresses which my heart tells me would secure my happiness.

Song.

“The bird that o’er,” &c.

[Loud barking, close to window, GIACOMELLI runs on alarmed, as if pursued by the dog, and rushes in at the window, c.]

Gia. Ah—misero me—de big dog will murder me! (sees ESTELLA.) Signora—le domando perdono! (down R.)

Est. One of the wandering Italians—frightened in—poor creature! there—don’t tremble so.

Gia. Ah! sweet signora—you look so goodnatured.

Est. How! Italian and English?

Gia. Yes, signora—and Irish too—ah! misero me—have you got a littel sixpence? (dog barks.) Oh de large dog! (looks off.) Col suo permesso—pon my honor—me do no harm—see, see, see—I got de littel vite mouses—run about so pretty all over my skeleton. If de cat come into de room—de vite mice all run into de hole of my pocket. De cat not come yet. (takes white mice out of his pocket and displays them.)

Enter MISS FLUKE—GIACOMELLI’S back is towards her, R.

Miss F. What have we here?

Gia. Ah! ah! de old cat is coming—little mouses run—run—presto, presto. (hurries the mice into his pocket.)

(DOMINICO appears at the window, c.)

Miss F. Estella, I am surprised at you encouraging these Italian beggars.

Est. I beg your pardon, madam—(gives money to GIACOMELLI,) There, go away. [Crosses and exit ESTELLA, R.]

(GIACOMELLI is creeping out at the window.)

Miss F. (looking at table.) Where’s my clock—my Dresden clock?—gone—this little vagabond has stolen it, (sees DOMINICO at the window,) and yonder ruffian is his accomplice.

Dom. Giacomelli—scelerato! Giacomelli!

Gia. (runs in again.) Oh—master from Leather-lane; how I shall be whacked!

Miss F. I shall be stilettoed! (rings handbell violently, screams.)

Gia. (kneeling and holding her gown.) Sono in grande calamita save me miladi. (drops his mice on the floor—picks them up.)

Enter two SERVANTS, R., and PETER YARN, L.

Pet. What’s the matter, marm?

Dom. (starts.) Ha—Peter Yarn—il diavolo!

[Exit hastily through window, c.]

Pet. (running up.) Dominico—imp of Belzebub—give chase—the Neapolitan pirate—nobody will believe it, though I say it.

[Exit after him through the window, c.]

Miss F. What can all this mean?—but my Dresden clock!

Enter AUFAIT with the clock under his arm.

Auf. Here it is, Miss Fluke—I have taken it all to pieces.

Miss F. Turn that little wretch out.

[The two servants rapidly drive out GIACOMELLI, who sobs and roars loudly—he has left one white mouse on the floor, runs in again to fetch it—the mouse runs up the wall—GIACOMELLI climbs up after it—SERVANTS pull him down, and turn him out—centre to L.]

Auf. What an uproarious little fellow! (turns to clock,) seems very anxious about his “small deer.” What a wonderful foreign escapement. (employed with the clock.)

(PETER YARN runs on, c.)

Pet. (out of breath.) A wonderful foreign escapement indeed! Dominico got two tacks ahead—and has disabled me with a brickbat—(puts his hand to his side)—I’ve brought the shot in—(drops brickbat)—but murder and marlinspikes—(looks round anxiously)—where’s that there boy? where’s the boy I saw here?

Miss F. Kicked out—little ruffian!

Pet. Oh! where’s your affection?—(in an under tone)—that boy has been lost these twelve years—(with emotion)—that boy is the son of Lieutenant Walrus—I know him by the slit in his ear.

Miss F. (screams but suppresses it.) Ah! my child—Hannah—

[Exit hastily, R.]

Pet. What’s to be done? (calls off,) Jenkins—Jenkins—

Enter FOOTMAN, C. D.

Run all through the village, and try and find the little Italian boy—quick—(exit FOOTMAN, C. D.) My mistress may want me—oh—yonder is Muster Achilles. (AUFAIT at table chimes the clock.)

Auf. (overhearing.) Mr. Achilles! pray doesn’t it strike you, my friend, that I have a sur-name?

Pet. Sir Achilles, mayhap—(aside,) ha! ha! the gentleman in high park. (puts himself in the attitude and chuckles.)

Auf. Mr. Achilles Aufait.

Pet. Mr. Achilles O fail!

Auf. Aufait—man—(spells,) F A I T

Pet. Oh! ay (spells)—Mr. O. F A I T—fat.

Auf. Psha! you don’t pronounce properly—leave your T off.

Pet. Why should I leave my tea off? it’s the most comfortable thing I have, except my beer and my grog!—oh, my side! (crosses R.)

Auf. What's the matter?

Pet. You'll hardly believe it, though I say it—this here brickbat has broken fifteen of my ribs.

Auf. Fifteen!

Pet. Either fourteen or fifteen—but what do I care for a rib or two—I've been wounded so often that I have been given over for dead by every rated surgeon in the navy.

Auf. Very likely.

Pet. I have been sewn in a hammock and thrown over board with a fifty-six pound shot to my head and feet—but I always come up again.

Auf. What a nautical *Hic et Ubique*!

Pet. They called me old Neverdie.

Auf. I don't wonder at it.

Pet. Now I dare say you'll hardly believe what I am going to tell you.

Auf. I'll try my best: I have got over great difficulties in my day.

Pet. Up the Mediterranean, six on us, and a master's mate, in a small boat, suddenly fell in with an armed cutter, with twenty-five Frenchmen, fourteen Niggers, and nine Maltese aboard; says I to the master's mate, "let us board that there wessel"—says he, "Peter with all my art," so we pulls quietly under the enemy's stern undiscovered—I creeps like a cat into the main chains, takes and pokes the sentinel's eye out with a pistol to prevent his seeing; and takes and stops his mouth with my fur cap to prevent his *holloring*!

Auf. Very laudable—proceed

Pet. "Where are you Peter?" whispers the master's mate, "lie to," said I.

Auf. What did you say?

Pet. "Lie to"—said I—"lie to."

Auf. Ask him to *lie too*? My dear fellow, I think you have done it quite enough yourself! I am quite satisfied with your conversation for the present. *Lie too*!—that's a little too much for friendship. Farewell, my old naval chronicle—(*touches PETER'S head, who stares.*) Excuse me—the organ of imagination very prominent indeed—(*aside*)—infernal old fibber—good bye, old Neverdie!

[*Exit, L.*]

Pet. What did he say about an organ? We had an organ on board the Bellepheron, but I could sing that dumb-in a gale of wind, any day—nobody would believe that though I said it.

[*Exit, R.*]

SCENE III.—*A road or lane near the village.*

(*R. Enter WOOBURN.*)

Woo. This banishment from the Admiral's—No opportunity to see my lovely Estella—eh! yonder is my rival, Mr. Aufait—evidently botanizing—he comes this way.

Enter AUFAIT L.

Auf. A pleasing specimen of *Alsine Media*, vulgarly called

Chickweed! (*Sees WOOLBURN.*) Who have we here—Mr. Woolburn, I believe—(*bows*)—I think we have met before.

Woo. I once attended a lecture in London, in which the science of Mr. Aufait was only equalled by his eloquence—(*bows.*)

Auf. Ah—yes—a discourse on accoustics I delivered, by which I proved that gudgeons have a deep perception of sound even at the bottom of a river. I shall have great pleasure to run over the whole of that ingenious theory with you again—I am domiciled at Britannia Hall—Walk up with me and I'll introduce you to the Admiral and his sister.

Woo. Excuse me, Mr. Aufait.

Auf. Oh! I heard you had some petty dispute about shooting a pheasant. I can set all that to rights in a moment. I am on perfectly good terms with old Fluke.

Woo. (*aside.*) Yes, and not on very bad terms with yourself.

Auf. Come along! I want to consult somebody on a grand plan I have in contemplation—(don't tell any one though)—I have projected a railway from the city of Moscow to the city of Pekin—perhaps you would like a few shares in the concern—don't say no.

Woo. Sir, I will accompany you to the Admiral's—(*aside*)—my only hope is to see Estella.

Auf. Allow me—(*takes his arm*)—You are not aware, perhaps, my dear sir, that I and Sir Isaac Newton discovered that the motion of sound will be 997 feet in one second—You will obtain a fund of general information in conversing with me—I can talk, sir—talk.

Woo. Yes, and do nothing else—(*apart.*)

Auf. Come along.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter GIACOMELLI, from behind wing L.

Gia. I hide from every body—what a life I lead: son morto di fame!—(*sits on the ground*)—Oh! I could cry with hunger—(*feels his pocket*)—Stay—yes—little bit of bread and cheese here—I'll eat it—(*takes it out*)—no, no—my poor mouses!—this piece of formaggio—(*going to eat*)—how nice it smells—the mouses—It will be nothing in the gap of my stomach, and it will fill all their little bellies—the mice shall have it—(*puts the white mice into his cap*)—my mouth waters!—(*looks with desire at the cheese*)—my eyes water!—(*throws the piece into his cap*)—take it. Ah! you greedy things—not leave a bit for your papa—(*gazing over the cap begins to fiddle.*)

R. Enter DOMINICO behind.

Shall I go back to Leather-lane!—after these gentlemen have dined? No! cruel Dominico will murder me—(*plays a melancholy air on the fiddle*).

Dom. Ah, ah! scelerato—

Gia. Pity, maestro, meo.

Dom. Pity—yes—(*seizes him by the hair.*)

Gia. Ah! la capigliari—help—help—murder—maestro—murder.

Enter PETER YARN, L.

Pet. Eh!—stand off you black-muzzled rascal—here, boy, here—(*GIACOMELLI runs to PETER—who seizes him by the arm.*)

Gia. Oh—how you squeeze!

Dom. (*seizes GIACOMELLI by the other arm*)—He is my servant.

Pet. Your servant—you rascal—he is my young master—(*pulls GIACOMELLI towards him.*)

Dom. (*pulls him back again.*) He shall go with me to the Lord Mayor.

Pet. (*pulls again.*) By the Lord Harry, he sha'nt—

Gia. (*crying.*) Oh! they will have me in half.

Pet. (*pulls GIACOMELLI from DOMINICO to L.*) Hark ye, you devilish Dominico, don't I know your villany;—didn't I bring this here little boy to be nursed in Naples by Mrs. O'Cormick—didn't mother O'Cormick lodge in your doghole of a house? As long as I was on the station, you could not show your teeth—but when I came back to England and poor Mrs. O'Cormick died—didn't you bezzle all the money, turn this poor lad into the street, and made the son of a brave British Lieutenant a common beggar!—Curse you—you would have served the other child, the little girl, the same, if the Admiral, her father, hadn't sent her to a convent for education!! Sheer off, you villain—Now you'll hardly believe what I am going to say—but if you don't scud away, I'll send these here thirteen knuckles into your Neapolitan numskull, and knock out six-and-fifty of your teeth—sheer off, I say—(*runs at him.*) [*Exit DOMINICO, hastily, R.*]

Gia. Is this all true?

Pet. I'm not giving to lying my boy!

Gia. Oh giorno felice!

Pet. Don't jabber gibberish—come, Master Tommy Walrus.

Gia. Master Tommy?

Pet. I'll convey you to your mamma!—

Gia. What, have I got a mamma—a real mamma.

Pet. Ay, ay—there's his white eyelashes, and the slit in his ear. I don't know what Admiral Fluke will say, when he discovers that his sister is mother to a mousetrap-monger!—but that's no business of mine—thank marcy I am mother to nobody—and nobody will believe that I suppose, though I say it—come along Tommy!—tip us a hornpipe, my lad!

*GIACOMELLI plays, and they dance off together joyously—the white mice drop and are running away—GIACOMELLI pursues them, and pockets them, L. **

SCENE IV.—A room in the ADMIRAL'S house, a door leading to a china-closet.

Enter ESTELLA, L.

Est. Heigho! so I am to receive the addresses of Mr. Aufait! (*looks off.*) My persecutor approaches—and, why does my heart beat? he has not yet made an avowal to me.—Ah! would that some fairy would devise the mode, and whisper confidence to my lover!

Song.

“Where fairies love to linger.”

Enter AUFAIT and WOOBURN, R.

Auf. Ah, Miss Estella, permit me to introduce to your notice my friend, Mr. Wooburn. (*aside to WOOBURN.*) Charming creature isn't she? I could hardly prevail upon him to come here—he was walking about the green lanes, quite solitary—Wooburn, I'll venture to bet that you are in love.

Est. (*apart.*) What can the man mean?

Auf. Come, come—we hate mystery here; tell us the lady's name?

Woo. Humph! how can you wish me to tell you her name, when I have not yet dared to avow my passion to herself. (*pointedly to ESTELLA.*)

Auf. (*apart to ESTELLA.*) I told you he was in love—admire my penetration! Is she pretty? eh?

Woo. (*glancing at ESTELLA.*) In my opinion, beyond expression, beautiful!

Est. (*apart.*) This is embarrassing.

Auf. And you really love her?

Woo. I adore her!

Auf. And yet you have not declared yourself—ha! eh! Well thought on. Has the carpenter put my patent double tumbler anti-attribution lock on Miss Fluke's china-closet. Yes; here it is, my own invention. (*goes up to closet-door.*) Plague! what ails it, the lock will not turn—must see what is the matter inside. (*opens closet-door, a window in it, goes in, closes door.*)

Woo. This opportunity must not be lost. My beloved Estella!

Est. Sir—Mr. Wooburn—

Woo. Pardon the temerity of this avowal—chance alone has favoured it. Estella, I adore you: one word pronounces my doom.

Auf. (*within.*) Open the door—it is a catch lock—I've fastened myself in. (*taps.*)

Woo. This suspense, may I hope—

Est. Pray Mr. Wooburn desist—I have received the commands of the Admiral.

Woo. Estella! (*seizes her hand, which he kisses.*) Will you be mine?

Auf. (*within.*) What are you about there? Why don't you open the door?

Est. Pray leave the house. (*in an embarrassed tone.*) Wooburn—have confidence in me—

Woo. Adorable girl. (*embraces her.*) [*Exit ESTELLA, hastily, L.*

Woo. (*aside.*) What good fortune. (*AUFAIT taps.*) Ah! my

friend, you let yourself in—you are a devilish clever fellow—so, you may let yourself out again. [Exit WOOBURN, R.]

[AUFAIT continues rapping, within.]

SCENE THE LAST.—Room as before ; Miss FLUKE's apartment.

Enter Miss FLUKE, with a book.

Miss F. How I am agitated—and yet the dear child is recovered : the concealment of my marriage ! and of the birth of my boy !—the Admiral's animosity to my departed husband—my dependant legacy !

Enter ADMIRAL FLUKE, L.

Flu. Well, Eliza, Mr. Aufait, and be hanged to him, interrupted us in a very serious conversation.

Miss F. (sighs.) Very serious, brother.

Flu. (places chairs, they sit.) It is right at once to own it—for I am too well aware of your rigid morality.

Miss F. (shuddering.) Spare your sarcasm, pray !

Flu. Sarcasm ?—I left off this morning, as I was just about to explain a mysterious secret.

Miss F. Too well I know it !

Flu. And the only living evidence of this secret is old Peter Yarn.

Miss F. I am aware—go on—I'll endeavour to be calm.

Flu. You are aware of the little child ?

Miss F. With shame I acknowledge, yes—

Flu. Which child was confided to the care of Peter Yarn, who placed it in the hands of an Irish nurse at Naples.

Miss F. Spare my feelings.

Flu. Such explanations are always painful. It is indelicate to mention—but it is now a paramount duty to have a public exposé.

Miss F. Brother : will not my character suffer by the publicity—unless indeed I could prove a marriage to have taken place.

Flu. You would find a monstrous difficulty in that, my dear—there was no marriage, and I deem it necessary that I should now bring forward the evidence of my shame.

Miss F. My shame, you mean.

Flu. No, my shame—what the devil have you to do with it ?

(calls off.) Peter ? Peter Yarn ?

Pet. (without, L.) Oy, oy, sir !

Miss F. Everlasting disgrace—but I have ever found Peter faithful.

Flu. He's rather given to lying, but I'll pledge my faith he has been discreet.

Enter PETER YARN, L.

Pet. You'll hardly believe it, though I say it—but here I am—

Flu. If I didn't see you I would not credit it. (*aside.*) Peter, you remember the affair of the little infant at Naples—state to Miss Fluke what you know about it.

Pet. Ahem! (*aside.*) Which little infant does he mean—the he or the she?

Flu. A child was confided to your care to provide a nurse?

Fet. And I took it to Mrs. O'Cormick, the wife of a dead marine, who suckled the pretty dear at Naples.

Miss F. Alas!—unnatural mother!

Flu. Whatever may have been the faults of that mother—she has since atoned for them.

Miss F. (*sighing.*) I have indeed!

Flu. (*surprised.*) You are very good, Eliza—the years of tender infancy over—I educated the child.

Miss F. I was not aware of that—bless you, bless you, brother. (*weeps.*)

Flu. Sister, sister—you are too good—the long concealed pledge of unhappy love is in the next room.

Miss F. Yes, dear brother, I find you know all—Peter go and bring the boy in. [PETER crosses to C.

Flu. (*astonished.*) Boy—it's a girl. L.

Miss F. Pardon me: I ought to know: it is a boy.

Flu. Pooh, pooh—I ought to know too—if she is a boy, I'm an old woman.

Miss F. Strange! Peter, was it not a boy?

Pet. Whv, Marm—it was a boy, but—

Flu. Was a boy—you lying old ragamuffin, was not a female child delivered to your charge?

Pet. Yes, sir—yes—a little girl.

Miss F. Peter, Peter, the only fault I find with you is habitual falsehood!

Pet. Avast—avast—I know I pull a long bow now and then—but come, I'll clear it up—there's a boy and a girl too!

Flu. Oh, you monstrous fibber!—oh!

Miss F. Fie on you, Peter!

Pet. You will neither of you believe me?

Flu. Believe you—why, I never had any thing but a little girl in my life—in proof go into that room, and bring forth the young person you will find there.

Pet. It isn't often I tell the truth, and when I do it is of no use; for every body sets it down (*crosses to R.*) as a confounded lie! [Exit to room R.

Flu. That old boatswain will come to a rope's end; but now to uphold my unacknowledged daughter.

R. from room. Enter PETER leading on GIACOMELLI.—

PETER passes him over to MISS FLUKE.

Flu. Who in the name of wonder is 'his?

Miss F. (*embracing GIACOMELLI.*) Dear youth: and did you ever fancy, brother, that this was a female?

Flu. What do you all mean? (*advancing towards GIACOMELLI.*)

Gia. Let me go!—(running away)—that's the man who whacked me this morning.

Flu. This is the little rascal that fiddled my hare away.

Pet. Your hare! Lauk, Admiral, he is my mistresses heir—(to GIACOMELLI)—Go and ax his blessing.

Gia. I've been close enough to him already—(rubbing his shoulder.)

Pet. Tell him who you are; he won't believe me.

Flu. Who and what are you?

Gia. Un Italiano cavaliero—(to PETER)—What is my name, sir?

Flu. You were speaking English—who taught you that?

Gia. Mrs. O'Cormick.

Flu. Mrs. O'Cormick, the nurse of Estella!

Miss F. (astonished) The nurse of Estella!

Flu. Yes, Miss Fluke, I have been beating about for the last hour—

Gia. (aside.) You beat me!

Flu. Beating about, I say, to tell you that our protégée Estella is my daughter.

Miss F. Your daughter!

Pet. Aye, his daughter—though she was not born in awful wedlock—and Miss Fluke has been trying to beat into your honour's head that this young Italian gentleman is her son.

Flu. Her son—Peter, Peter, Peter—you incorrigible storyteller.

[GIACOMELLI and MISS FLUKE go up c.]

Pet. (animated.) Tarnation, you won't believe me, though I say it, Miss Fluke was privately married to Lieutenant Walrus at Naples—bless her heart—riches wouldn't buy her—so I gave her away—Lieutenant Walrus was swallowed up by a shark whilst bathing under your honour's displeasure—Miss Fluke is Mrs. Walrus—Mrs. Walrus is Miss Fluke—(becomes affected and confused)—her husband's a shark!—I mean—don't interrupt me—this little boy was brought to bed—mother O'Cormick—curse the spray! (wipes his eyes)—nursed by a dead marine . . . (crosses into R. corner.)

Flu. You unintelligible lying old crocodile!

Pet. (slaps GIACOMELLI on the back.) And curse it boy, how you stand staring with your relations by—have you no natural affection—speak for yourself?

Gia. (feeling his pockets.) I've lost a mouse, somewhere! (looks about, playing guitar.)

Miss F. My first fatal concealment has been the cause of all my secret woe!—my boy—(places her hand on GIACOMELLI'S head.)

Gia. Have you seen a white mouse anywhere, ma'am?

Flu. Eliza: (wipes his eyes:) we are mortals—I was unkind to your poor lieutenant—I will make amends by fostering his son—give me your hand, my little fellow.

Pet. (pushing GIACOMELLI.) Forward your flipper.

Gia. He won't thump me, again? (holds out his hand, which the ADMIRAL takes, but suddenly drops.)

Flu. Curse it, something alive!

Gia. (*shows white mice.*) My mouse—oh! I've found him—up my sleeve: sorcio—piccaninny. (*kisses mouse.*)

Enter ESTELLA, R. 2 E. and crosses to ADMIRAL FLUKE.

Flu. My dear daughter, my sister knows all.

Est. Ah! madam, what delight in the discovery that the kind-hearted admiral is my parent!

Pet. My pumps, miss—if finding your papa gives you pleasure, what will you say to your cousin Tommy here.

Est. Cousin? (*crosses to GIACOMELLI.*)

Gia. Signora gave me a little sixpence to-day—got another?

Flu. My heart is relieved—Peter Yarn need not keep our secrets any longer.

Pet. I'm the best man in the world for keeping a secret—you'll hardly believe it though I say it—at Plymouth—a free-mason told ~~me~~ (though I'm not a free-mason,) a free-mason told me the grand secret about the hot shovel—(*a loud explosion and crash, without, L.*)—What the devil's that?

Miss F. My china-closet—all to pieces! (*looks off.*) Mr. Aufait!

Enter AUFAIT—clothes and face blackened—broken canister in his hand—from door, L.

What has happened, sir?

Auf. Nothing, madam, nothing—mere chemical experiment.

Miss F. A chemical experiment in my china-closet?

Auf. With a canister of detonating powder.

Flu. Mr. Aufait—you are a most dangerous inmate, and the sooner you leave my house the better.

Pet. There's the hall ceiling down.

Miss F. My favourite bantam's killed.

Pet. The peacock's tail pulled out—the turkey's wattle bit off by his confounded dog.

Miss F. My valuable clock destroyed!

Pet. And a hundred pounds' worth of crockery smashed.—(*to AUFAIT, and speaks apart.*)—I say, take care what you are about in marrying into this family—(*points to GIACOMELLI*)—that young gentleman will be your brother-in-law. Ah! ah!—(*looks off*)—Mr. Wooburn on the lawn, now's the time—

[*Exit, L.*]

Miss F. (*to the ADMIRAL.*)—Your son-in-law elect, has been very unlucky.

Flu. My son-in-law!—I would sooner leave a monkey in Wedgwood's ware-room than admit him into my family!

Re-enter PETER with papers, L.

Pet. Mr. Wooburn's compliments, sir.—permission to shoot over the manors fifteen miles round; Mr. Wooburn is here, sir.

Flu. Ask him to come in—(*PETER beckons.*)—Hark ye, Mr. Aufait—I'll let you into a secret—Estella is my daughter—but—(*whispers to AUFAIT.*)

Auf. Bless my soul, dear me, that alters the case—I must refer to Malthus on that subject—(*goes up.*)

Enter WOOBURN L.

Flu. Mr. Wooburn, if you love my girl take her and be happy—(*whispers to WOOBURN.*)

Woo. I wooed Estella as an orphan, and am heartily gratified in discovering her father in my kind neighbour!

Miss FLUKE and GIACOMELLI are whispering.

Pet. Damme, they are all whispering—Admiral here!—(*whispers to the ADMIRAL—he pushes him away.*)

Pet. Ah! I knew you wouldn't believe it, though I said it.

Flu. Peter, you old sea calf—you may lie in ordinary for the rest of your life!—(*PETER crosses to C.*)

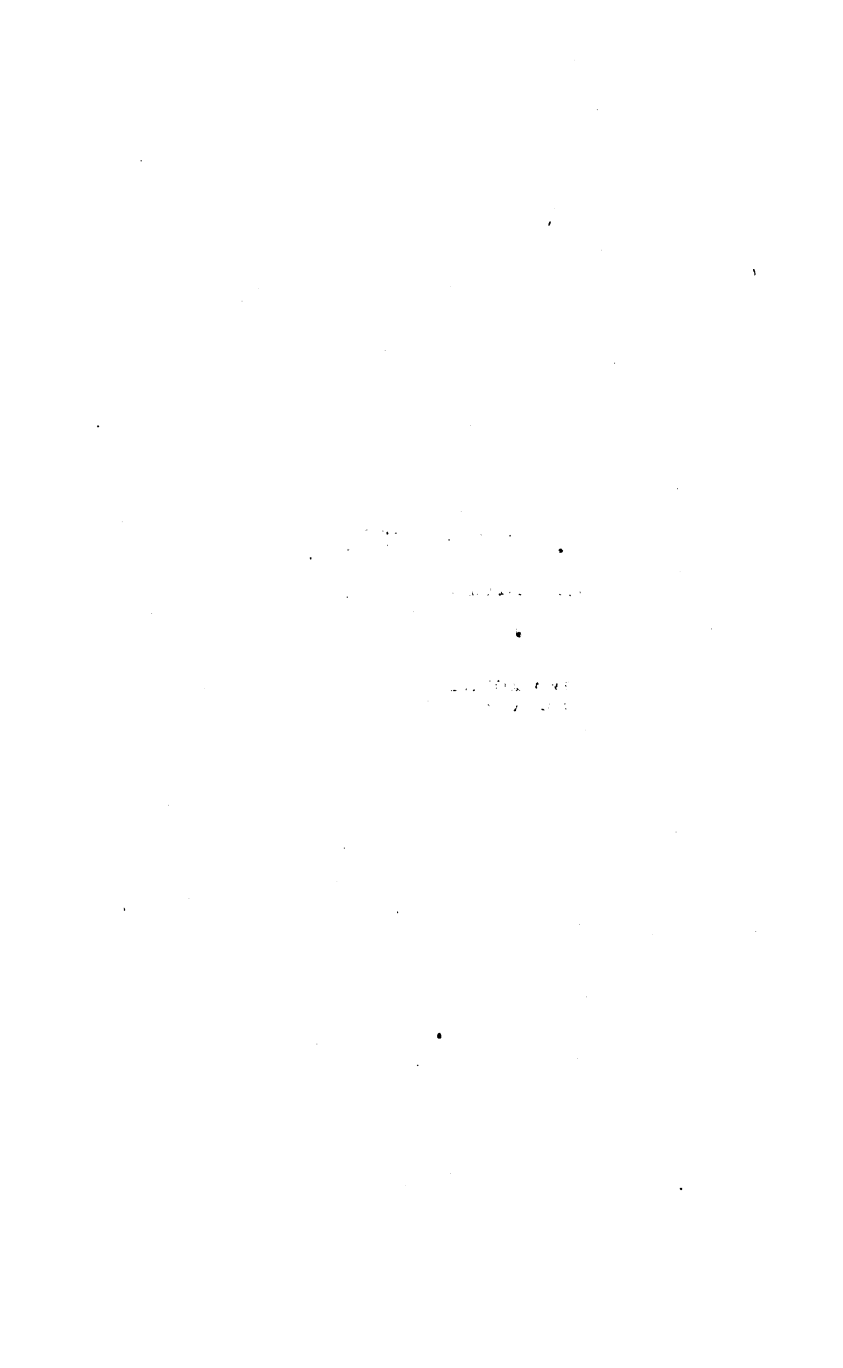
Pet. Lie or not—old Peter has been the means of bringing matters as they should be; and whether I lie in ordinary, or lie in an extraordinary way, as long as you will allow me to remain, I mean to lie in this house for many a night to come.

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(- 29)

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS.

	GIACOMELLI	WOOBURN	ESTELLA	
MISS FLUKE				ADMIRAL FLUKE





ONE HOUR;

OR,

THE CARNIVAL BALL.

AN ORIGINAL BURLETTA,

In One Act.

BY

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY, Esq.

MEMBER OF THE DRAMATIC AUTHORS' SOCIETY.

AUTHOR OF "THE CULPRIT," "THE SPITALFIELDS WEAVER," "YOU
CAN'T MARRY YOUR GRANDMOTHER," &c. &c.

As performed at

MADAME VESTRIS'S ROYAL OLYMPIC
THEATRE.

CORRECTLY PRINTED FROM THE PROMPTER'S COPY, WITH THE CAST
OF CHARACTERS, COSTUME, SCENIC ARRANGEMENT, SIDES OF
ENTRANCE AND EXIT, AND RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

WITH

A PORTRAIT AND MEMOIR OF THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY, Esq.
FROM A DRAWING BY T. SAMSON.

ILLUSTRATED WITH AN ETCHING, BY
PIERCE EGAN THE YOUNGER, FROM A DRAWING TAKEN DURING THE
REPRESENTATION.

LONDON:

CHAPMAN AND HALL, 186, STRAND.

Whiting, English

WHITING, BEAUFORT HOUSE, STRAND.

Dramatis Personae and Costume.

FIRST PERFORMED JANUARY 11th, 1836.

MR. CHARLES SWIFTLY. 1st. Fashionable brown frock-coat, light kerseymere trousers, French gaiters, shoes, and white hat. } Mr. CHARLES MATHEWS.
2nd. The costume of a Neapolitan Peasant. }

O'LEARY. Dark mixture livery . . . Mr. BROUGHAM.

MRS. BEVIL. 1st. White dinner dress. } Mrs. KNIGHT.
2nd. Silver lama, black hat, white feathers . }

JULIA DALTON. 1st. Pink silk dinner dress. 2nd. Costume of a Neapolitan peasant } Madame VESTRIS.

FANNY. 1st. Blue silk. 2nd. Gold lama. . Miss PAGET.

Time of representation, fifty minutes.

EXPLANATION OF THE STAGE DIRECTIONS.

L. means first entrance, left. R. first entrance, right. S. E. L. second entrance, left. S. E. R. second entrance, right. U. E. L. upper entrance left. U. E. R. upper entrance, right. C. centre. L. C. left centre. R. C. right centre. T. E. L. third entrance, left. T. E. R. third entrance, right. Observing you are supposed to face the audience.

TO
LIEUT. COL. SIR WILLIAM ROBERT
CLAYTON, BART., M. P.

THIS LITTLE DRAMA IS DEDICATED,

BY
HIS FAITHFUL AND OBLIGED FRIEND,

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

*Athenæum Club,
Aug. 23, 1838.*

ONE HOUR;
OR,
THE CARNIVAL BALL.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A chamber in Mrs. BEVIL's residence at Naples. A large practicable clock is a conspicuous object in the scene—a cage with two birds, a glass globe with two gold and silver fish—a table with work-box, guitar, writing materials. Mrs. BEVIL at an embroidery frame; R. FANNY writing, L.*

Mrs. B. I wish you would lay aside your pen, Fanny, and talk to me; I can guess to whom that letter is to be addressed; you are always either thinking of him, or writing to him.

Fan. It is my duty, dear aunt; aye, and my pleasure too; but now I have come to a full stop, and as it will be in time for the ambassador's bag to-morrow, I will have a little chat. (*Leaves the table, and sits by Mrs. BEVIL.*) Besides, I have something to tell you; who do you think is just arrived at Naples?

Mrs. B. I cannot guess.

Fan. My indefatigable persecutor, Mr. Charles Swiftly.

Mrs. B. Swiftly! good gracious! indefatigable indeed; I thought he was still at Florence.

Fan. Yes, he *was* there last week—is here this—and where he will be the next, who shall say! I'm certain I saw him pass the house an hour ago in his travelling carriage.

Mrs. B. I trust he is not in pursuit of you, for he must be aware that we left Florence so suddenly, on purpose to avoid him. Poor young man, he said he loved you to distraction.

Fan. There is very little appearance of *sanity* in any thing he does; therefore, were I to admit the existence of the *love*, I'd be the last person in the world to deny the distraction.

Mrs. B. Why, he would neither look at, nor speak to anybody else.

Fan. Because I was the only person who avoided him. He is really an exceedingly nice person; but, situated as I am, he is the very last I could have wished to be exclusively attentive to me.

Mrs. B. And, why, pray?

Fan. Because he is so gay, so agreeable, so good looking. Being married, and for a certain time obliged to keep my marriage a secret, until my husband has in person communicated with his rich relations in England, of course it behoves me to act with extraordinary caution in his absence.

Mrs. B. You are right,—right in this instance, but very wrong to marry in such a clandestine manner ; indeed I am not without blame myself.

Fan. That cannot be helped now, dear aunt ; but I think your other niece, I mean the niece of your late husband, my dear cousin, Julia Dalton, seemed to admire Mr. Charles exceedingly.

Mrs. B. Ay, but I don't think he ever deigned to look at her.

Fan. Because, before they met, he had been piqued by my coldness ; otherwise he would have preferred her to me.

Mrs. B. Would that we could tell him of your secret marriage, but that is impossible ; for were your husband's relations to hear of it from any one but himself, they would never forgive him.

Fan. It is too true ; so should Mr. Swiftly find us out here, I must again endure his harassing attentions.

Mrs. B. I wish he would transfer those attentions to Julia ; he is a spoilt child, accustomed to have his own way in every thing ; your coldness has, as you say, piqued him, and therefore pride makes him persist in the pursuit ; change your plan, Fanny, smile on him, seem more accessible, and the spell will be broken.

Fan. And the good old English gossips of Naples will tell my husband, when he returns, that I have been flirting with Mr. Swiftly in his absence.

Mrs. B. That will never do ; yet, as I am certain that he and Julia would suit each other, I wish we could think of some plan—

Fan. Hush !—I hear Julia's step.

Mrs. B. Come then to my room, and let us talk it over before they meet—come. [*Exeunt, R. H.*

Enter JULIA, L. H.

Jul. Is it possible ?—yes, I am sure I saw him looking up at the house : and what is that to me ? What am I about, what am I thinking of ? I, Julia Dalton ! I, of all women in the world, to interest myself about a man who certainly never thinks of me ! I'll ascertain out of mere curiosity, whether it be really he. (*rings bell.*) If so we shall have him here to a certainty, paying his addresses to the only lady in the family who cannot listen to him ; my aunt being a widow, and I an interesting spinster.

Enter O'LEARY, L. H.

Oh, you are there ?

O'Lea. Yes, madam, here be some bits of card, if you please.

Jul. How often have I told you to deliver them on a silver waiter?

O'Lea. Ah, now—and that's true; because of your aversion to my finger and thumb; but it's all along of my not being used to the indoor matters of a house you perceive: Oh, and I'll hurry and fetch the little tray—its Mr. Swiftly.

Jul. Your old master!—put the cards on the table.

O'Lea. With the fingers and thumbs?—you can't mane it.

Jul. Yes, yes, yes, place them there. (*O'Leary puts down cards, JULIA looks at them.*)

O'Lea. Being just arrived, he laves 'em, P. P. C. like, to ask how you all are. Oh, my old master's a rale gentleman; I'm a judge, and know it—when I was in his sarvice, I looked after the horses, poor bastes, and the stable commodities; but now I'm riz to be a futman—oh hone!

Jul. And pray, why did Mr. Swiftly part with you? he gave you an excellent character.

O'Lea. Is it the character? Oh, by the powers he didn't give me *that*; I've had it all along of my very own; but he parted with me because I got into a low way.

Jul. Indeed!

O'Lea. Oh, shocking! horrid low! mind me though, and no mistake, not low in the blackguard line, but low in spirits--the heart in my bussum's as heavy as lead.

Jul. If anything serious is the matter, confide in me.

O'Lea. Confide! and is it to be confidential that you are asking of me; oh, the kindness of that, and the descention to listen to a poor sarvent's inconveniences! I'm thankful to you, mistress, and ever shall; oh, and I'll tell you my misfortunes; and isn't it a dreadful blow to be over on one side of the galantic ocean, and to have left the best part of one's heart on the 'tother side? faith and I'm crazy like about it.

Jul. Oh, that is all;—love?

O'Lea. All! its plain, and clear, you never felt that same, or you would'nt say all. Its Meary O'Donnovan, such a pet of a girl,—sells the milk that's fresh from the hen, and the eggs that's fresh from the cow.

Jul. And do you correspond?

O'Lea. In figure? Yes, she's pretty enough on a small scale. Oh, you mean write; ah no, there's the mischief, I can't; and I envy that boy, my brother Mick, his freeknowledgegy.

Jul. Phrenology!

O'Lea. Yes, sure; all his knowledge came free at a *Freeschool*.

Jul. (*laughing.*) Oh, I comprehend. But now attend to me; did you open the door when Mr. Swiftly called?

O'Lea. And to be sure I did. Faith he hardly knew his old groom in these new jerrymentals.

Jul. Did he leave any message?

O'Lea. He asked a deal about mistress—I begs pardon, Miss—I mean *Miss Fanny*.

Jul. I hope you never betrayed that secret, O'Leary?

O'Lea. Oh, never; but, faith, he did ask a mortal sight of

questions about her, pertaining to how she was, and how she looked, and the like.

Jul. And—a—did he ask—any other questions ?

O'Lea. No, ma'am.

Jul. Not about Mrs. Bevil—or—

O'Lea. Just asked, for the sake of asking, how could lady did ; but as he didn't stop to be answered, I take it he didn't much care.

Jul. And—a—any thing about me.

O'Lea. Divil a word ! he said, he'd be back as soon as he had tidied his person to pay his respects.

Jul. You may go.

O'Lea. Yes, ma'am. (*aside.*) Oh, Meary O'Donnovan, my heart will break ! [Exit, L. H.]

Jul. So, then, we shall meet again ; yes, and I'll prove my power, and having won him, I'll treat him with the coldness he deserves ; as to really caring for the man, I don't think I do—I hope not. Ah, here's my cousin.

Enter FANNY, R. H.

Fan. Well, Julia, do you know who is arrived ?

Jul. There are three precious little cards upon that table, which announced to me the important event to which I suppose you allude. You are in a pretty scrape, for he has followed you, of course.

Fan. Get me out of the scrape, by making him follow you.

Jul. Perhaps he may not so readily follow a new leader ?

Fan. I'll answer for that ; he is at present all frivolity, easily caught and easily lost ; now I wish you not only to catch him, but also to keep him.

Jul. I'm exceedingly obliged to you, Fanny.

Fan. Well, then, for my sake endeavour to attract his attention ; remember how unpleasantly I am situated.

Jul. Unpleasantly ! oh, you mean married ! yes, yes.

Fan. No, no, you giddy girl ; but you know very well what I do mean ; and pray accede to my wishes.

Jul. Hush ! (*aside.*) I accede more willingly than she suspects.

Enter O'LEARY, L. H.

O'Lea. There's Mr. Swiftly below, ma'am.

Jul. Admit him !

O'Lea. (*aside.*) I can't bring *he* up on top of a silver waiter, suppose ! [Exit, L. H.]

Jul. Now I shall sit as quiet as a mouse, while you two make love.

Fan. I !

Jul. Oh, in all love-making, one must listen, while the other talks.—Now for it (*goes to the table and pretends to be writing, merely bowing coldly to SWIFTLY as he enters.*)

Swi. (*without.*) Where is she ? where is the inestimable, incomparable, adorable—?

Enters L. H.

Ah, here she is. My dear madam, how are you? (*bows coldly to JULIA scarcely looking at her: and crossing to FANNY seizes her hand.*) What an age it is since we met?

Fan. (*coldly.*) Not quite a month.

Swi. A month! pooh—months, years, centuries, ages! must be—seems so—at all events, seemed so to me. To you, alas! perhaps—

Fan. (*carelessly.*) It seems to me as if we had parted yesterday.

Swi. I thought you'd say so, and yet I ought to say it seems but yesterday; I give you my honour I never ate or drank since.

Fan. Not eat or drink for a month?

Swi. Nothing whatever!—that is, except little bits of snacks, and absolutely necessary drops of comfort;—merely satisfied the cravings of appetite, nothing more; no dinners, no suppers, no meals of any kind.

Jul. (*aside.*) Poor little man! he keeps up his stamina wonderfully.

Swi. And as for sleep, I positively have not slept; wouldn't let any body else sleep; walked about the house, up-stairs, down-stairs, here, there, and every where; drove my landlady distracted. Ever since you left Florence, my night-cap has hung upon a peg.

Jul. (*without looking from her paper.*) Almost enough to make you hang yourself upon another, sir?

Swi. (*starting.*) Madam! Who's there! I beg pardon; I forgot there was any body else in the room.

Jul. Oh, don't mind me—I'm writing letters.

Swi. (*to Fanny.*) Don't you observe how thin I'm grown?

Fan. No, indeed—your figure was always slight.

Jul. Oh, yes; very slight, almost equivalent to nothing at all.

Swi. Madam! Oh, *now*—yes, yes, *now* I'm very thin, emaciated, a living skeleton; my bones rattle as I walk. *Your* doing, ma'am, all your doing! (*JULIA laughs.* “Ha, ha—a walking rattle!” *SWIFTLY aside to FANNY.*) That cousin of yours is an exceedingly disagreeable person. (*aloud*) I am positively so altered that my old servant, O'Leary, didn't know me when he opened the door.

Jul. Fanny, ring the bell, and we'll introduce him.

Swi. (*aside.*) I never liked her; but she used to be inoffensive—now, there's no bearing her flippancy. (*to FANNY.*) Shall I never have an opportunity of speaking to you alone?

Fan. No, sir, certainly not.

Swi. (*aside.*) The old story, cold as an icicle. (*aloud.*) The carnival commences to-day, are you going to join the motley group at the ball to-night?

Fan. No,—you remember I rarely went out at Florence.

Swi. How very disagreeable. (*JULIA has been writing on the*

back of a card, crosses behind FANNY to R. H. and gives it to her.)

Jul. Fanny, have you seen this card ?

Fan. (*reads aside.*) I understand. (*aloud and carelessly.*) If I do go, I shall for once, as a frolic, assume a character.

Swi. What character, dear madam, tell me ?

Fan. The costume of a Neapolitan peasant,—adieu, sir, adieu. [*Exit, R. H.*]

Swi. Gone ! I wanted a little conversation with her ; *one hour*. How provoking ; could I but contrive one uninterrupted hour, e'er I meet her at the ball. A Neapolitan peasant ! charming costume ; short petticoat, pretty foot—I'll get a dress also. (*sees JULIA.*) Oh, I forgot Miss Thingamee was in the room.

Jul. Surely, you'll never find a dress that will fit so thin a man ?

Swi. (*aside.*) What a satirical little devil it is ! (*during the scene he scarcely looks at her.*) Never mind, I'll try ; it's easy to fill out a dress that's too big, but when you've got one that's too little, the case is hopeless. I'm charmed with the thoughts of this Carnival Ball. They wanted to detain me at Florence, and the day before I left it, I dined with such a glorious set of fellows !

Jul. Dined ! did you say dined ?

Swi. Yes, madam, dined ; Lord Filmer, Charles Nugent, Sir Harry, three ambassadors.

Jul. Dined !

Swi. Yes, I say, *dined* at my apartments. Such a dinner ! such wines !

Jul. Dinner ! wines !

Swi. (*rapidly.*) Exquisite ! three courses—*Potage à la reine, saumon à la Tartare, dindon à la chipolata, bœuf rôti, petits pâtés aux huîtres purée de champignon, ris de veau piqué aux tomates, sauté de volaille aux truffes, les asperges, le pois nouveaux, Charlotte Russe, gelée au Marasquin, soufflée à la vanille—fondus—*

Jul. Stop, stop ! you'll make me ill !

Swi. Oh, I hav'nt half done.

Jul. But, of what dinner are you speaking ?

Swi. (*aside.*) Exceedingly stupid young person ! (*aloud.*) My dear madam, as I said before, of a dinner I enjoyed with my friends at Florence.

Jul. You ! you enjoy a dinner after Fanny's departure !

Swi. Yes, madam. (*recollecting himself.*) That is—when I say *dined*, I don't mean *that*—others *dined*—I looked on.

Jul. Oh ! others *dined*—you looked on ?

Swi. Yes, yes—sat at the table ; couldn't eat ; tried, but couldn't ; sniffed at every thing. *Mais je ne mange pas de tout.*

Jul. And, pray, when did you leave Florence ?

Swi. Came here as fast as possible : wouldn't stay at Rome a day. Dear Rome ! not one day ; I only slept there—*excellent bed*—particularly snug.

Jul. Slept there—slept at Rome ?

Swi. Yes, like a top—devilish tired I was.

Jul. Slept! what, took your nightcap off the peg?

Swi. Hem—off the peg—to be sure—obliged to take it off the peg to pack it up; but when I say I slept, I—I only mean I went to bed, and lay awake. (*aside.*) Hang me, if ever I met with such a little woman as that.

Jul. (*yawning.*) Oh, you lay awake; beg pardon, nothing to me, you know.

Swi. (*aside.*) 'Pon my life, I should think not; very deficient I take it, poor thing, about the noddle.

Jul. (*aside.*) He will not look at me; how very provoking. If he would but look, I think I might induce him to listen; but this indifference is hopeless.

Swi. Perhaps, madam, you would do me a favour. I wish to be permitted to converse with your cousin for one uninterrupted hour; now, if you would but run—

Jul. (*languidly.*) Run? oh dear, never I never run; and you really talk so fast, it hurries and worries me; slow and sure is my motto. Oh dear me, what a tedious long morning it is—I should so like a cosey nap. [*Exit, yawning, R. H.*]

Swi. (*looking after her.*) Upon my word, she has a good figure; never observed her points before. But what a dandle! never runs! But, hang her, I must think of her more fascinating cousin. How to obtain this hour's conversation. Ah! here are pens, ink, and paper. I'll write to the aunt, and solicit her intercession. (*sits down, writes.*) "Dear madam—um, um, um—fascinating niece—um, um, um—permission to visit her alone—um, um—for the space of one hour—have the honour to remain, most obedient humble servant—Charles Swiftly." There, that will do; now to dispatch it at once. (*rings bell.*) How slow servants are. When I marry and settle, I'll make it a point with my footmen that they shall stride up stairs six steps at a time. (*rings again.*) Footmen, indeed! snails, dormice, creeping things—I'll pull the bell down, Oh, I forgot—I'm not in my own house. Ah! here's somebody—a sloth in livery.

Enter O'LEARY, L. H.

Swi. What, O'Leary, is it you? By Jove, it's lucky for you. You used to move quicker when you were in my service.

O'Leary. Oh, faith, and truth, I was a different man altogether, though it was myself; for then my heart was light, and the step of a man always keeps pace with his heart. But now! oh thunder and devilry! Meary O'Donnovan! to her side the salt ocean, oh hone!

Swi. Pooh, cheer up, man: bustle: don't walk about lamenting your fate like that. Here, take this note to Mrs. Bevil.

O'Leary (*takes note.*) And won't you be after listening to—

Swi. Not a word—run—

O'Leary. But my late master now—

Swi. Late master! if you don't fly, you shall be my late servant with a vengeance, for hang me if you shall be in the

land of the living. Vanish. (*Pushes O'LEARY out, R. H.*) Now I'll sit still until the answer comes. (*sits.*) No, I can't do that. (*jumps up.*) I know what I'll do—there are one hundred and fifty stone steps to my apartments at the hotel, I'll go and see how often I can run up and down in a quarter of an hour.

[*Exit SWIFTLY.*]

Enter FANNY, R. H.

Fan. This persecution is not to be borne. I am loth to request my aunt to forbid him the house, because, as a friend, I esteem him ; and were he conscious of my real situation, he might learn to appreciate my cousin.

Enter MRS. BEVIL, with a note in her hand, R. H.

Mrs. B. Here is a note from Mr. Swiftly, requesting permission to visit you for an hour.

Fan. How very disagreeable !

Mrs. B. I really know not what to say to him. Here is Julia, let us consult her.

Enter JULIA, R. H.

Jul. A consultation !—here I am—what is the matter in debate ?

Mrs. B. Let me ask you seriously, what you think of Mr. Swiftly ?

Jul. Would you have me waste a thought on a man who evidently thinks not of me ? who would not even look at me.

Mrs. B. Assuredly not ; then we must decline receiving his visits.

Jul. Yet, could I but manage to have one hour's interview with him—one little hour—

Fan. Well, what then ?

Jul. You will perhaps laugh at my vanity, Fanny, but I do flatter myself I could make him not only think of me, but remember that hour all the days of his life.

Mrs. B. How so, my dear, how so ?

Jul. How so ! why simply thus—I have never been taught to believe that either my person or my accomplishments are actually contemptible.

Mrs. B. Assuredly not, my dear—but—

Jul. But, you would say, that Mr. Swiftly's apathy arises from his having an attachment elsewhere ; but no, aunt ; amiable and delightful as my dear Fanny is, I am sure he does not really love her. Circumstanced as she is, she has been obliged to withhold from him the fascinations which she possesses.

Fan. Thank you, Julia, for the compliment ; and now, as I, being already married, cannot encourage him, you being free, and moreover being a little bit in love with him, mean to—

Jul. Hush, Fanny ! I confess I am not quite prepared to have all my motives and intentions scrutinised ; he is my brother's friend ; and—in fact—I should like to engage his attention.

Mrs. R. You shall have your wish. He has written to request an hour's conversation with my niece, meaning Fanny; I will accede to his wishes, and, pretending to misunderstand him, will cause him to be conducted hither.

Jul. Oh, delightful. (*rings the bell.*) Now you mark the result; he'll not want to go away at the end of the first hour, depend on it.

Enter O'LEARY, R. H.

Jul. Quick, dear aunt, quick; give O'Leary your message—quick.

[*Mrs. BEVIL goes to table to write.*]

O'Lea. (aside.) By the powers, she's as great a bustle as my late master; I wish he'd just turn over his attentions to her, instead of the married one.

Jul. What are you about, my dear aunt, fidgetting there? don't wait to write; O'Leary will take the message.

Mrs. B. Very well; go to Mr. Swiftly, with my compliments, and say my niece will be happy to receive him.

O'Lea. I'll do that same. (*aside.*) She manes the married lady! Oh, shocking! he's to be what they call here in Italy her *Calvaltry Sarvanty*!

Jul. Oh, I wish he were come. What shall I do to amuse myself?

Fan. (shows a miniature to JULIA.) Have you seen my husband's picture, Julia?

Jul. No—yes—I can't think of it now; and pray go away both of you; for as his hotel is but two doors off, and he is as nimble as a harlequin, we shall have him here in two minutes. (*moves a worktable, chair, and stool to the front.*)

Fan. (puts a miniature on the table.) Very well. Adieu.

Mrs. B. It is just five o'clock; at six precisely I shall interrupt your interview. [*Exit Mrs. BEVIL and FANNY, R. H.*]

Jul. Hark! yes—I hear him coming—now for it.

[*The hand of the clock has been moving ever since the commencement of the piece, and it now points to five.*]

JULIA takes a long strip of muslin out of workbox, and begins hemming it.

Enter SWIFTLY, L. H., starts at seeing JULIA, and looks anxiously round the room.

Jul. (affecting great surprise.) Mr. Swiftly!

Swi. Yes, your most obedient; beg pardon—I—I expected—that is—I think they must have shown me into the wrong room—Mrs. Bevil—

Jul. (working.) Oh, if you want to talk to Aunt Bevil—

Swi. No, no—hang aunt Bevil;—I beg your pardon, I don't by any manner of means intend any disrespect—but—a—Fanny.

Jul. Oh, Fanny; yes—she's somewhere or other; she'll be here by-and-by, no doubt. But, now I think of it, Mrs. Bevil mentioned to me that you had written her a note?

Swi. Oh, she did!

Jul. And she told me—bless me, I can't thread my needle—she told me you wanted an hour's conversation with me.

Swi. With you, ma'am!

Jul. These needles are shocking bad ;—yes, with me.

Swi. (*aside.*) What a silly blundering old body.

Jul. And having nothing particular to do, I said certainly, if she had no objection—and so here I am.

Swi. Yes, so I see, and here am I.

Jul. Yes, here we are for one hour ; mind, you came precisely at five, and you are to stay with me until six, and make yourself exceedingly agreeable.

Swi. (*aside.*) Oh, there's no tolerating this ! yet I can't be so very rude as to say I won't remain an hour—no, that will never do.

Jul. Any thing the matter ?—I thought of course you had something particular to say.

Swi. Yes—no—nothing—no—nothing particular.

Jul. Oh, merely a morning visit ? very well, amuse yourself ; sit down ; if it bores you to talk, don't exert yourself, I've a thousand things to think of.

Swi. (*walking up and down the room.*) Considerate creature.

Jul. Why don't you sit down ? do as you like though ; walk about if its your way, you've plenty of time, its only five minutes after five.

Swi. (*aside.*) An hour all but five minutes ! I must say something. (*aloud.*) Hem—a—a—the—(*aside*)—what the devil shall I say ?

Jul. Hush ! don't talk ; I've made a long stitch.

Swi. (*aside.*) No escape 'till the hour is over, it would seem so rude ; if I could but get upon a chair I might contrive to poke the hands of that vile slow going clock on a bit.

Jul. (*aside.*) Poor man, how I pity him.

Swi. (*looks at the cage, aside.*) There are two poor little dicky birds shut up together, I've a fellow feeling for them, poor little feathered songsters.

Jul. I wonder what he is thinking about. I must attract his notice.

Swi. (*looks into the glass globe, aside.*) Ah ! another pair of unfortunates, one with a gold tail, and one with a silver tail—waggle, waggle, all day long, and day after day ; poor little fishy, shiny, scaly individuals, how precious sick you must be of one another. Oh dear, there's no ending this, I will get on a chair and poke on the hands of the clock.

[Cautiously getting on a chair, puts it under the clock, and stands on it with a parasol in his hand, with which he is trying to alter the clock, JULIA looks round.]

Jul. What are you about ?

Swi. (*jumping down, he sits in the chair, with the parasol expanded over his head.*) I ! oh, nothing—I'm very apt to—

Jul. Stand upon the chairs. Ha ! ha ! ha ! what an odd habit ; but do come here for one minute, and sit down quietly.

I want to see if I have cut this piece of muslin straight ; you hold that end so, and I'll hold this ; there, that's it.

[*Gives him one end of a long strip of muslin, she takes the other end, and with a pair of scissors cuts it even, of course approaches him until she is quite close.*]

Swi. (*aside.*) Upon my life she's exceedingly pretty !

Jul. Thank ye, that will do.

Swi. (*aside.*) I remember admiring her figure this morning, and really her face is——

Jul. You like travelling, don't you ?

Swi. Oh, that is the very——

Jul. Stop ! that is my very own particular favourite theme. I never let any body talk about travelling but myself.—I know all the roads, and all the inns, and all the lions, and all the churches, and all the steeples ; those guide books are all paltry things, I'm worth twenty of them ; and as to books of tours, none of them come up to my notion of what that sort of thing ought to be. I take notes myself invariably ; historical, descriptive, botanical, fossilological, and characteristic.

Swi. (*aside.*) And she can talk too. What a metamorphosis !

Jul. I dare say you have thought me dull and cold and odd in my manner ; don't answer, I hate people to interrupt ; I know it, I was so ; but I am a variable creature, and now my mood is changed.

Swi. I'm delighted to hear it,——

Jul. Yes, yes, that is all very well ; I know what you intended to say, and its true as far as it goes ; but are you not weary of Naples ? do you not wish for wings to waft you away ?

Swi. Why it is only two hours ago that——

Jul. True, very true ; but two hours in one place—tedious, insupportable : I love to live on wheels, travelling night and day for weeks together.

Swi. Weeks ! what no sleep ?

Jul. Sleep ! oh, no ; when I travel I always hang my night-cap on a peg ; beg your pardon, borrowed that phrase from you ; vile phrase after all, not worth borrowing ; but as I said before, on I go—on, on, on, day and night, lose nothing by it, see all the prospects, hills, vales, cataracts, ruins, see them all, have people on purpose to rouse me at the proper places, and see every thing that's worth seeing by torchlight.

Swi. Why you never told me all this before ?

Jul. To be sure not ; if I had do you suppose I should have told it to you now ? I never tell the same thing twice over, unless to fusty old men with dilapidated memories.

Swi. But now that I *do* know it, what travelling companions we should be ?

Jul. Not a bit of it, quite a mistake ; two talkers in one close carriage would never do, nobody to listen : besides, my travelling would take away your breath ; I long for a continental rail-road, and a steam-carriage, which from its extreme velocity will be imperceptible to the naked eye.

Swi. Oh, madam, there never were two people so much alike as you and I.

Jul. Don't perceive it, sir ; looked in the glass half-an-hour ago, and don't perceive it, dare say you mean it for a compliment ; but—

Swi. Nay, hear me—

Jul. Hear you ! it's impossible to do otherwise, you never cease talking ! chatter, chatter, chatter. I never met with such a man, and as I do not indulge in such volubility, I'm obliged to listen whether I will or no !

Swi. Well now, really, I must say—

Jul. There ! you want to be talking again ; but I will have my turn ; besides you must assist me here, I've some silk that has got terribly entangled. Sit you down on that little stool. (*Swiftly sits on the little stool.*)

Swi. (*aside.*) Upon my word ! but really she's one of the most lovely women I ever—

Jul. (*sits down on the chair before him.*) Now for it—hold up your hands so. (*he holds up his hands, she places a skein of silk on them, and winds it off on a card.*)

Jul. That's right—a little higher.

Swi. Have you travelled in England ? No, no, of course not.

Jul. Not so high, please.

Swi. Nobody does. Cits who see the lake of Como, never visit Windermere.

Jul. Beg pardon, a little lower.

Swi. I do though go every where, Highlands of Scotland, Killarney, Giant's Causeway, Scarborough, Tenby, Cowes, Penzance.

Jul. Look on the silk, sir, not in my face.

Swi. Can't help it, it's the principle of attraction.

Jul. Perhaps you are tired ?

Swi. Not a bit, I could sit here three weeks, quiet as a silk-worm on a mulberry leaf. (*aside.*) She is lovely, a glow-worm I should have said.

Jul. (*puts by silk.*) There, that is done : now there's a paper of pins, stick them all one by one into that pincushion, and I'll tune my guitar.

Swi. (*starts up.*) Guitar ! the very thing I—

Jul. Sit down again pray ; mind the pins, (*makes him sit down, and he sticks the pins awkwardly into the pincushion, occasionally pricking his fingers.*) Do you sing ? yes, yes, I know you'll say yes ; all the men try now, and breathe forth little confidential whispers, the words of which are strictly confined to the man and the guitar.

Swi. But I—

Jul. Attend to the pins ; but music to please me must be something quite out of the common.

Swi. Can you sing ?

Jul. Oh—just—no—nothing worth speaking of.

Swi. You've got a voice ?

Jul. Ay, that I have.

Swi. And an ear ?

Jul. I don't think, were I once taught, I should ever sing out of tune.

Swi. (*jumps up, putting part of the paper of pins in his pocket.*) My dear madam, I've stuck in all the pins, and now pray do let me teach you a pretty little song !

Jul. Oh ! I doat upon a pretty little song.

Swi. So do I ; give me the guitar, and now attend.

SWIFTLY sings.

AIR.—“ Weber's last waltz.”

To linger near thee, to see and hear thee
Shall be for ever my prayer,
Those eyes enchant me, oh, lady grant me.
One smile to banish despair.
With thee I'll wander, still growing fonder,
Thy willing captive I'll prove ;
Though once a rover, all that is over,
For thou hast taught me to love.
Thy notes I'm sure dear, are soft and pure dear,
Then let my song be thy choice ;
Don't pause a minute, at once begin it,
Oh, how I long to hear thy voice.

Jul. (*sings the two first lines out of tune, and then with great triumph says :*) What do you think of that ?

Swi. Oh, mercy ! not a note in tune. I thought I should have died of it.

Jul. Shall I give you the rest ?

Swi. No, no, no, by no means, it will fatigue you.

Jul. Not at all, if you'll come here for an hour a day, I'll sing to you all the time.

Swi. (*aside.*) I was beginning to be charmed with her ; but it's all over !

Jul. Oh ! stop, stop, you must listen : sit there ; I can't sing if you look at me.

[*SWIFTLY goes and sits by the table, stopping his ears ; but as she proceeds looks round and takes a chair close to her.*

Song.

“ Love is the theme.”

Love is the theme, love is the theme,
Of the minstrel all over the earth ;
List to the light-hearted *chanson* of France,
Trace the burthen of German romance,
Hear the guitar in the sweet orange grove,
Of what sings the Spaniard ? oh, is it not love ?
Yes—love is the theme
Of the minstrel all over the earth.

List to the song in the camp of the brave,
Hear the sailor, the sport of the wave,
In court, or in cottage, wherever you rove,
Of what sings the minstrel ? Oh, is it not love ?

Yes—love is the theme,
Of the minstrel all over the earth.*

Swi. Rapture, transport, I never heard any thing so charming ! one more, I entreat, I implore.

[*The hand of the clock has been imperceptibly moving, and it now points precisely to six. JULIA points to it.*

Swi. Nay, madam, another hour ; one more. Another skein of silk—several papers of pins,—anything you please : but give me one more hour.

Enter Mrs. BEVIL, R. H.

Mrs. B. I trust, sir, your conference with my niece is finished ?

Swi. No, no—that clock goes wrong—it gallops.

Jul. I'm quite ready to accompany you, aunt. But I almost fancy there has been some mistake ; Mr. Swiftly had nothing particular to communicate to me ; I therefore think it must have been my cousin Fanny that—

Swi. (aside.) Here's a dilemma. (*aloud.*) No, madam, you wrong me ; I—I—won't you let me come to-morrow ?

Jul. You hear what he says, dear aunt ?

Mrs. B. Impossible, sir. Come, Julia.

Swi. One word. Shall you go to the masked ball ?

Jul. (nods and smiles.) I'm not quite sure.

Mrs. B. Come, Julia, come.

Swi. In what costume ?

Jul. Don't know.

[*JULIA puts her finger to her lips, laughs, and shakes her head.*—*Exeunt Mrs. BEVIL and JULIA, R. H.*

Swi. Charming creature—worth forty thousand of her cold repelling cousin ; and to that frosty individual have I been for months breathing the warmest protestations—indefatigably striving to thaw an iceberg ! and, what's worse, I do believe I saw a little symptom of melting this morning, when she condescended to tell me what dress she would wear at the ball : I'm in a devil of a scrape. After paying such exclusive attention to the North Pole, can I hope to prosper with my Love among the Roses ? Oh, Charles, Charles, what a harum-scarum chap thou art ! always getting into mischief and pricking your fingers. Oh ! (*puts his hand in his coat pocket and pricks his fingers with the pins.*) Hold, I've one chance yet ; that gleam of sunshine was so unlike Miss Fanny, that she'll probably freeze again at night ; and egad should it be so, no breath of mine shall ever take off the chill. I'm on slippery ground ; but to gain the adorable Julia, I'd skate across the Bay of Naples, on ice as thin as a wafer. [Exit, L. H.

* This song is published by Messrs. Chappell, Bond-street.

SCENE III.—*A chamber in Mrs. BEVIL's house.**Enter O'LEARY, with the miniature in his hand, L. H.*

O'Lea. I'll tell him—I've made up my mind—oh, faith, I must spake to my poor ill-trated master—he must know that insinuating young female has a husband already, shut up in this little red box. Here he comes, and I'll make no bones about it, but tell him all.

Enter SWIFTLY, R. H.

Swi. I can scarcely find my way out of this overgrown old tenement. Ah, here is O'Leary.

O'Lea. Can I spake one word to you, late master of mine?

Swi. What do you want?

O'Lea. Oh, sir, it's my conscience, I can't keep their bad sacret any longer; I come to divulge.

Swi. Why, what is the matter?

O'Lea. They're after using you shamful bad in this house.

Swi. What are they doing?

O'Lea. There's nobody listening to us two but ourselves—not the way you came, I mean—if they heard me, they'd show me the outside of the door before a cat could lick her whisker. I've just fetched this thing from the room, where you and the young miss was, and there's nobody there now.

Swi. No—nobody but the dicky-birds and the water wag-tails.

O'Lea. Water wagtails! Oh you manes the little red herrings in the big white bottle! Whisht—hush—Oh, faith and it's past a joke, or a jew dy spre; you'll faint away dead as a herring when I tell ye—you loves one of them naces of Mrs. Devil—Bevil, I mean.

Swi. Yes, the one that—

O'Lea. Yes, yes, in course. (*aside.*) He forgets how he scrutinised me about her state of health at the door this morning.

Swi. Well, go on, what of her?

O'Lea. Well, listen—you see this bit of a red box!

Swi. Well, well, what of it?

O'Leary. Why, it's husband to she.

Swi. What do you mean by husband to she?

O'Leary. It's the effigies of Mr. Smith.

Swi. And who the devil is Mr. Smith?

O'Leary. Why Mrs. Smith's husband, what's away.

Swi. And who is Mrs. Smith—do I know her?

O'Leary. Know her! faith and I believe you do too; step this way; hush—if any living soul should hear me prevaricate the particulars—Mrs. Smith is Mrs. Bevil's nace, that un, married surreptitious like, at Florence—out of the Pope's eye!

Swi. Mercy on me, can it be possible—you have driven a dagger into my heart, lacerated, torn my finer feelings into shreds—it's a lie; a horrid, loathsome, wicked lie, and I'll shake the breath out of your body.

O'Leary. Here's the gratitude of the late master.

Swi. But what motive can he have for deceiving me! Married! there's an end of hope. (*seizes the picture.*) I never in

my life saw such a disagreeable-looking person—vile abominable daub—I could trample it under my feet.

O'Leary. Oh, don't think of it—she loves it dearly, looks at it every quarter of an hour, and faith, I'll be bound, pops it under her downy pillow in the night time.

Swi. The man seems to grin out of the ivory at me. Is there no earthquake to swallow me up—oh, for floods of lava—I wonder if Vesuvius smokes. (*runs to the window.*)

O'Leary. Not to-day, your honour. I suppose he's out of backy ; but I do—p'raps you like a pipe.

Swi. Hold your tongue, sir ; leave the room.

O'Leary. Well, but—

Swi. Begone—vanish. (*he paces the room.*)

O'Leary. (*aside.*) Faith, and if *Vesuvy* don't smoke, here's an eruption with the *cratur*, at all events ! Oh, well I'm gone—better take a pipe to discompose your nerves. [*Exit, L. H.*]

Swi. What is to be done ! carry her off by force, get her divorced from this abominable Smith, and then marry her myself ? No, no—disreputable, impracticable—loves him no doubt—puts his paltry little picture under her pillow. Besides, what shall I do about her cousin Fanny ? At all events, to this abominable ball I must go, for, as a man of honour, I must come to an explanation with her. But Julia, Julia—confound it, I must call her Julia—Mrs. Smith. That ever I should live to call her Mrs. Smith. [*Exit, L. H.*]

SCENE THE LAST.—*A splendid Ball-room, with a distant view of Naples, Vesuvius, and the Bay, by moonlight.—Masked figures, in various costumes, are finishing a quadrille.*

Chorus.

Naples is ever joyous and gay,
Dancing and music closing the day ;
Come with a mask, or with no mask at all,
Welcome you'll find at the Carnival Ball.

A Waltz.

Enter JULIA, in Neapolitan costume, with MRS. BEVIL and FANNY, from centre.

Jul. He is not yet come : do you see him Fanny ?

Fan. No, but depend on it he'll soon arrive. Take care you support your character.

Jul. Never fear ; he shall take me for a native of Bella Napoli. [*Exit, R. H.*]

Neapolitan Song, with the original words.

Chorus renewed.

Naples is ever joyous and gay,
Dancing and music closing the day ;
Come with a mask, or with no mask at all,
Welcome you'll find at the Carnival Ball.

SWIFTLY *dances on.*

Welcome Italian, Spaniard, and Greek,
Strangers to look on, friends when you speak;
What though all nations honour the ball,
Love is the language common to all.

Though you may mask,
I never doubt,
Easy the task,
To find you out.
Beauty her veil
Long cannot keep,
Soon without fail
Forth she will peep.
Poncinella,
Tarantella,
Lazaroni,
Macaroni,
Oh happy day!

Sings Neapolitan Song.

Swi. My brain is in a whirl—I must sing, I must dance, I must keep moving, or I shall throw myself on the earth in a paroxysm of despair. I know what I'll do—any thing to banish thought—I'll ask that pretty little girl to dance a tarantella with me. Come here.

He goes to a lady who is not masked, in a Neapolitan costume, she advances with him, and they dance a Neapolitan tarantella. After the dance, they go off together—maskers pass occasionally at the back.

Enter SWIFTLY, with JULIA, masked, from centre.

Jul. Do you know me?

Swi. Yes, madam, and I was seeking you.

Jul. Indeed! who am I then?

Swi. The fair Fanny—am I right?

Jul. (aside.) He mistakes me, as I could wish: for, after such a sudden change, I shall very much like to hear what my gentleman will say for himself to the lady he has abandoned.

Swi. You do not answer me: your name is Fanny?

Jul. Had I intended to make myself known to inquisitive people, do you suppose I should have come here in a mask?

Swi. I am sure I am right; and, as I said before, you are the very person I was in search of.

Jul. (aside.) In search of! I suppose he is going to change back again.

Swi. I have a confession to make. *(aside.)* Though Julia is married, Fanny is sure to hear of my attentions to her, and she shall hear it from myself first.

Jul. Indeed! I am no Father Confessor; you had better seek—

Swi. No, no, to you alone I must confess. You—that is—

I—mean, madam, both of us. (*aside.*) Hang me, if I know how to begin.

Jul. Well, sir, I am all attention.

Swi. Well, madam, I will be as brief as possible. For many months, madam—I—I—I have—ventured—with the—utmost respect—to—to—to

Jul. Yes, yes ; you have been making incessant love to the Fanny that you take me for.

Swi. You forget that this morning you told me you should wear that dress.

Jul. Did I ? Why, yes, I believe I was more kind to you to-day than usual ; more complying ; but you know, sir, perseverance will, in the end, conquer all difficulties ; and really your following us to Naples was—

Swi. Madam !

Jul. Sir !

Swi. (*aside.*) Why, she's actually going to accept me. I must nip that in the bud ; for, though Julia is married, I'll never marry any one else. (*aloud.*) Madam ; chilled by your incessant coldness, I—(*aside.*) What a thing to tell her.

Jul. Well, sir ?

Swi. I, this day, relinquished my presumptuous hopes, and—

Jul. Sir !

Swi. And transferred my—my attentions to your cousin.

Jul. (*affecting agitation.*) To my cousin ! Oh, this is too cruel.

Swi. There—I might have known how it would be. She'll faint, she'll die ; go into a decline ; haunt me for ever. Don't take it to heart, ma'am, pray, ma'am. I'm not so fascinating as you think me.

Jul. Water ! water ! my mask—take it off.

[*He catches her ; takes off her mask, and she jumps away laughing.*]

Swi. Julia ! cruel woman. Laughed at too ; this is barbarity !

Jul. Nay, there is no harm in laughing at so innocent a frolic. I have the best reasons for knowing that Fanny will not lament your desertion. Come, if you wish for my company, let us join the dancers.

Swi. Dancers ! how can you trifle with my feelings thus ? You think I am not aware of your situation, but I am.

Jul. (*aside.*) My situation ! what can he mean ?

Swi. Yes, madam, my faithful O'Leary told me all. Look at this picture, madam. (*Shows miniature.*)

Jul. Oh, yes, I see—Smith's picture ; very like him too. You don't know him ? no, if you did, I think you'd like him. He's a nice little man in his way.

Swi. In my way, madam—very much in my way ; and though you may talk thus carelessly of your husband—

Jul. (*aside.*) My husband.

Swi. You surely should not trifle thus with the feelings of an honourable man.

Jul. (*aside.*) Delightful. I must tease him a little bit.

Enter MRS. BEVIL, R. H.

Mrs. B. Oh, Julia, who do you think is just arrived from England?—Mr. Smith!

Swi. Mr. Smith! Distraction.

Jul. Mr. Smith! how apropos.

Enter FANNY, R. H.

Fan. Julia, have you heard the news? My husband is arrived!

Swi. (*in amazement.*) Husband! Mr. Smith *her* husband!

Jul. (*laughing.*) Oh, that is not *my* Mr. Smith.

Swi. But have you got a Mr. Smith at all? No, no. I see my error. I shall be delighted to make Mr. Smith's acquaintance. Mrs. Smith and I are very old friends; I hope we shall now be cousins. Mrs. Bevil you are the aunt of divinities, and therefore of course a divinity yourself. Julia, you are—

'gad. I've no words to say what you *are*, but you will be—

Jul. What?

Swi. Mrs. Swiftly.

Fan. My husband brings me excellent news—his friends have sanctioned our marriage.

Swi. Oh, then, we'll all go to England together. Julia and I will be married at the Embassy, and then we shall travel a very agreeable family party.

Jul. Indeed—upon my word! Well, if you prove your constancy, and behave yourself well.

Swi. Yes.

Jul. Exceedingly well.

Swi. Go on.

Jul. Then, at the expiration of ten years, I may be induced—

Swi. Ten years! I give you my honour I couldn't wait—I would if I could, but I couldn't; I know I should carry you off by sea or land in some extraordinary manner; I give you due notice. Ten years! I should fret myself to fiddlestrings; there'd be nothing of me left.

Jul. I'll not abate an hour.

Mrs. B. Nay, nay, you shall be tormented no longer; prove that you deserve her, and she shall be yours.

Jul. Upon my word, good people, you seem to manage matters all your own way. I suppose every body is satisfied, and I hope that Mr. Swiftly is not the only person here to whom the time has appeared short. Friends, have *you* been pleased with my company? If so, visit me often. My cards are distributed every morning, and you will find me at home every evening for the rest of the season. Pray drop in sometimes, if only for *one hour*.

(*The Chorus is repeated, and the Curtain falls on a dance.*)

James Bell
WHITING, BEAUFORT HOUSE, STRAND.

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